



Local Man



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LOCAL MAN

VOLUME 3: LOST ONES

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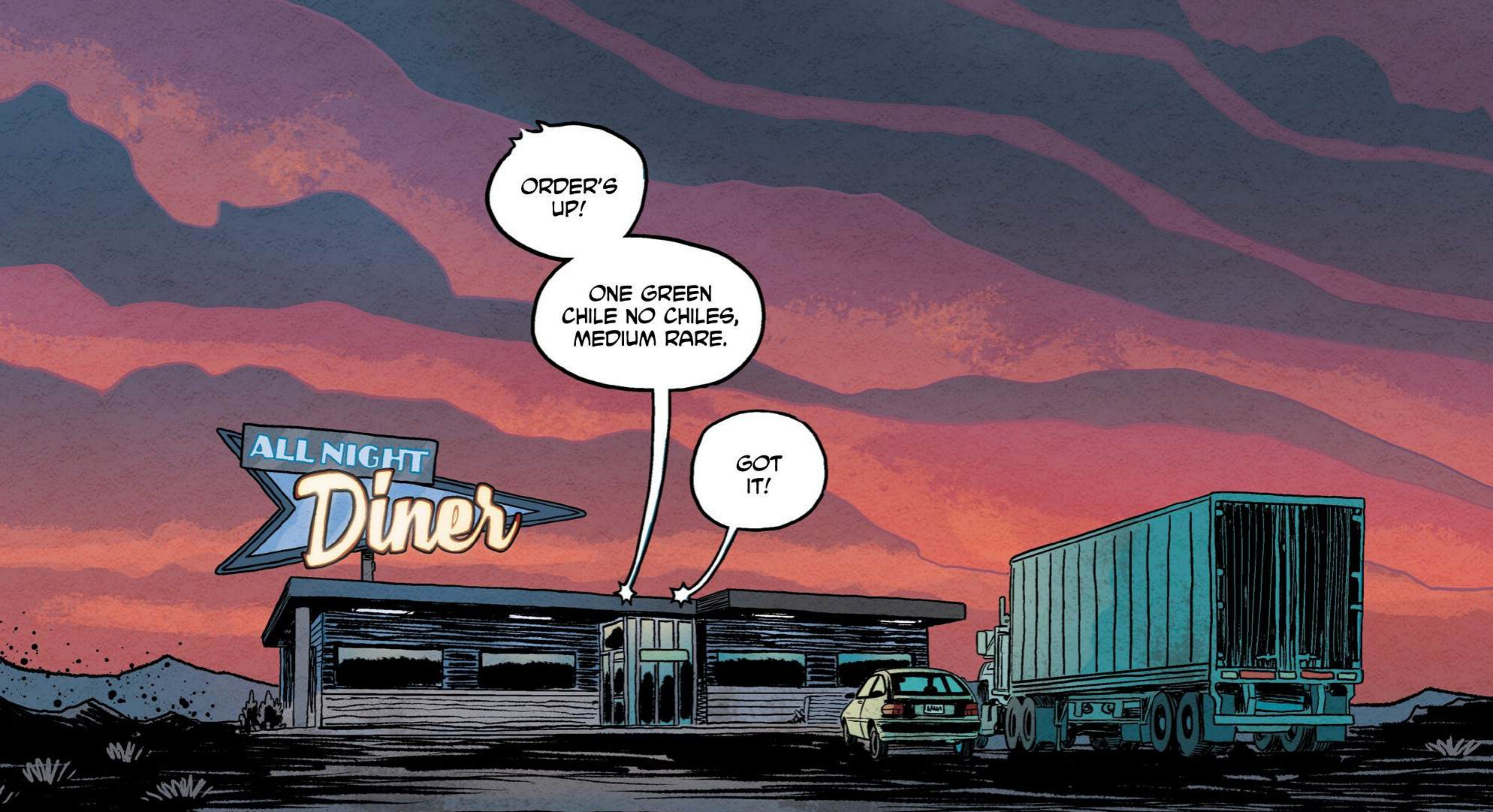
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Bad Girls

Scotty D

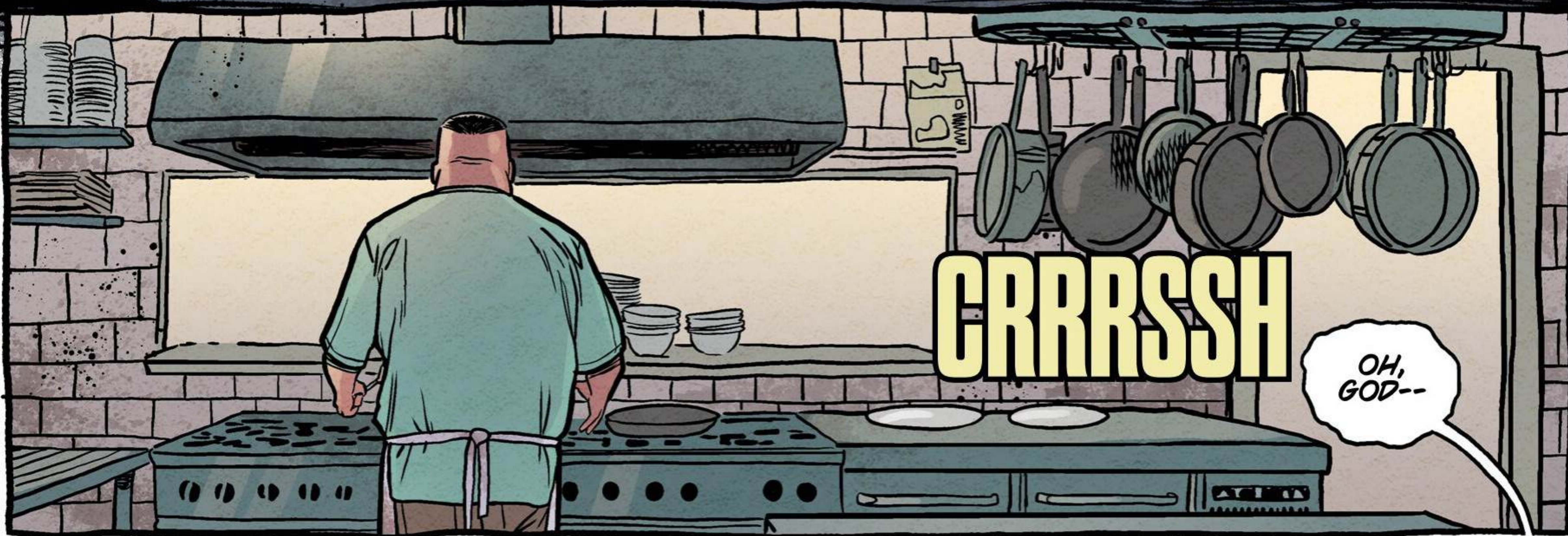




ORDER'S UP!

ONE GREEN CHILE NO CHILES, MEDIUM RARE.

GOT IT!



OH, GOD--



DAMMIT, VICKI!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD FOOD SERVICE EXPERIENCE!

I DO! I'VE GOT...

YEARS.

I'M SORRY. THE PLATE WAS GREASY.

I DIDN'T--



DING!

I'LL PUT ANOTHER ONE ON. GO APOLOGIZE TO THE CUSTOMER!

SEAT THE WALK-IN TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! CAN YOU DO TWO THINGS AT ONCE?

YEAH. YEAH, I CAN.

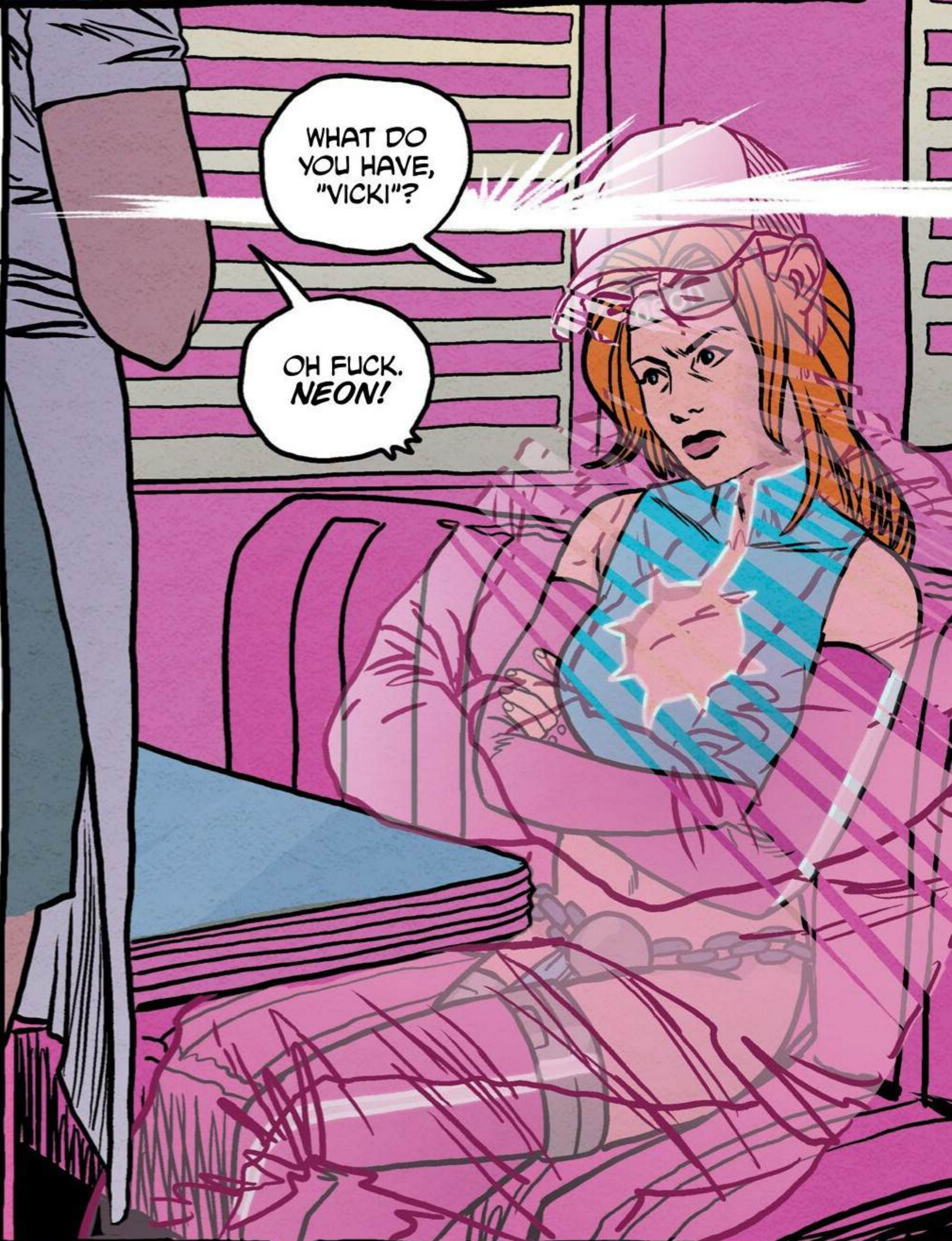


SORRY FOR THE WAIT.



LITTLE ACCIDENT IN THE KITCHEN.

WHAT'LL IT BE, HUN?



WHAT DO YOU HAVE, "VICKI"?

OH FUCK. NEON!

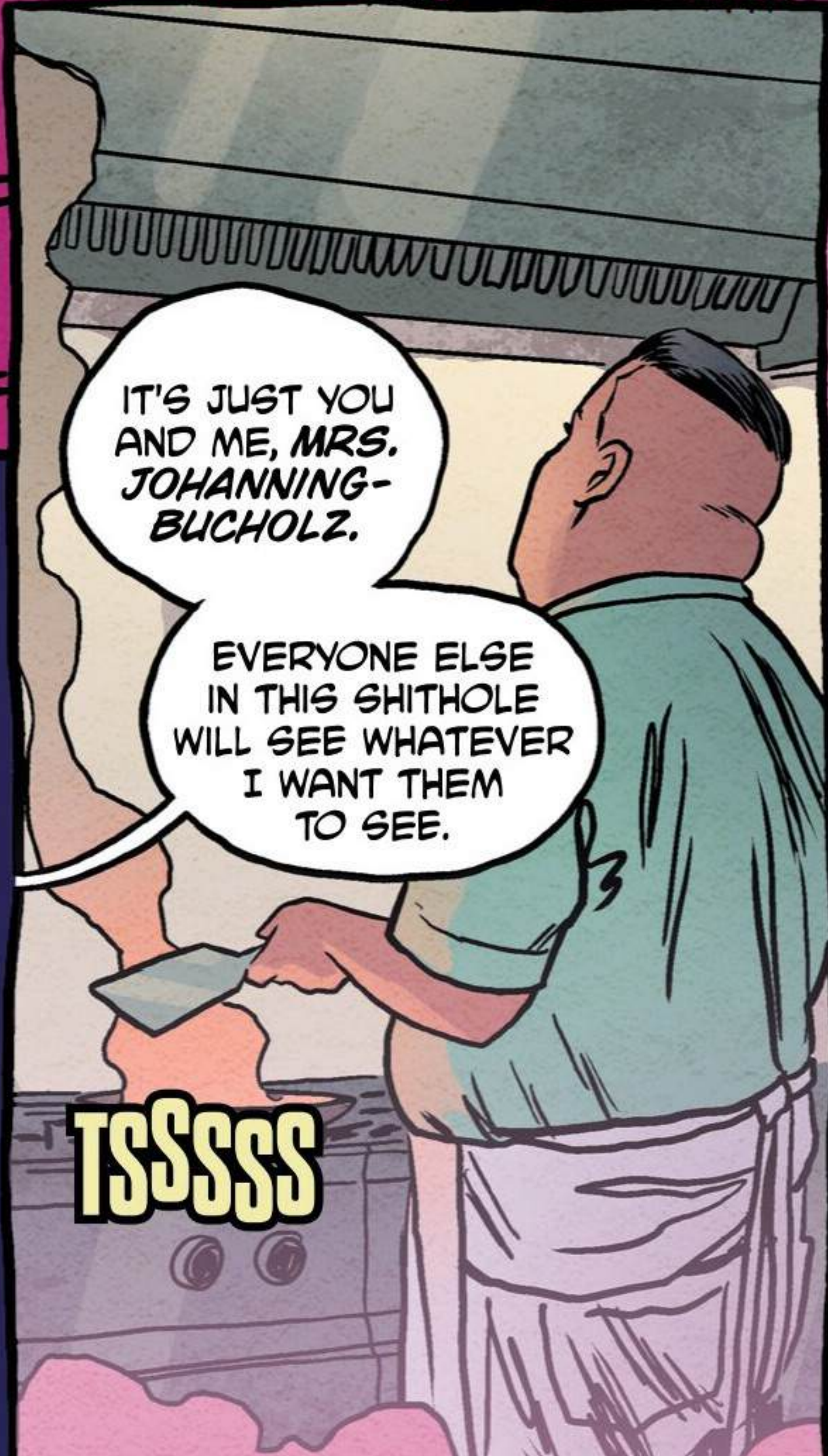


YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT HIDING, INGA.

BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM THE LIGHT.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? KAI...?

HAVE A SEAT.



IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, MRS. JOHANNING-BUCHOLZ.

EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS SHITHOLE WILL SEE WHATEVER I WANT THEM TO SEE.

TSSSSSS



CROSSJACK. HE DID THIS. I HAD TO LEAVE FARMINGTON.

HE CAME BACK HOME AFTER THIRD GEN AND HE--

HE'S A JEALOUS FUCKING MANIAC!



INGA.
STOP.

YOU KNEW HIM
FIRST, BUT I KNEW
HIM LONGER. JACK
IS A LOT OF THINGS.
BUT HE'S NOT *THAT*.

YOU MIGHT
KEEP LITTLE
SECRETS FROM
YOUR HUSBAND
BUT THAT'S
NOT HOW I
OPERATE.

I KNOW ABOUT
THE DEAL YOU
MADE WITH *CAMO
CRUSADER*.

ABOUT YOUR
SUPERPOWERED
LABORER BUSINESS
AND THE LAUNDERING
THROUGH YOUR
WHOLE-GRAIN
DONUT SHOP.

HOW CAMO TRIED
TO EDGE YOU OUT,
AND HOW YOU
CLEANED IT ALL UP
AFTER HE DIED.



AND 4TH GEN.
I KNOW WHAT
YOU DID TO THE
RECRUITS.

PEEKABOO.
THE SLICK.
MELTDOWN.
KING BEE.

AND
SEASCAPE...



...THE GIRL
WHO BROUGHT A
BIBLICAL FLOOD
TO FARMINGTON.

ALL
BECAUSE
OF YOU.

WHAT DO
YOU--



CAN I TELL
YOU A STORY,
INGA?

OF
COURSE
I CAN.

BUT I GUESS
MAYBE IT'S MORE
ACCURATE TO CALL
IT A "FAIRY TALE..."

THERE WAS THIS
SUPERVILLAIN.

SHE CALLED HERSELF

THE SIXTH

AS IN "THERE'VE
ALREADY BEEN FIVE
MAJOR EXTINCTIONS
ON EARTH."

YOU CAN PROBABLY
GUESS WHAT HER
WHOLE THING WAS.

THIRD GEN HAD TAKEN
HER DOWN A BUNCH OF
TIMES BEFORE.

HARNESSING KILLER ASTEROIDS
AND SOLAR FLARES WEREN'T
EXACTLY SUBTLE PLANS.

SO, THIS TIME AROUND, SHE
BUILT SOMETHING A LITTLE
LESS OSTENTATIOUS...

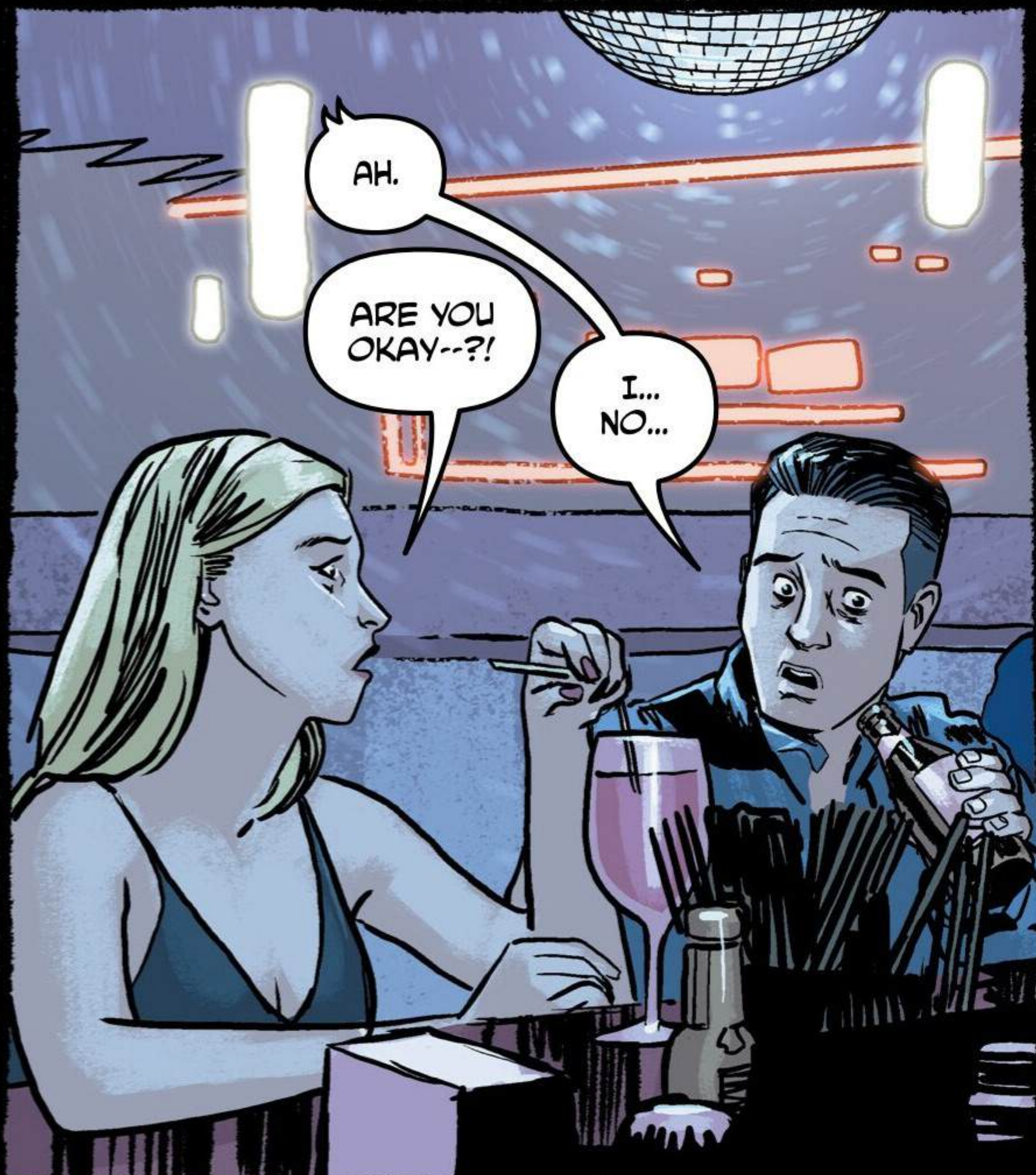




BUT JUST AS EFFECTIVE.

...IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.

I MEAN, IF YOU WERE REALLY MAKING LESS THAN THE GUYS, WOULDN'T YOUR COMPANY BE COMPELLED TO HIRE *MORE* OF YOU--



AH.

ARE YOU OKAY--?!

I... NO...

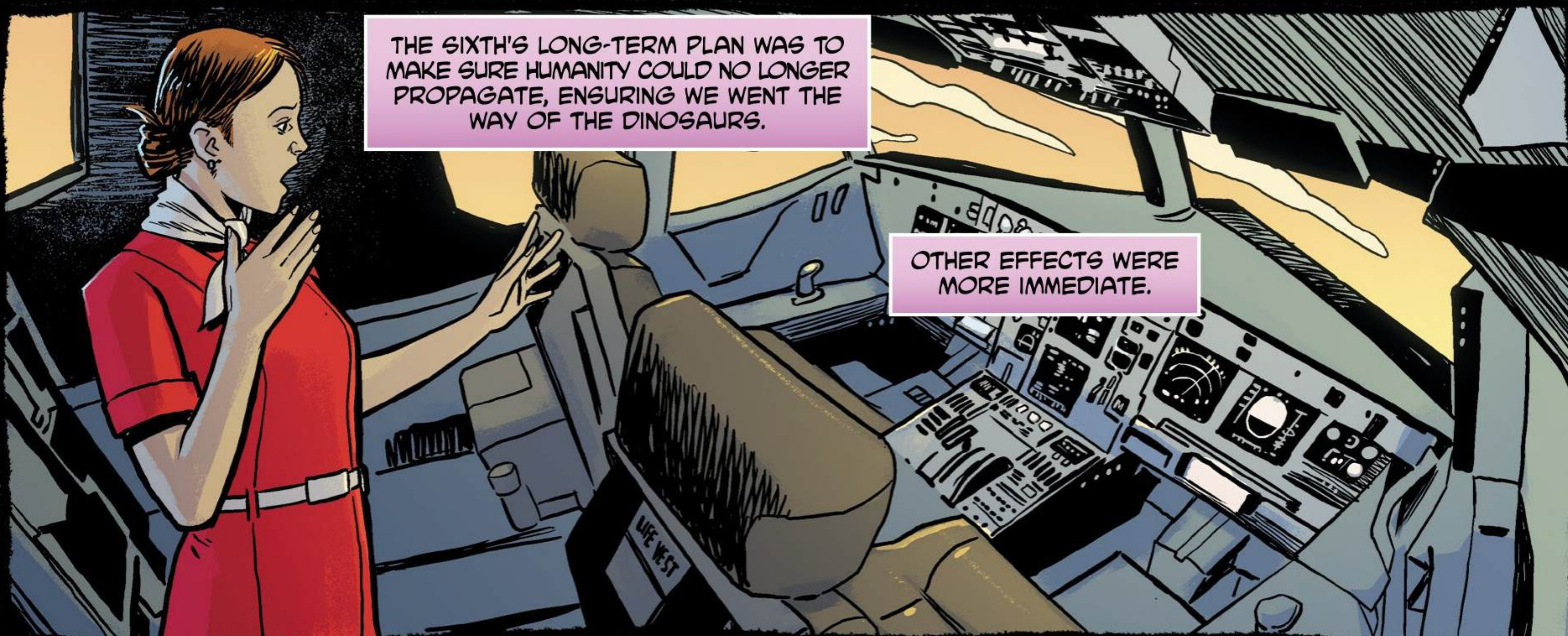


KRRSH



YOU PROBABLY RECALL WHEN A DOOMSDAY DEVICE PLUCKED *EVERY SINGLE MAN* OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH AND SHUNTED THEM OFF TO A NOWHERE DIMENSION.

EVERYBODY REMEMBERS WHERE THEY WERE WHEN *THE SEX BOMB* WENT OFF.



THE SIXTH'S LONG-TERM PLAN WAS TO MAKE SURE HUMANITY COULD NO LONGER PROPAGATE, ENSURING WE WENT THE WAY OF THE DINOSAURS.

OTHER EFFECTS WERE MORE IMMEDIATE.



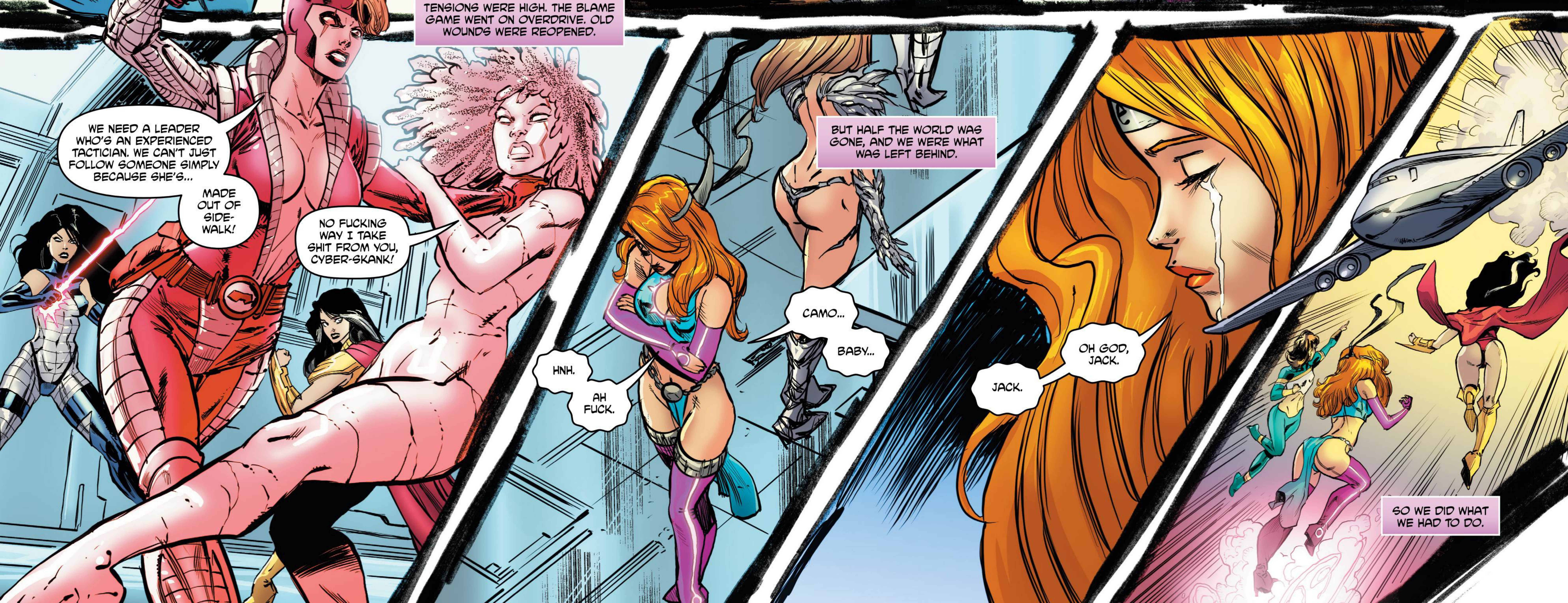
EVERY SUPERHEROINE WE COULD CALL IN GATHERED AT THIRD GEN HQ.

MOST OF US WERE IN SHOCK.

WE'D JUST SEEN HUSBANDS, BOYFRIENDS, BROTHERS, SONS, AND DADS VANISH INTO THIN AIR.

MALE FETUSES GONE FROM PREGNANT BELLIES.

TENSIONS WERE HIGH. THE BLAME GAME WENT ON OVERDRIVE. OLD WOUNDS WERE REOPENED.



WE NEED A LEADER WHO'S AN EXPERIENCED TACTICIAN. WE CAN'T JUST FOLLOW SOMEONE SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE'S...

MADE OUT OF SIDE-WALK!

NO FUCKING WAY I TAKE SHIT FROM YOU, CYBER-SKANK!

BUT HALF THE WORLD WAS GONE, AND WE WERE WHAT WAS LEFT BEHIND.

CAMO...

BABY...

HNH.
AH FUCK.

JACK.

OH GOD, JACK.

SO WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO.



WITHIN A MONTH WE'D TAMED
THE WORST OF THE EVENT'S
ENSUING CATASTROPHES.

PAST GRIEVANCES WERE
MOSTLY FORGOTTEN.

WE STARTED ADDING MORE
MEMBERS TO THE CAUSE.

TURNS OUT A LOT OF OUR
WORST ENEMIES COULD BE
PAID JUST TO NOT DO CRIME.

AND I GUESS, WE ALL
DECIDED WE MIGHT AS WELL
START ADDRESSING THE
PROBLEMS THAT EXISTED
FROM BEFORE THE BOMB.

TAKING DOWN THE
SIXTH JUST SORT OF
TOOK A BACKSEAT.

UNTIL...
HER.

LOVEBUNNY SAID SHE'D
CHASED A BLUE WILD HORSE
INTO A STREAM OUTSIDE
SOME VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

BETH TOOK
LOSING MR. HELL
PRETTY HARD.

WE THOUGHT SHE WAS
OUT OF HER MIND.



THE BOYS.
THE ONES WHO
CAME TO MY
STREAM LAUGHING
AND CATCHING
FROGS. THE SWEET
BOYS.

WE WERE
WRONG.

WHERE HAVE
THE LITTLE
CHILDREN
GONE?

THE SIXTH.
HER NAME
IS THE SIXTH
EXTINCTION.

SHE--SHE
HAS A
BASE...

IN CANADA,
WE THINK.

WE STILL DON'T
KNOW HOW SHE
MOVED SO FAST.

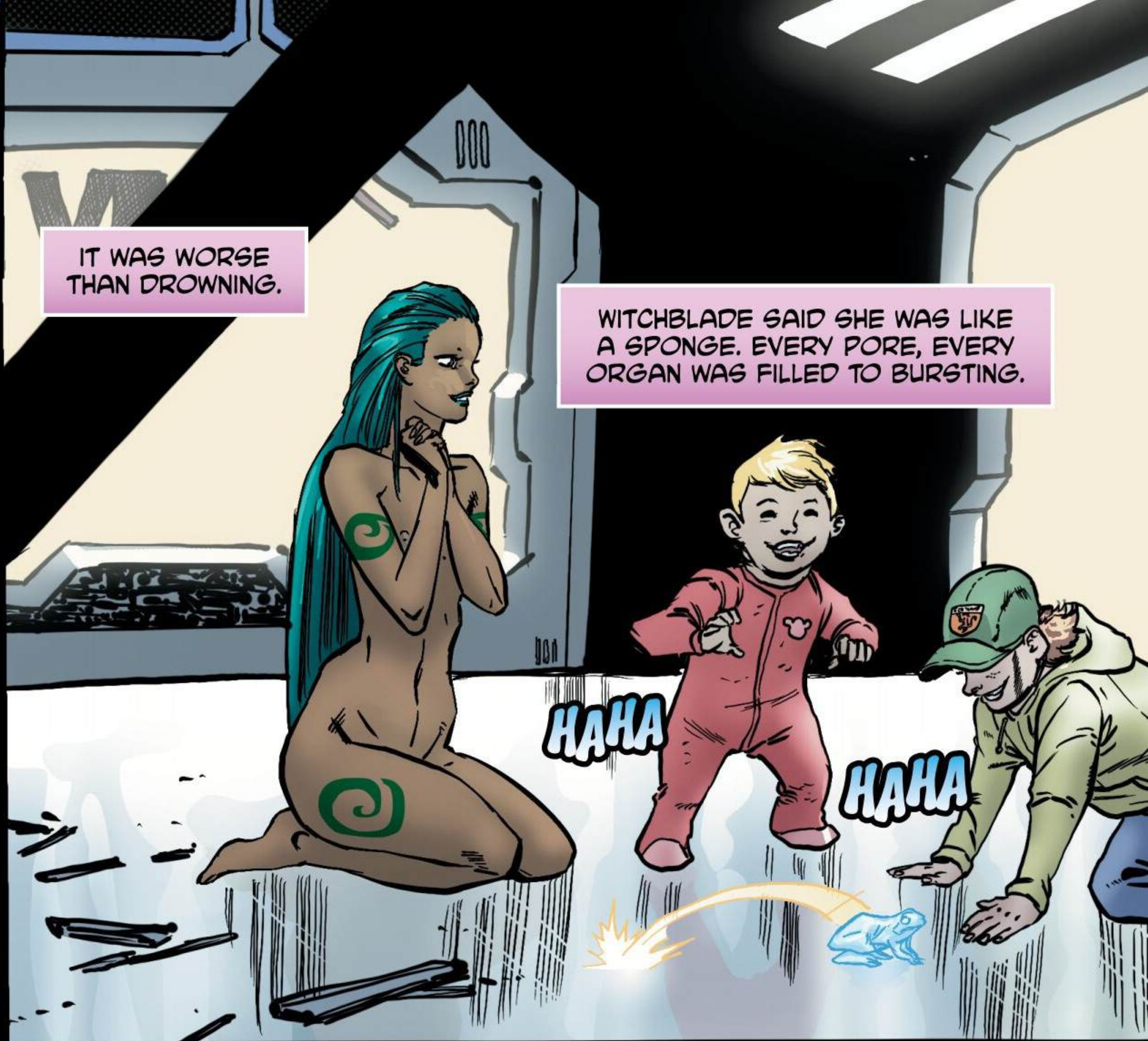
MADDIE WARNER THEORIZED THAT
SHE RODE THE CURRENTS OF AN
OCEAN 400 MILES BELOW THE
SURFACE ACROSS THE PLANET.

WHATEVER
HAPPENED...



THE SIXTH DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT HIT HER.

HAHA
HEE
HEHE



IT WAS WORSE
THAN DROWNING.

WITCHBLADE SAID SHE WAS LIKE
A SPONGE. EVERY PORE, EVERY
ORGAN WAS FILLED TO BURSTING.

HAHA

HAHA

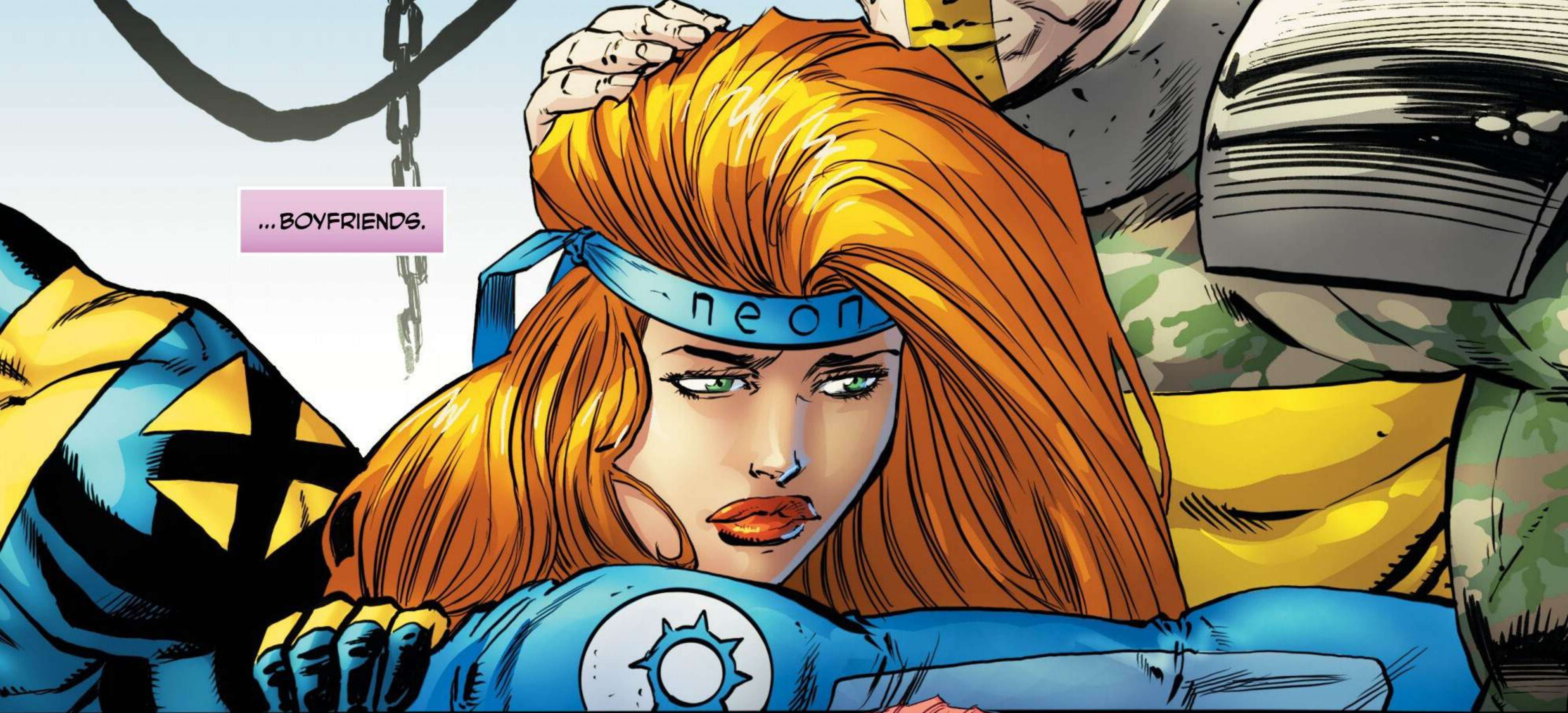


THE SEX BOMB
WAS REVERSED...

OUR MEN
CAME BACK.



FATHERS. SONS.
BROTHERS. HUSBANDS...



...BOYFRIENDS.



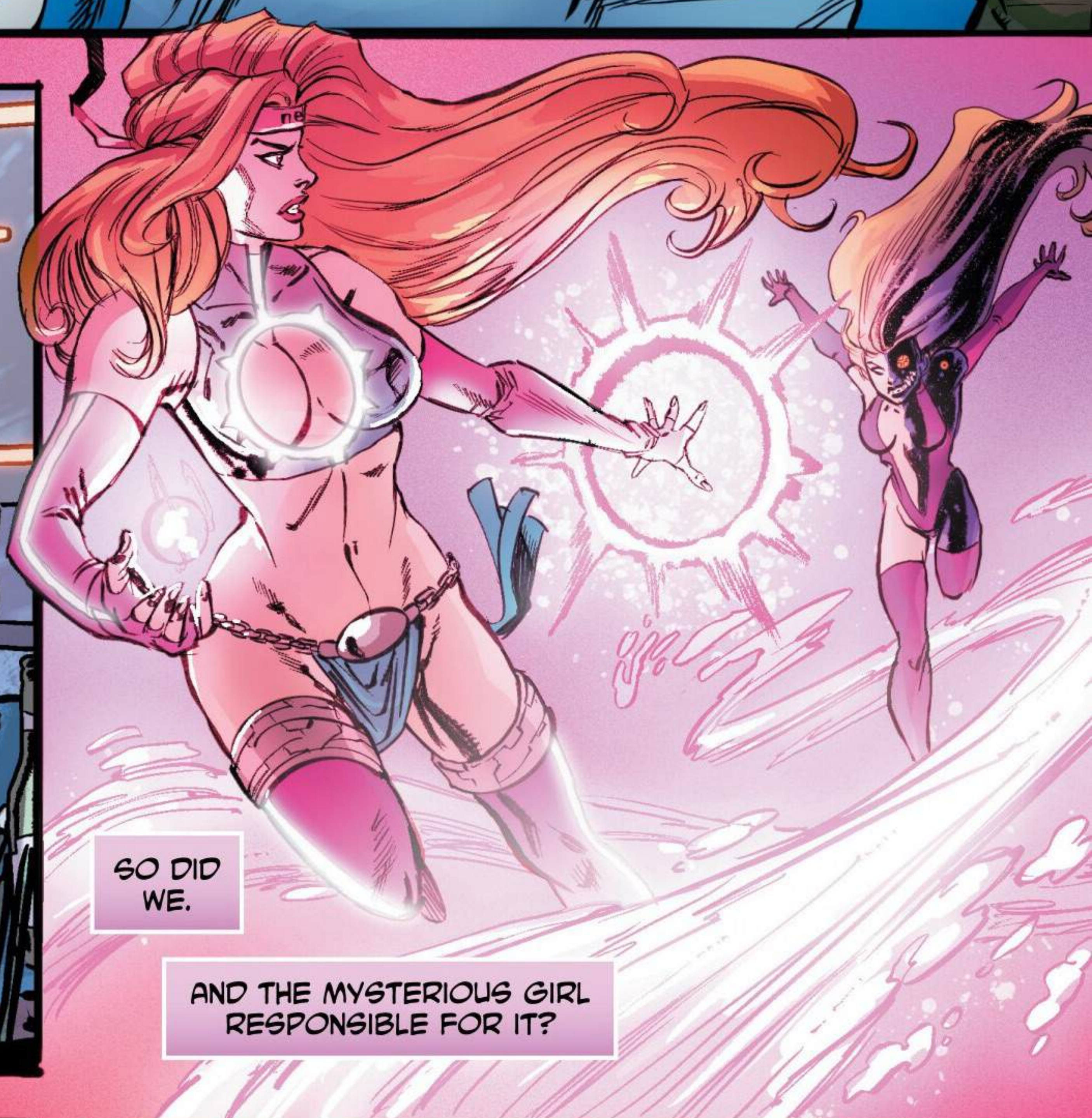
THE WORLD WENT BACK
TO THE WAY IT WAS.

...THING WITH THAT
KIND OF ENERGY IS,
IT DOESN'T MAKE
FOR SATISFYING
CAREERS.

COMPUTERS
AND SOLAR
PANELS?

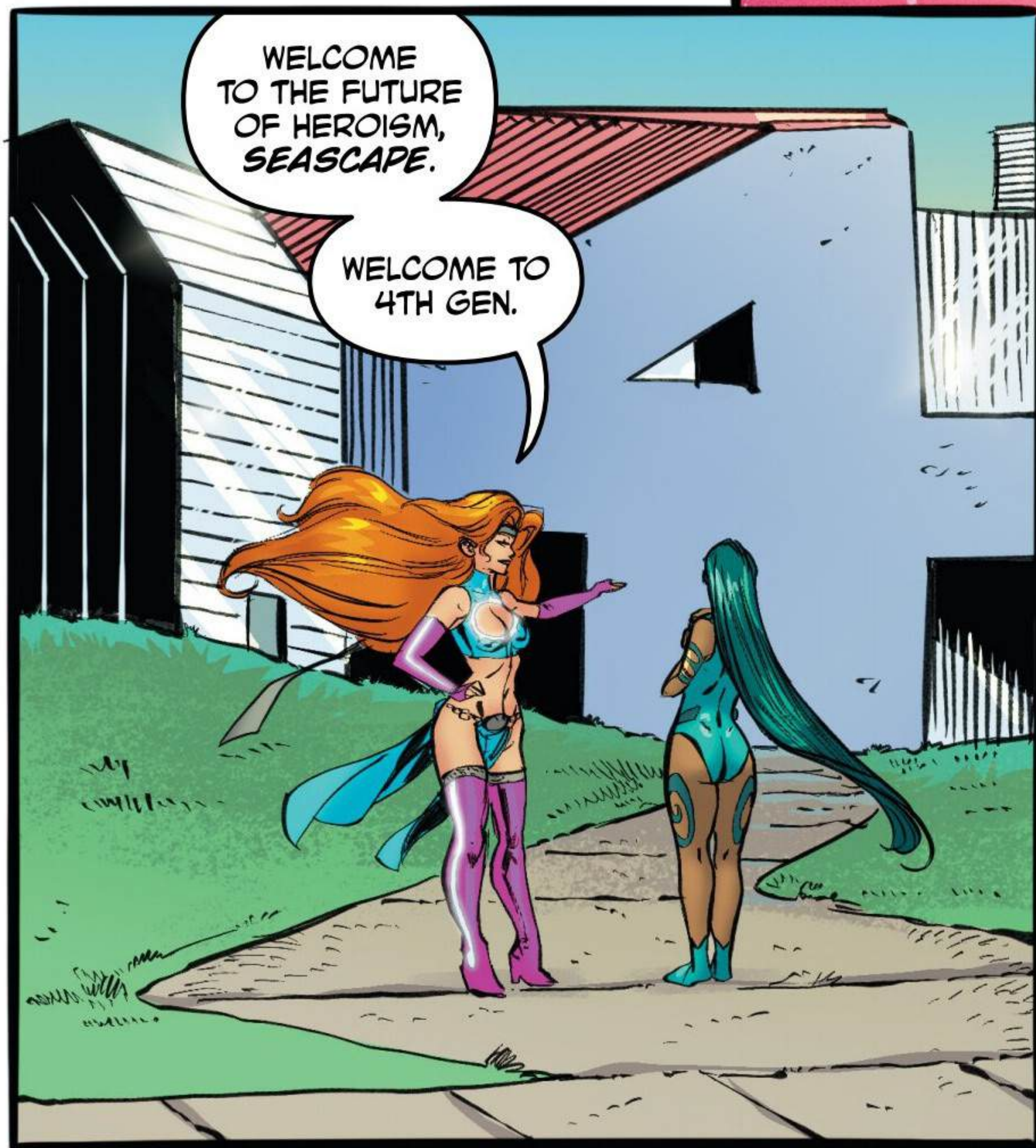
PFFH

DIGGING
COAL, THAT'S
A REAL JOB...



SO DID
WE.

AND THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL
RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

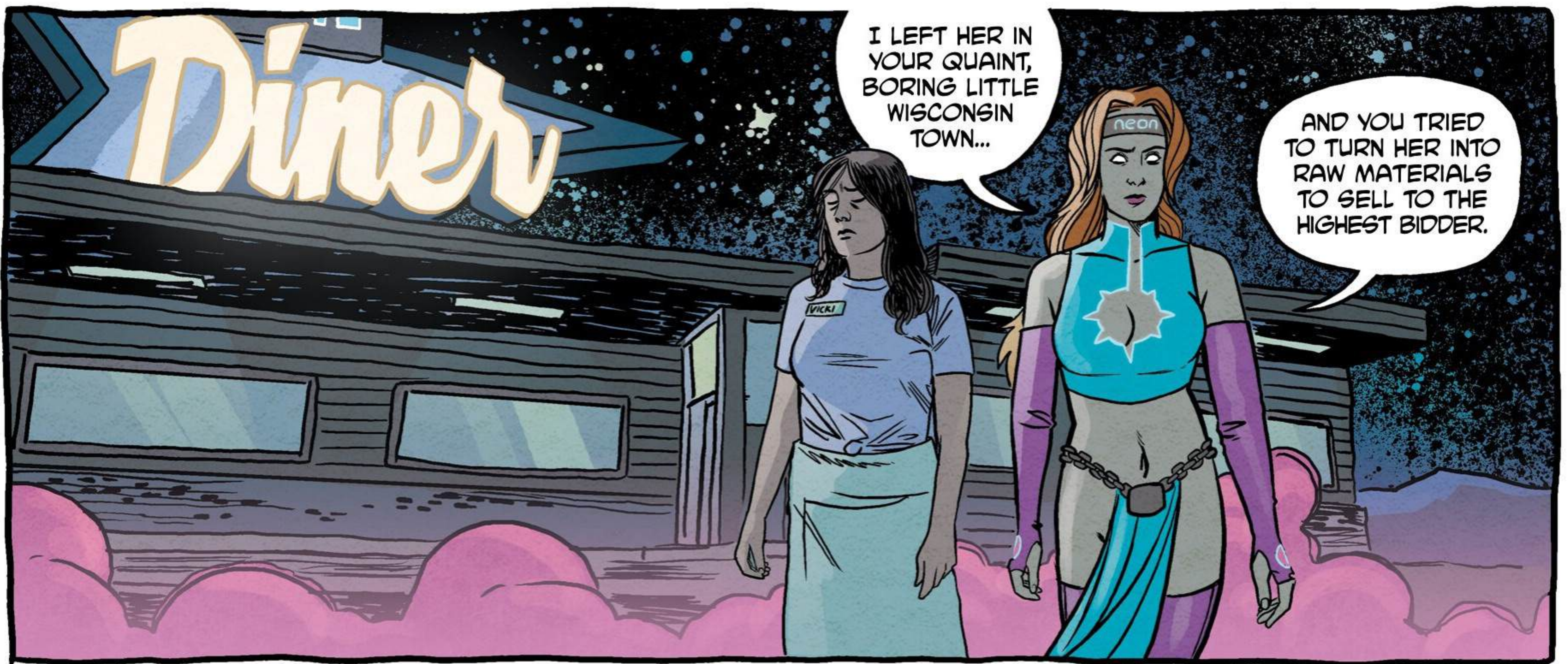


WELCOME
TO THE FUTURE
OF HEROISM,
SEASCAPE.

WELCOME TO
4TH GEN.

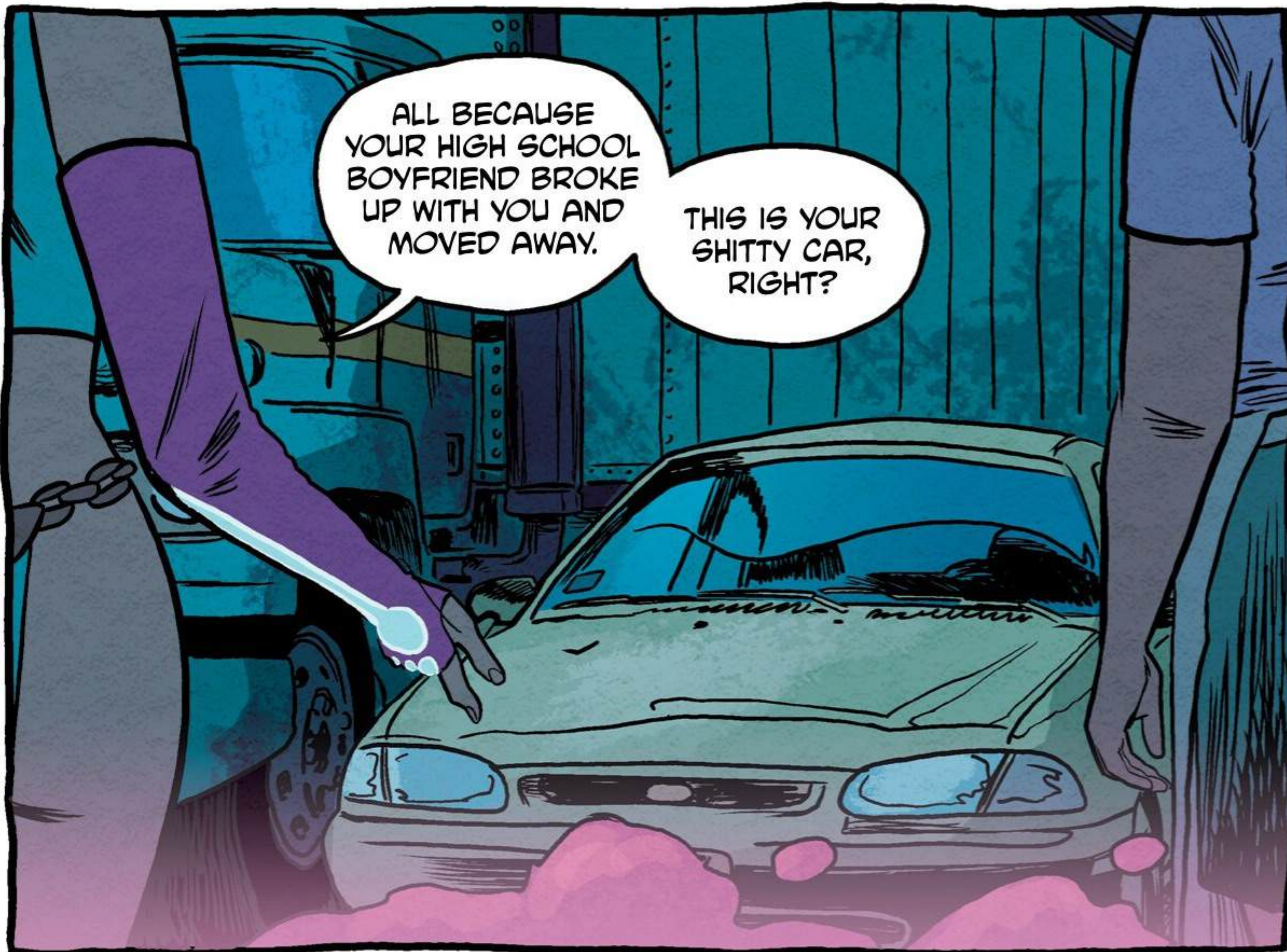


I THINK
YOU'LL THRIVE IN
FARMINGTON.



I LEFT HER IN
YOUR QUANT,
BORING LITTLE
WISCONSIN
TOWN...

AND YOU TRIED
TO TURN HER INTO
RAW MATERIALS
TO SELL TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER.



ALL BECAUSE
YOUR HIGH SCHOOL
BOYFRIEND BROKE
UP WITH YOU AND
MOVED AWAY.

THIS IS YOUR
SHITTY CAR,
RIGHT?



GIVE
ME THE
KEYS.

I CAN'T--
WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

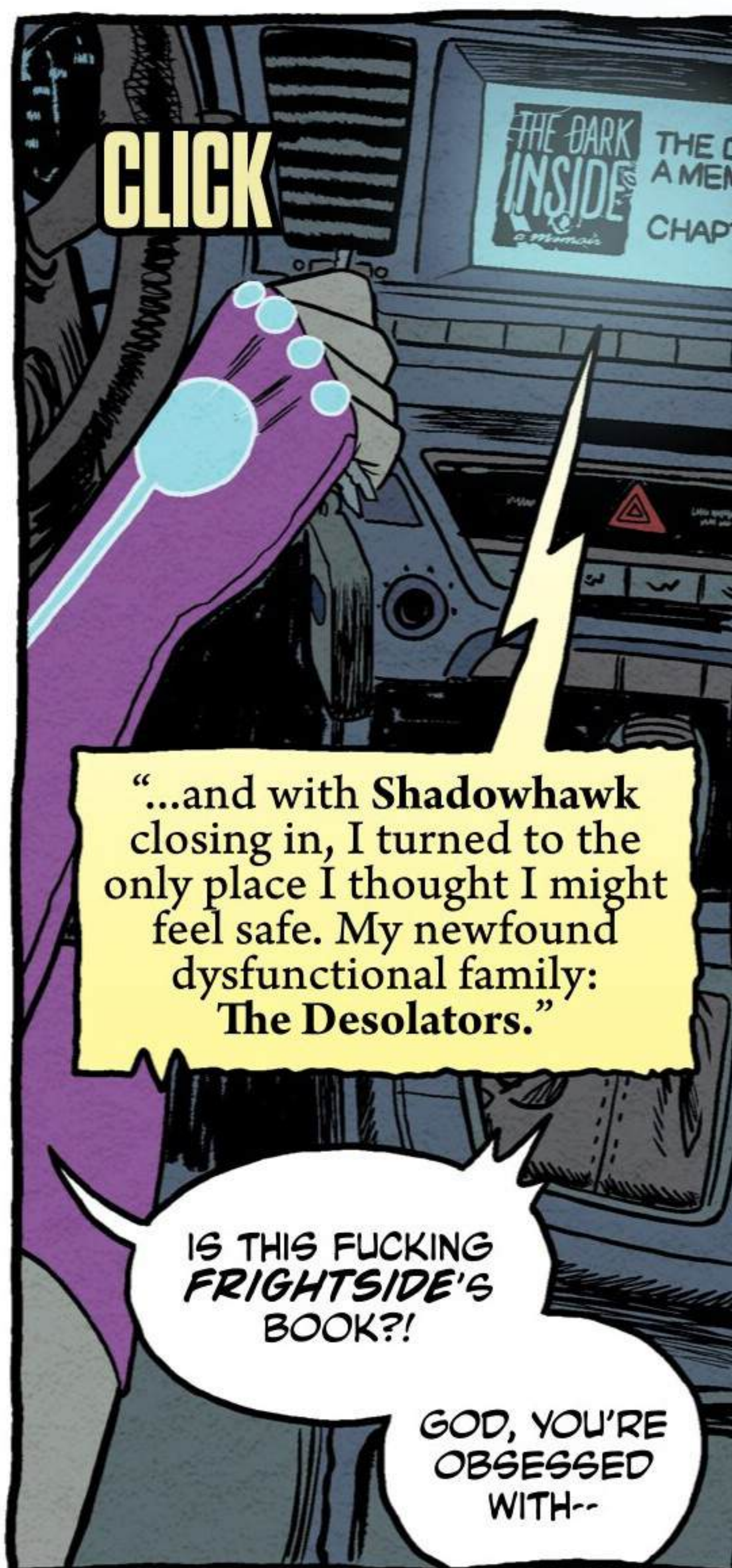
WHEREVER
I DRIVE
US.



YOU CAN'T
JUST--

PEOPLE
WILL NOTICE IF
I DISAPPEAR...

OH
YEAH?



CLICK

"...and with Shadowhawk
closing in, I turned to the
only place I thought I might
feel safe. My newfound
dysfunctional family:
The Desolators."

IS THIS FUCKING
FRIGHTSIDE'S
BOOK?!

GOD, YOU'RE
OBSESSED
WITH--



VRRRRRRNNNNNNN

I PUT ON
AUDIOBOOKS
WHEN I DRIVE.
IT KEEPS ME
FROM THINKING
ABOUT--

"Chapter 9: Crossjack."



"Looking back on it now, with the benefit of years, I see so much of my life as a mercenary as a cry for help."



"My association with the **Desolators** was akin to a teenager hanging out with the 'wrong crowd,' the 'bad kids in leather jackets.'"

"The ones smoking in the median, off school grounds."



"It was my need to be punished for the dark impulses that filled my mind... the very thoughts that had brought the Fright from his alien realm to me in the first place."



"And punished I was."

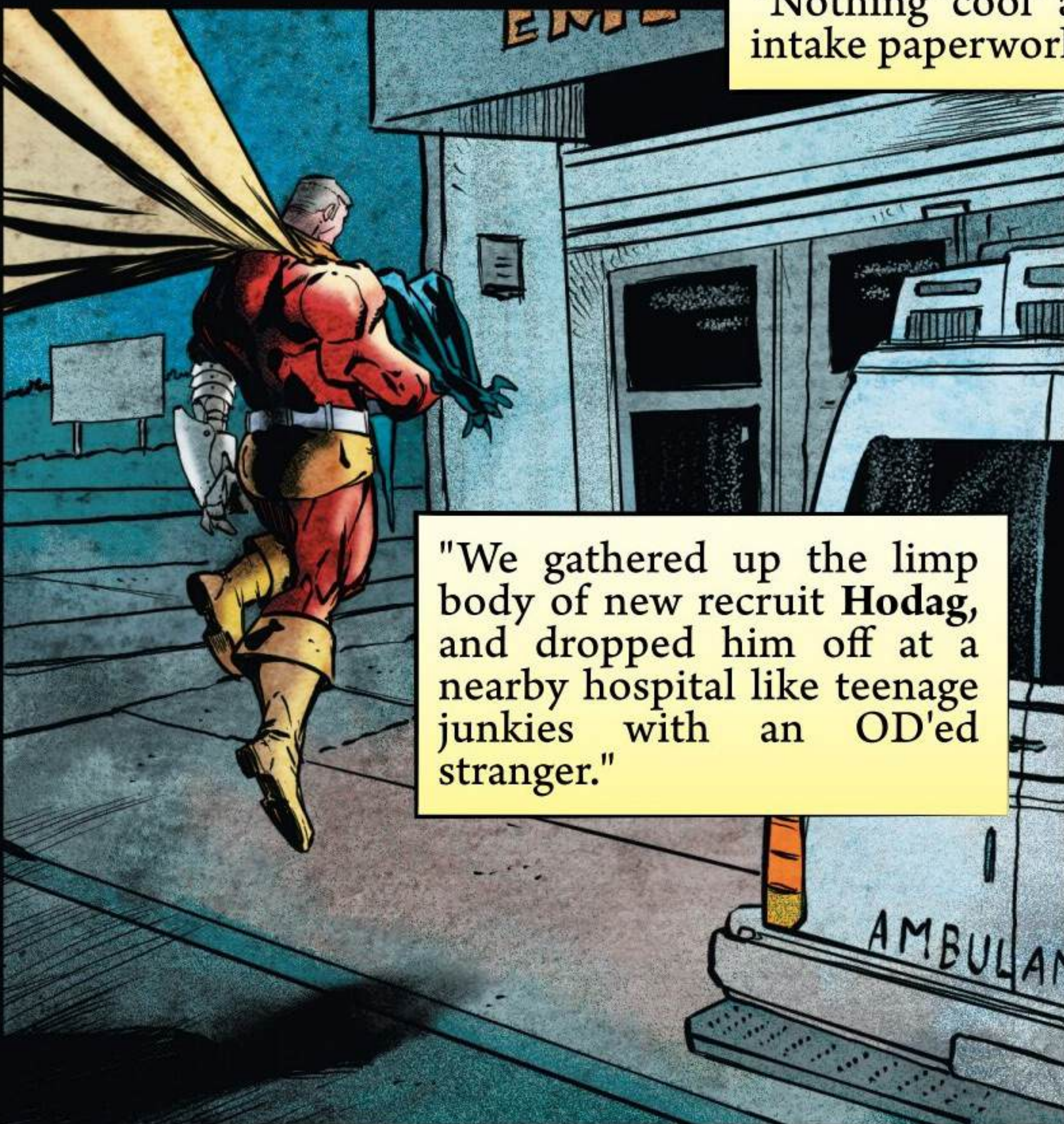
"I awoke from a severe concussion in the Undisclosed. The 'Aphex Engine' we'd been hired to protect was gone. As was our client, **The Faceless Horde**."



"And **Third Gen**, for all their heroic bluster, hadn't even bothered to take my teammates and I prisoner."

UH...
HODAG?

"Nothing 'cool' about filling out intake paperwork, I suppose."



"We gathered up the limp body of new recruit **Hodag**, and dropped him off at a nearby hospital like teenage junkies with an OD'ed stranger."

"And lacking anything to say to each other...the Desolators went home."



"I replayed the battle in my head all night."

"Neon always hated me. There was nothing new in her contemptuous glare. But the 'new kid.'"

"Crossjack..."

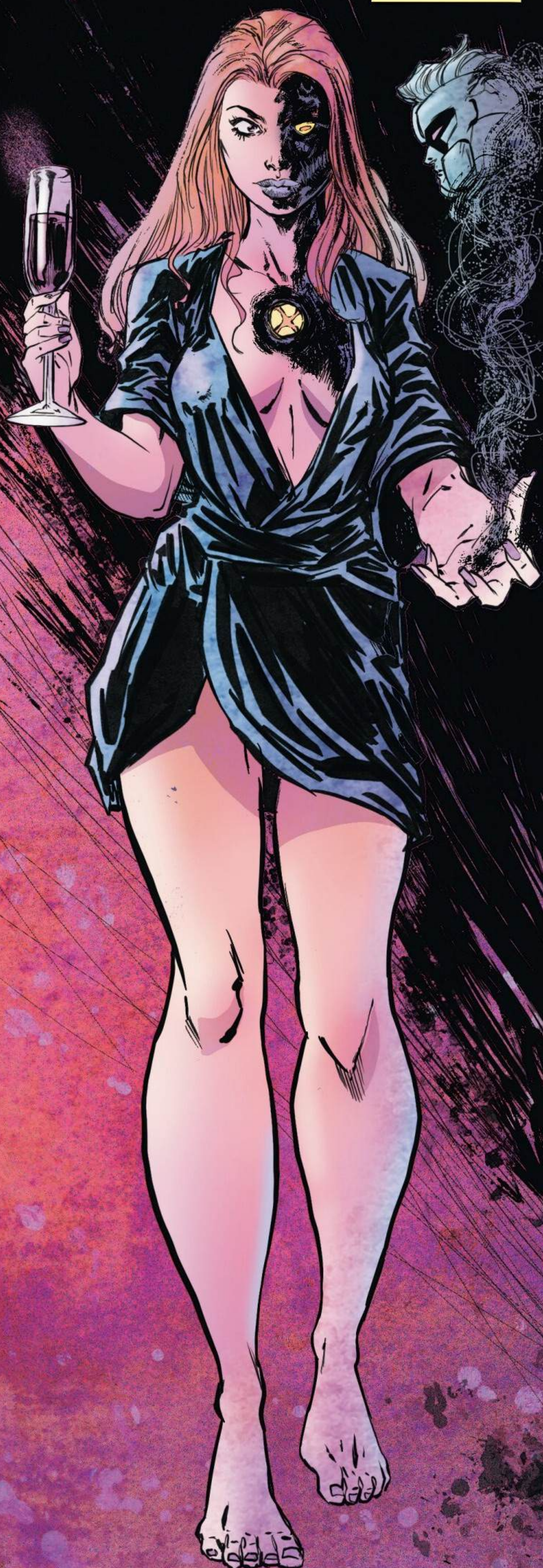


"In his indistinct Midwestern features, something else."



"Regret?"

"Empathy?"



"Or an overpowering need to prove himself, after being humiliated by the Camo Crusader."



"A need that I knew would make him more dangerous than Neon, Big Island, or even The Cutting Edge."

"I really hated being right all the time."



"He came at me like a frat boy at a basement party; all testosterone and misplaced confidence."



"YOU'RE... UH..."

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, FRIGHT-CHICK!"



"He was fast and agile,
just as I was after years
training in the ballet."

"His powers seemed to
be largely martial."

PWANG

"Anything could be
a weapon. And he
didn't miss."

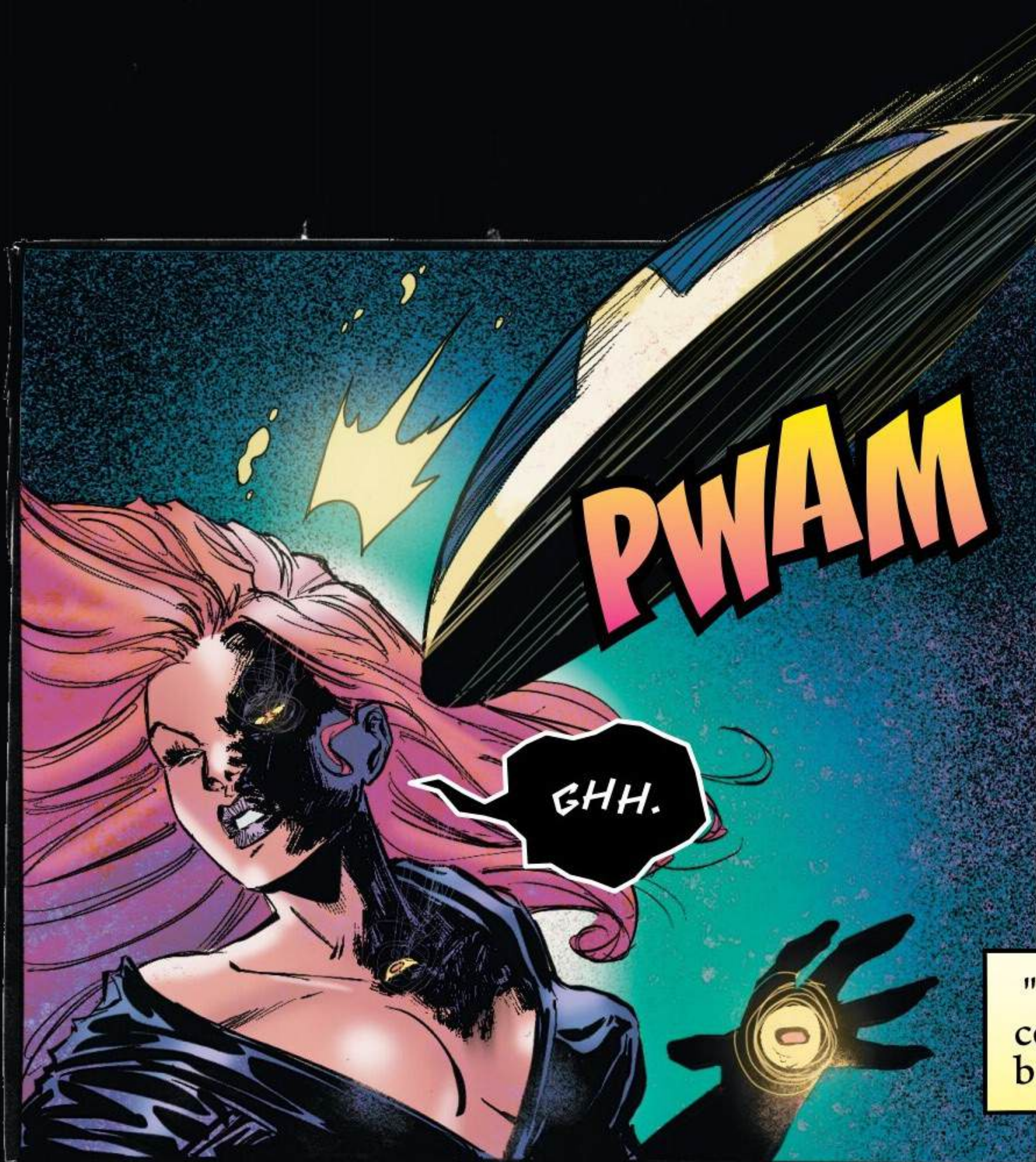
"But I was the chosen
avatar of an ancient
alien fear god."

PANG

"I should have easily
destroyed Crossjack's
untrained, home-
invading ass."

PING

"And yet..."



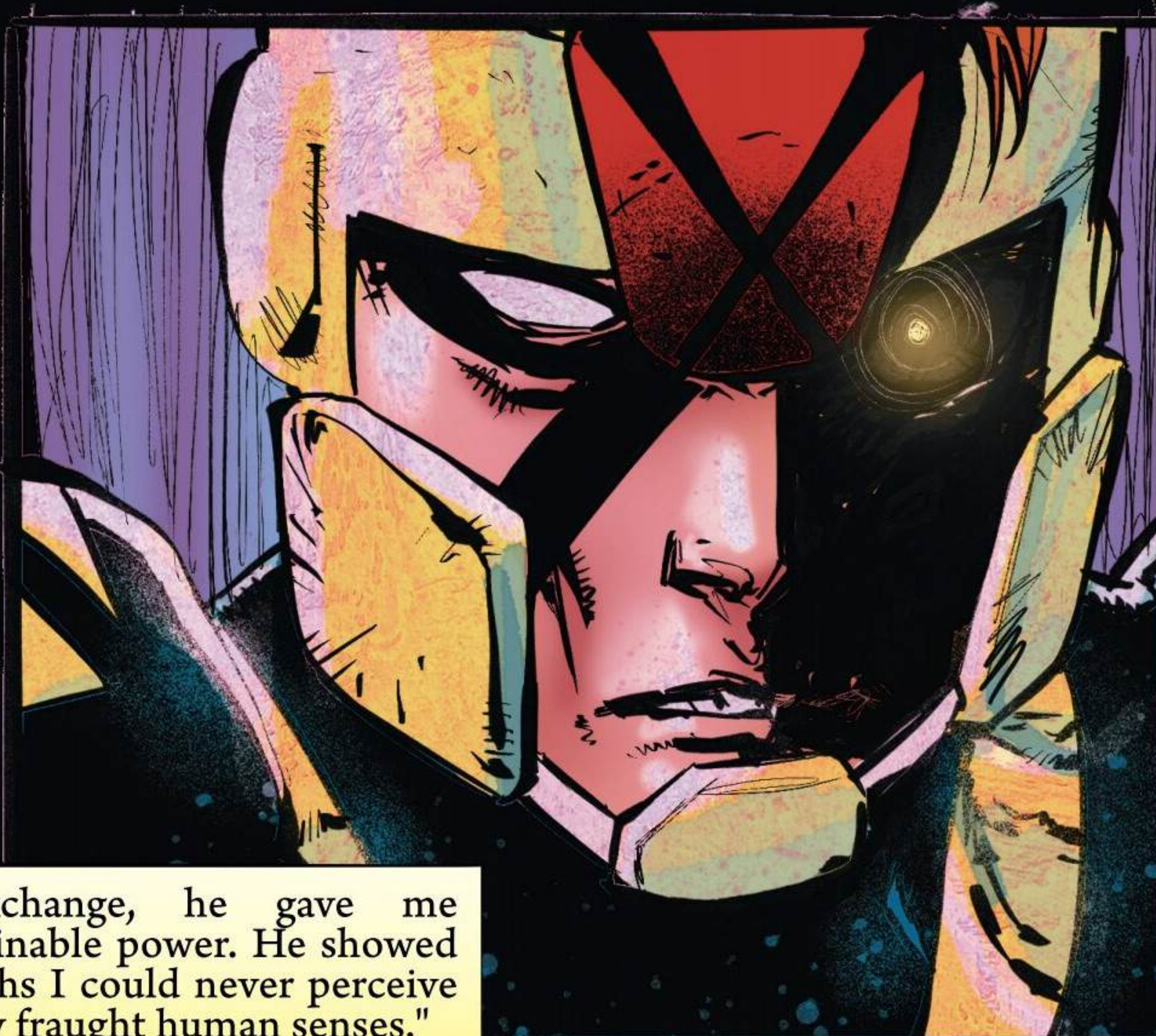
"Through the deluded haze of yet another concussion, I had a revelation. One I'd buried beneath self-loathing and fear."

"My relationship with The Fright was largely transactional."

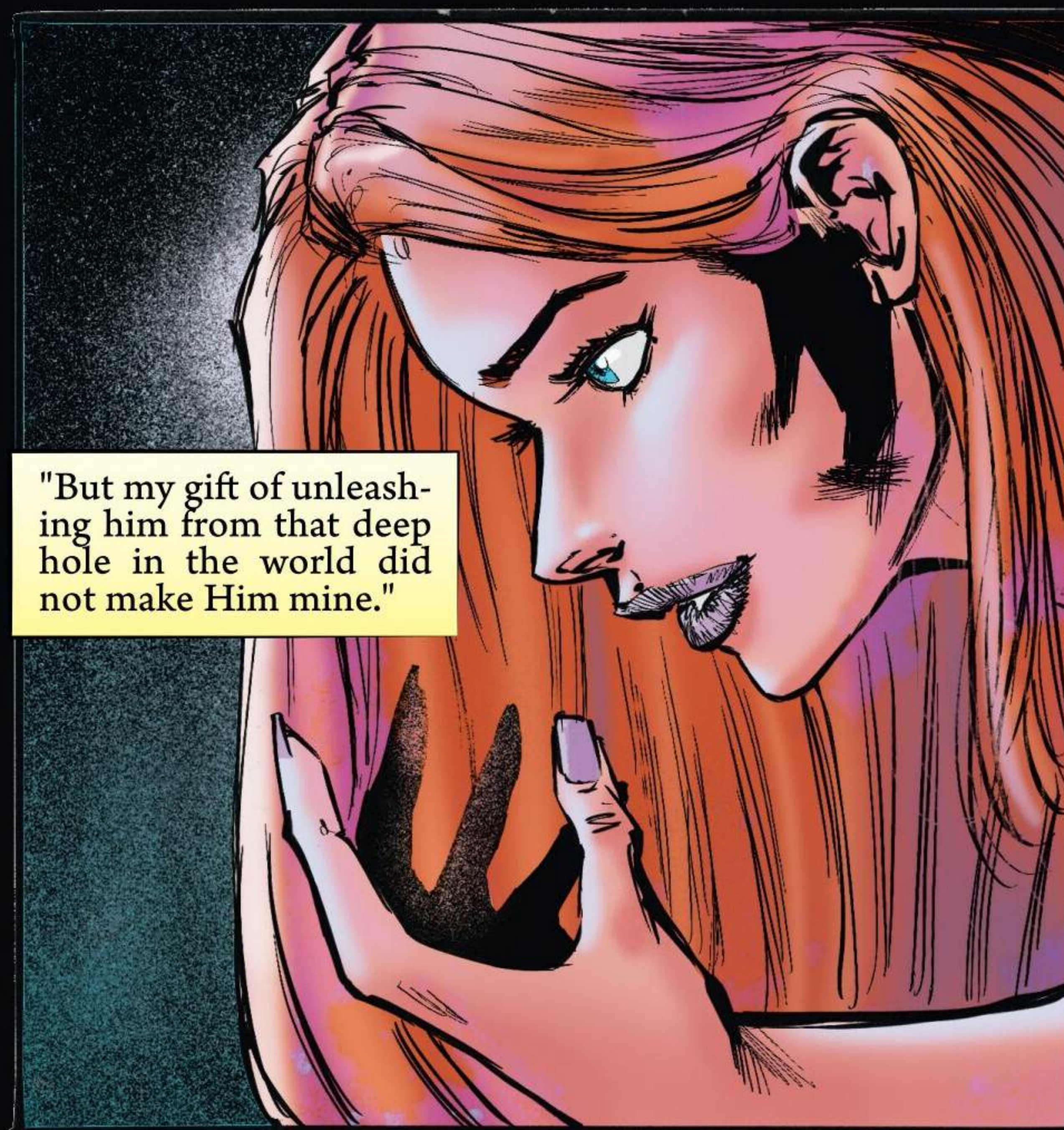


"I gave him my worst impulses. Selfishness. Greed. Sadism."

"In exchange, he gave me unimaginable power. He showed me truths I could never perceive with my fraught human senses."



"But my gift of unleashing him from that deep hole in the world did not make Him mine."





"And he would surely abandon me for more fertile grounds any chance he got."

THE
POWER...
IT'S...

IT'S...



"This 'hero' was more greedy and selfish than I had ever been."

...ALL
MINE!!

CRASH!



"For the first time in our antagonistic relationship, I was happy to see Neon."

"And I could sense that she was *very* happy to see Cross--"

BEEP



OK, THIS
IS BULL-
SHIT.

THESE CELEBRITY
TELL-ALLS ARE
ALWAYS FUCKING
MADE UP.

IT WASN'T LUST THAT
LED ME AFTER JACK.
WE DIDN'T SLEEP
TOGETHER UNTIL
MUCH LATER.



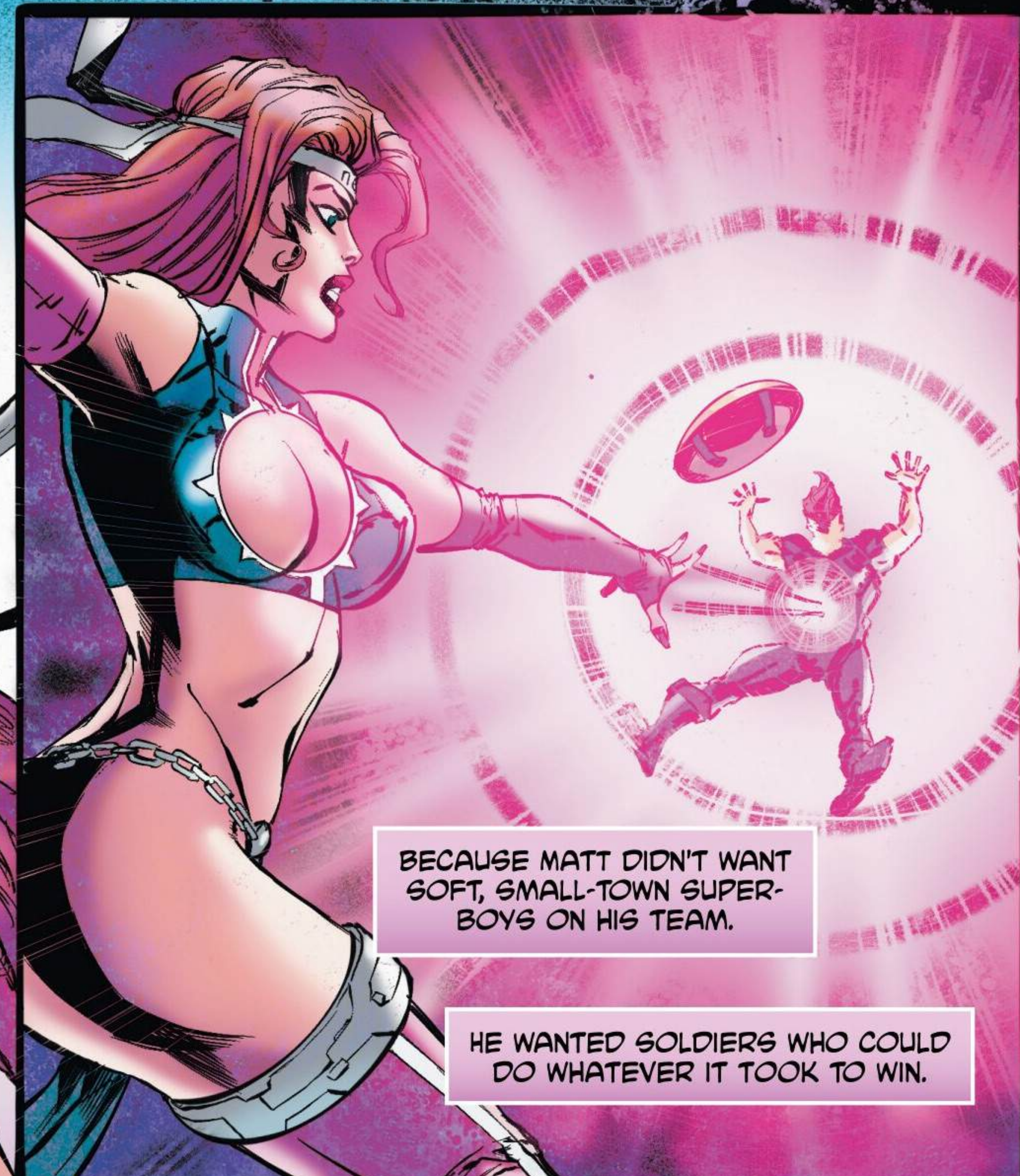
IT WAS CAMO. HE'D TOLD JACK TO GO AFTER STACY.

HE WAS TESTING HIM. TO MAKE SURE HE WAS READY.

HE WANTED PEOPLE WHO WOULD PLAY AS DIRTY AS THEIR ENEMIES.

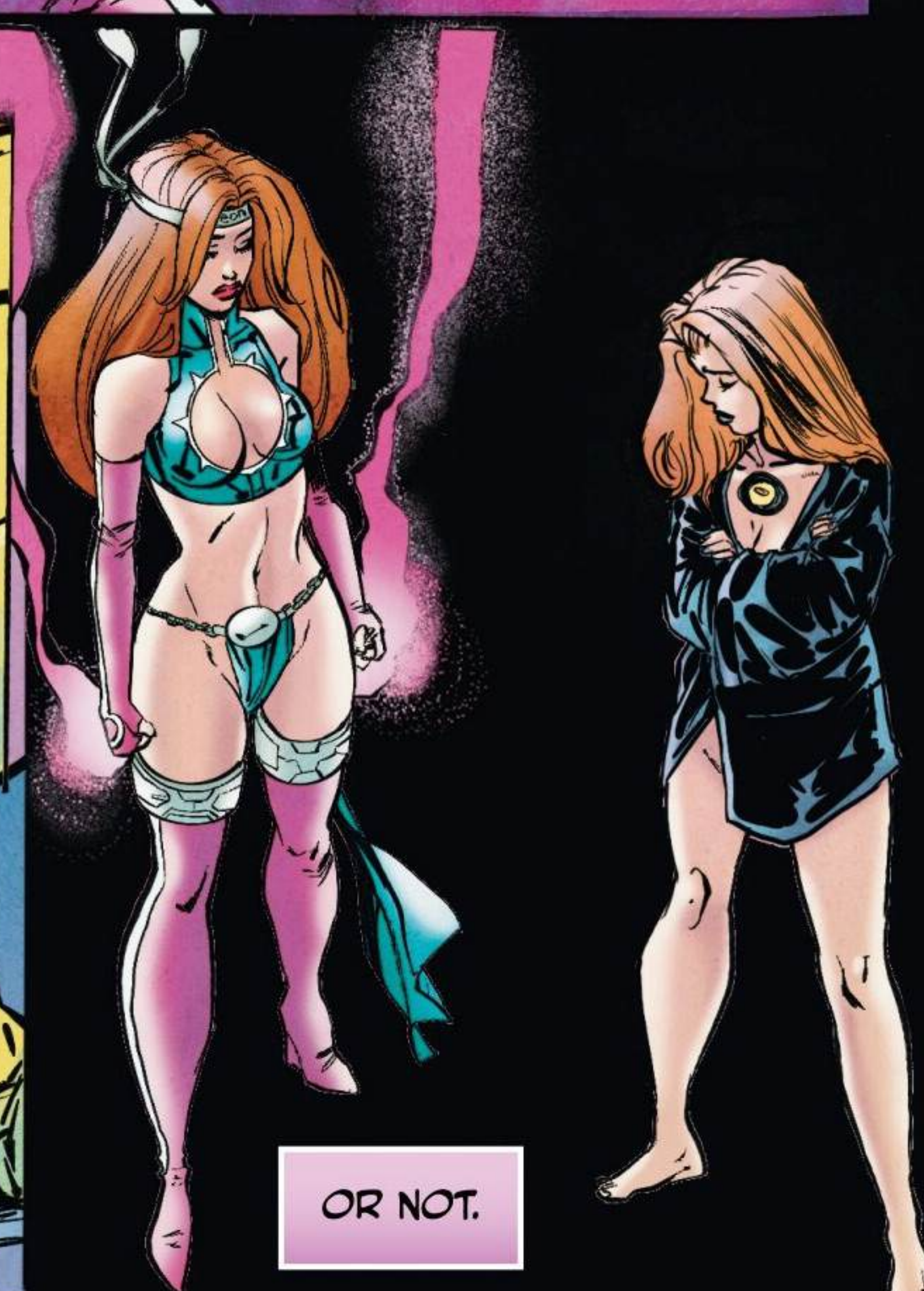


AND JACK XAVER WAS THAT, WHETHER HE WAS READY TO ADMIT IT...



BECAUSE MATT DIDN'T WANT SOFT, SMALL-TOWN SUPER-BOYS ON HIS TEAM.

HE WANTED SOLDIERS WHO COULD DO WHATEVER IT TOOK TO WIN.



OR NOT.



I MEAN...

THAT'S ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT...



BUT I THINK YOU KNEW. YOU KNEW FRIGHT-SIDE WELL.

SHE WAS YOUR "ARCHENEMY" AFTER ALL.

FLK



YOU *KNEW* THE FRIGHT WOULD OFFER ITSELF TO JACK.

AND I THINK YOU DIDN'T WANT THIS NEW GUY TO HAVE THAT MUCH MORE POWER THAN YOU.



POWER HE DIDN'T EARN. POWER HE'D SQUANDER.

THAT'S WHY I DID WHAT I DID TO SEASCAPE.

BECAUSE I KNEW I DESERVED WHAT JACK GOT.



I'M MORE LIKE YOU THAN YOU'D EVER LIKE TO ADMIT, ERICA.

HA



HAHAHAHAHA

neon

YOU ARROGANT FUCKING COUNTRY GIRL.

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME.



neon

THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOUR GROCERY STORE TABLOIDS.

THIS ISN'T A COMIC BOOK...



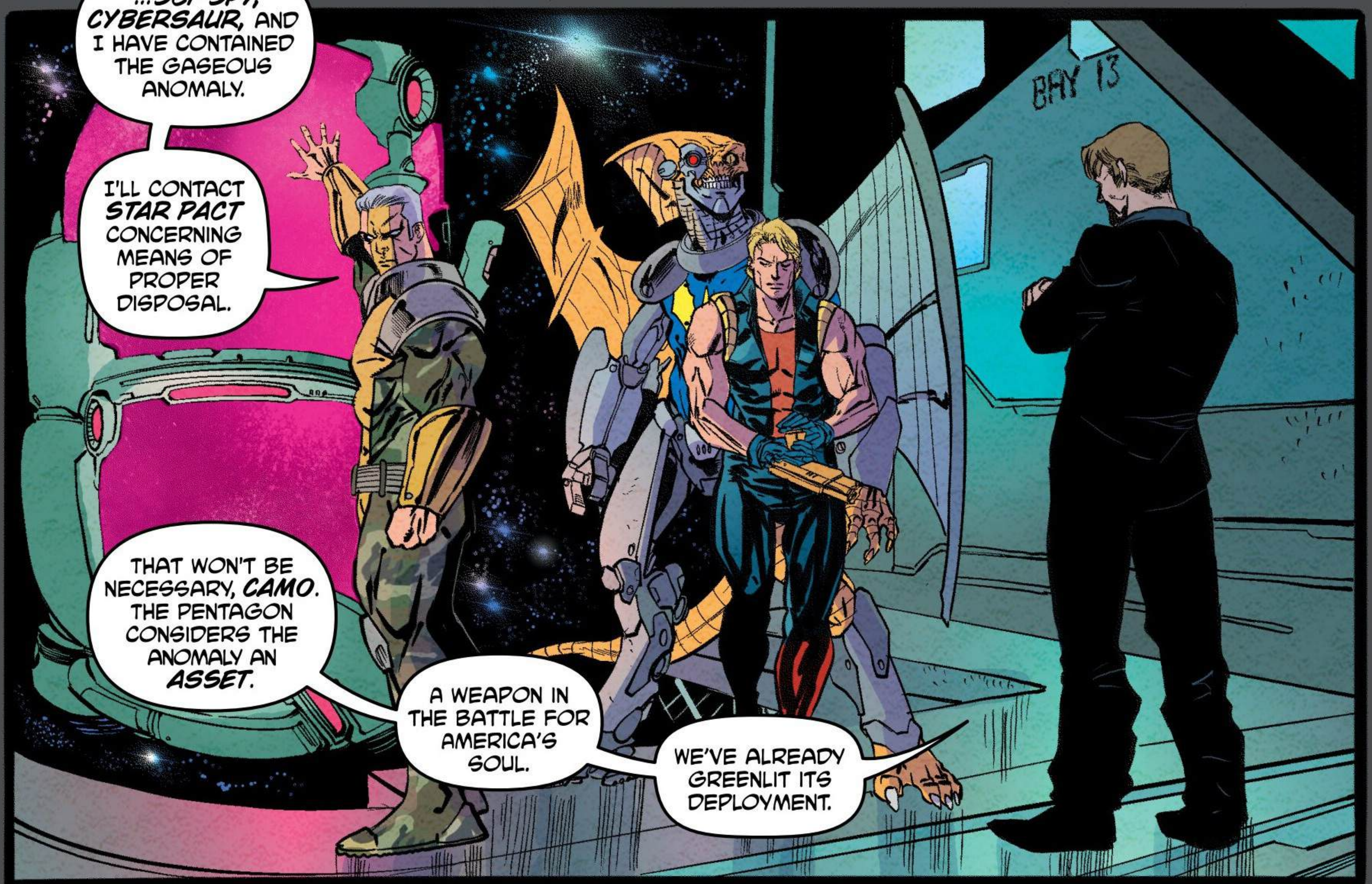
MY FAMILY LIVED ON THE RISING LIGHT COMMUNE IN TEXAS WHEN I WAS YOUNG. WE'D SPEND WHOLE SUMMERS STARING INTO THE SKY.

I KNEW WHAT WAS UP THERE. STARS. TRILLIONS OF MILES OF EMPTY SPACE.



MY PARENTS HAD TAUGHT ME THERE WERE NO GODS WATCHING OVER US.

AGENT KURTZ, THE MISSION WAS A SUCCESS...



...SCI-SPY, CYBERSAUR, AND I HAVE CONTAINED THE GASEOUS ANOMALY.

I'LL CONTACT STAR PACT CONCERNING MEANS OF PROPER DISPOSAL.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CAMO. THE PENTAGON CONSIDERS THE ANOMALY AN ASSET.

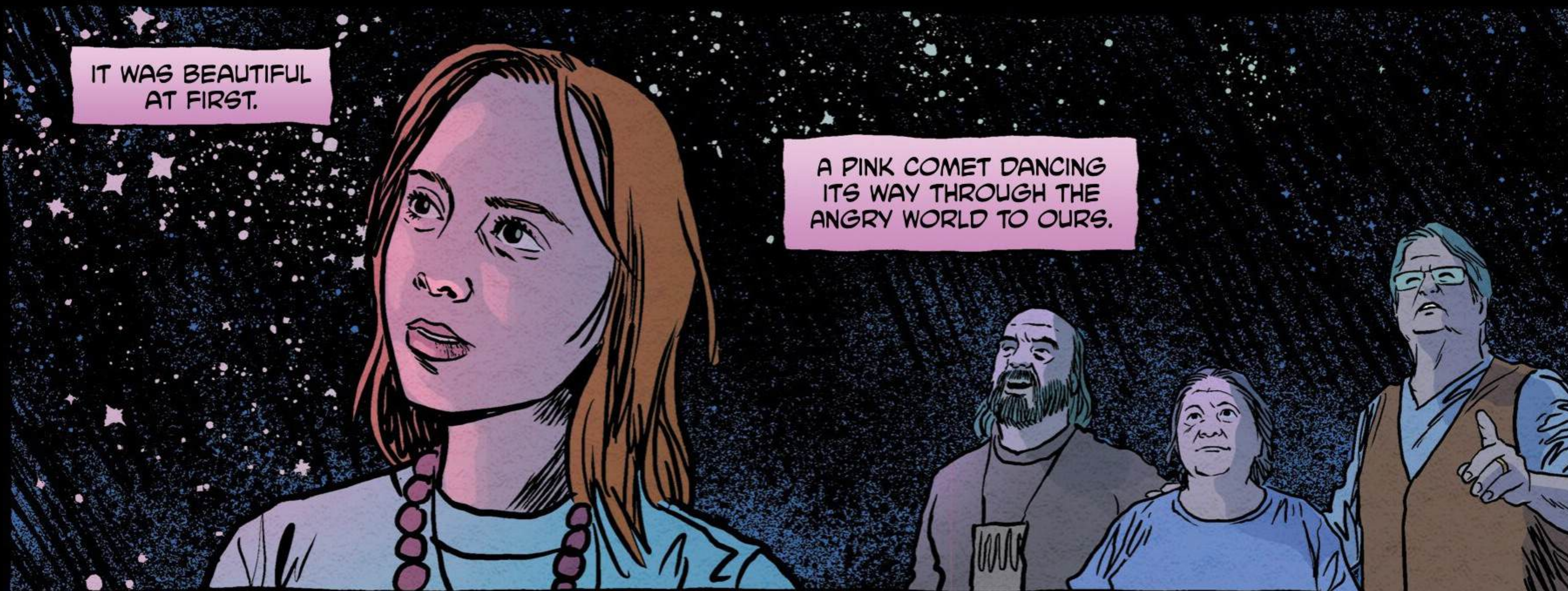
A WEAPON IN THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA'S SOUL.

WE'VE ALREADY GREENLIT ITS DEPLOYMENT.



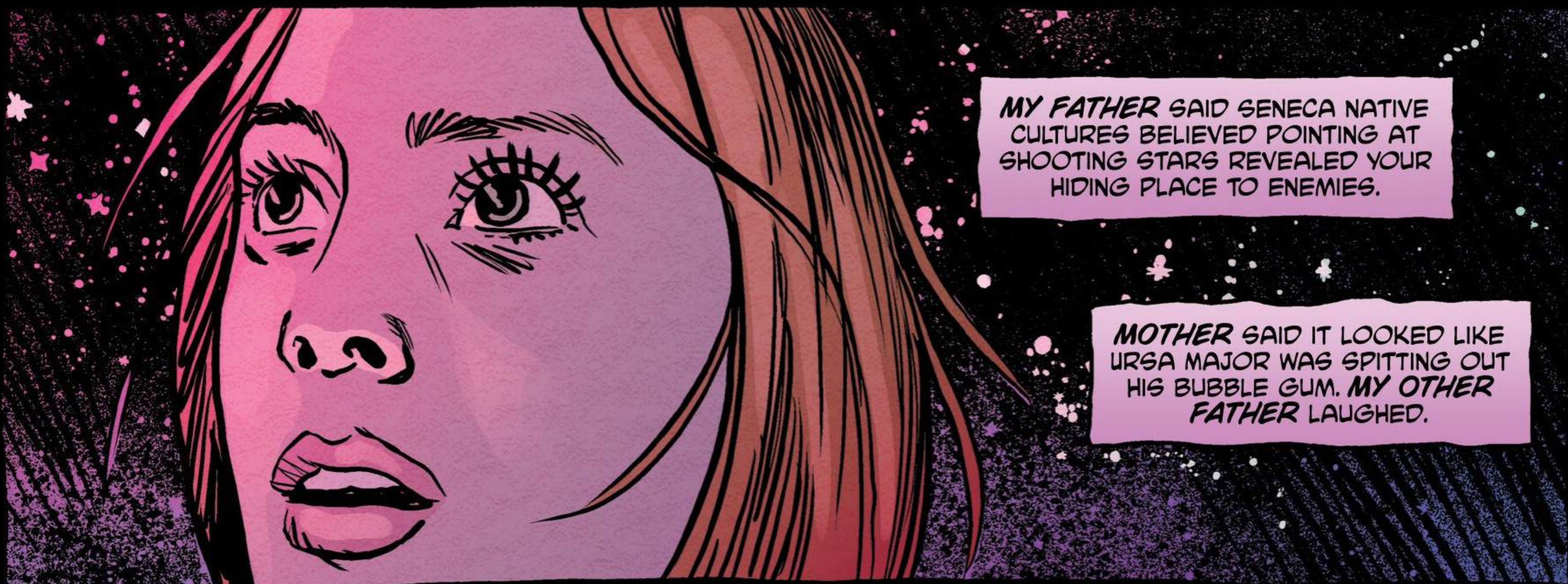
I DO NOT COMPREHEND. DEPLOYMENT WHERE?

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS, YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW.



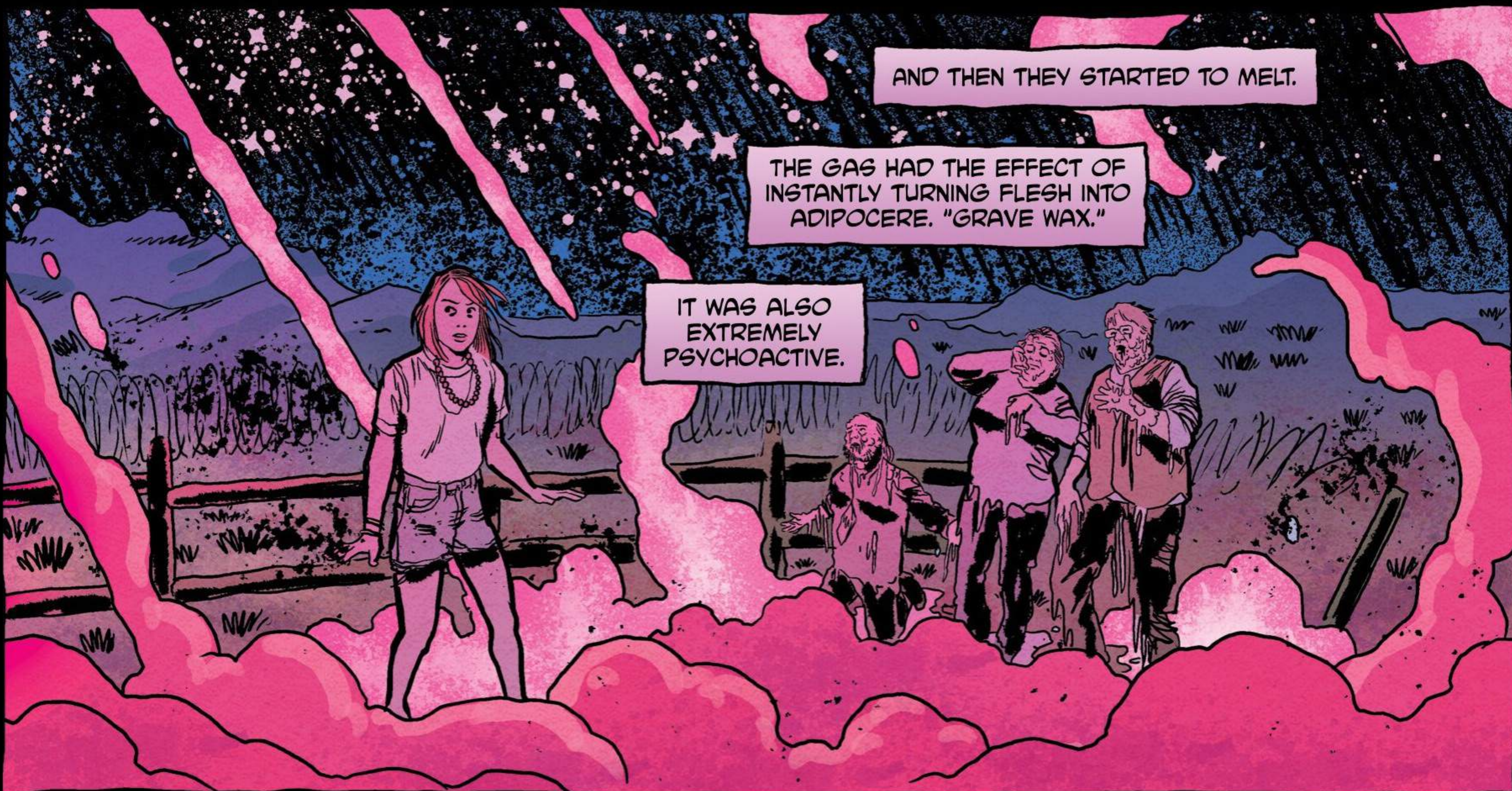
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL
AT FIRST.

A PINK COMET DANCING
ITS WAY THROUGH THE
ANGRY WORLD TO OURS.



MY FATHER SAID SENECA NATIVE
CULTURES BELIEVED POINTING AT
SHOOTING STARS REVEALED YOUR
HIDING PLACE TO ENEMIES.

MOTHER SAID IT LOOKED LIKE
URSA MAJOR WAS SPITTING OUT
HIS BUBBLE GUM. MY OTHER
FATHER LAUGHED.



AND THEN THEY STARTED TO MELT.

THE GAS HAD THE EFFECT OF
INSTANTLY TURNING FLESH INTO
ADIPOCERE. "GRAVE WAX."

IT WAS ALSO
EXTREMELY
PSYCHOACTIVE.



WHILE MY FAMILY DIED, THEIR
MINDS WERE OFF IN THAT BIG
BLACK VOID, FAR AWAY FROM
THEIR LIQUIFYING BODIES.

THEY SANG HEART-
BREAKING GIBBERISH.

...HE WILL SLICE
THROUGH YOUR
HEART, MY
DARLING.

THE WRECKAGE
WILL SMELL OF SWEET
EUCALYPTUS AND THE
LYRE OF ORPHEUS WILL
PLAY "LA ISLA
BONITA..."



THE WHOLE COMMUNE WAS THANKING
THE MAGENTA FOG FOR SHOWING
THEM THE TRUTH OF THE UNIVERSE.

THEIR BODIES MELTED INTO
STINKING, WARM PUDDLES.



HIGH LANTERN
ERICA.

GOOD HANDS
MOSS.

THE FOOD-
MAKERS.

THE CARE-
TAKERS.

ALL OF THE
COOING FRESH
ONES IN THEIR
WICKER CRIBS.

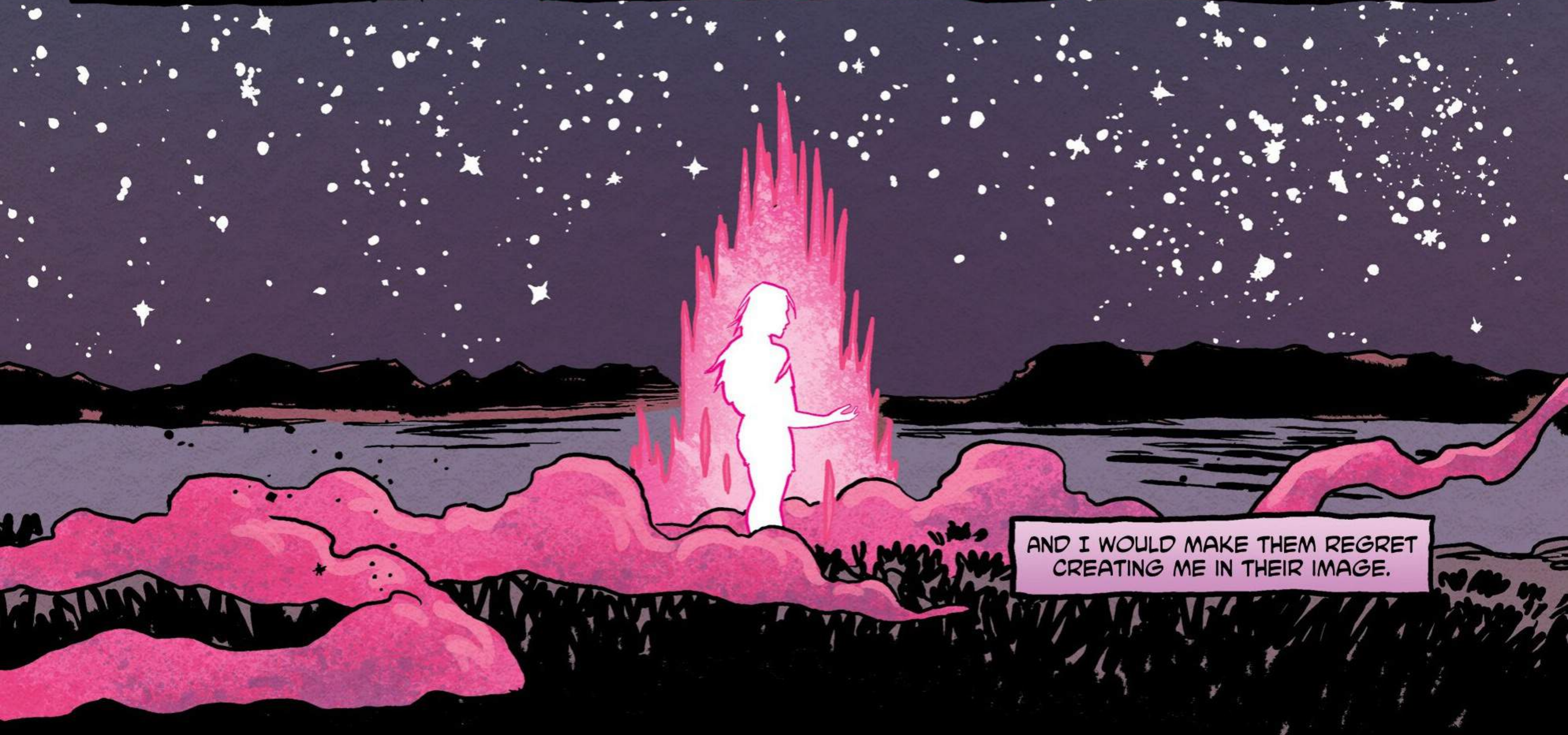


EVERYONE BUT ME.



THE NEON MIST
HAD SPARED ME.

ITS CURSE HAD COME FROM
THE SKY. FROM THE REALM
OF GODS. THEY EXISTED.



AND I WOULD MAKE THEM REGRET
CREATING ME IN THEIR IMAGE.



IN THE COMMUNE, I HADN'T
NEEDED A NAME YET.

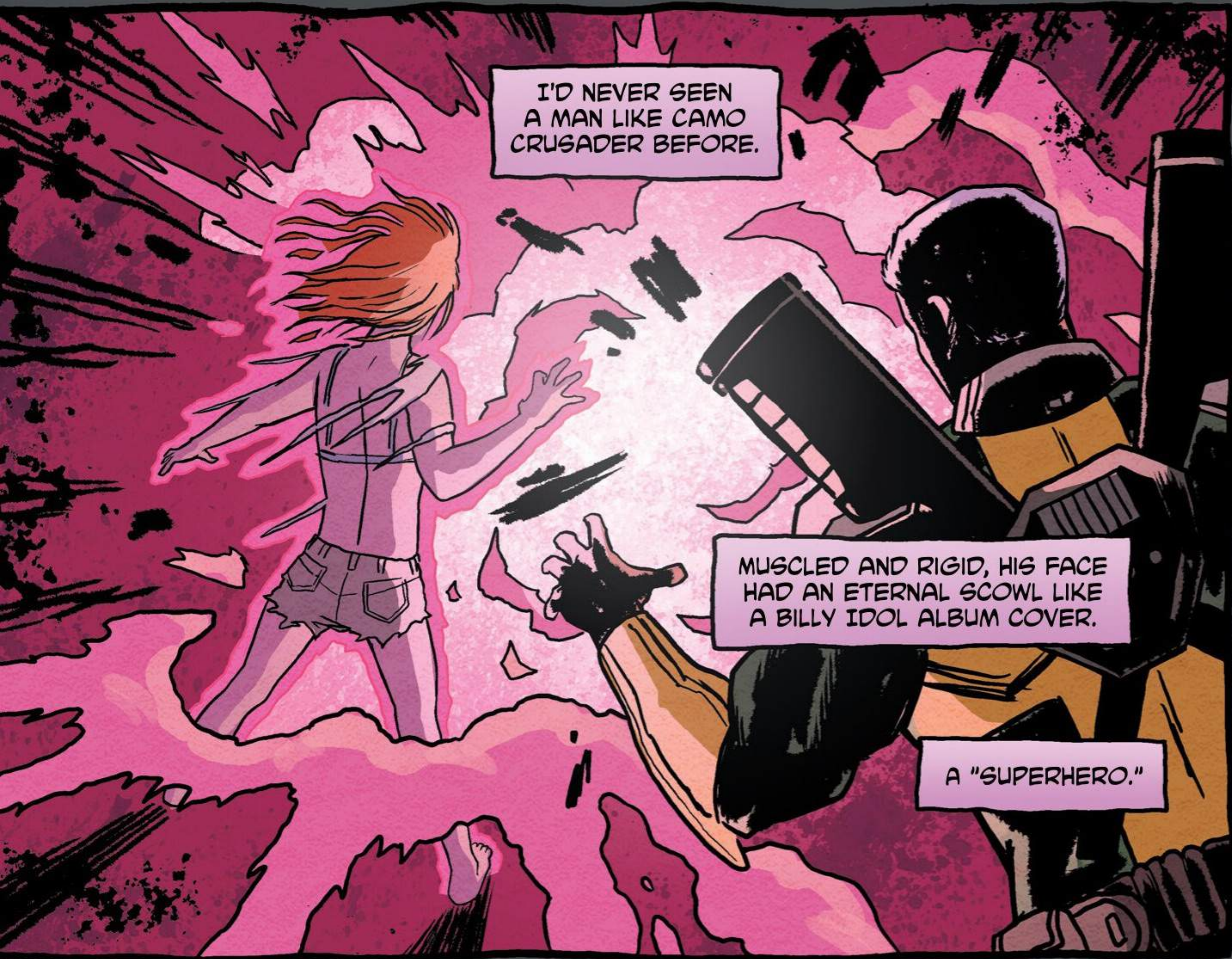
BUT OUT IN THE ANGRY WORLD,
THE PRIESTS AND THE BISHOPS
HAD ONE FOR ME.



THE NEON DEMON.

THEY TOOK MY
PARADISE. SO I TOOK
THEIRS, ONE AT A TIME.

UNTIL HE CAME.



I'D NEVER SEEN
A MAN LIKE CAMO
CRUSADER BEFORE.

MUSCLED AND RIGID, HIS FACE
HAD AN ETERNAL SCOWL LIKE
A BILLY IDOL ALBUM COVER.

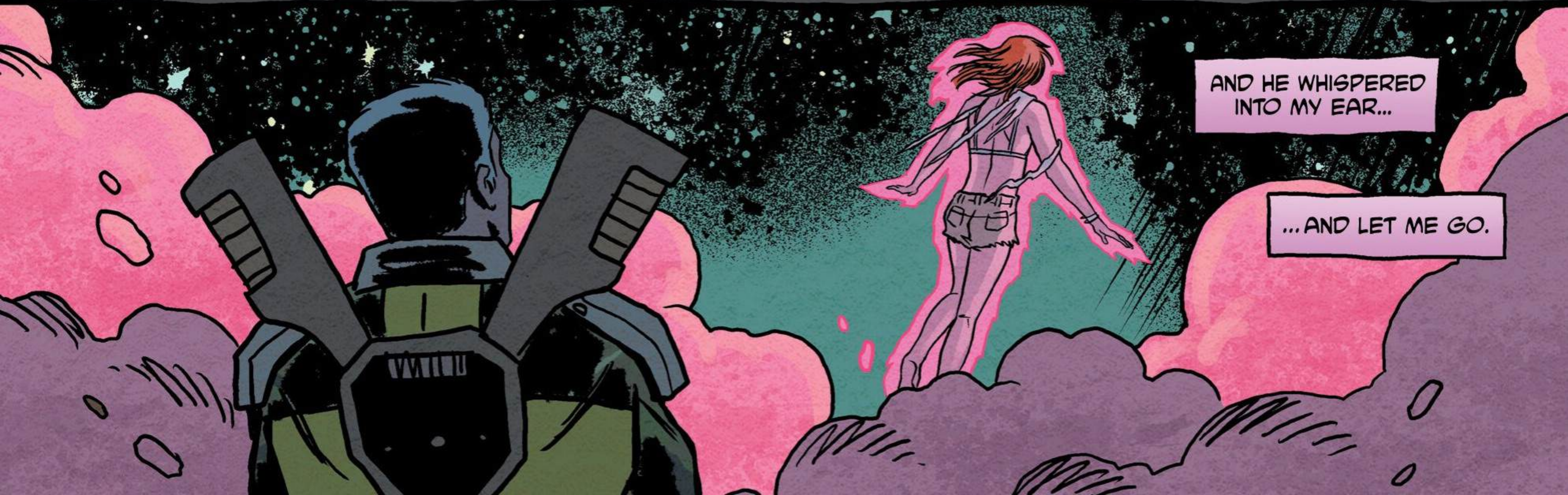
A "SUPERHERO."



BUT THEN HIS
FACE CHANGED.

THE
ANOMALY.

INSTEAD OF THROWING
HIS BIG FIST, HE PULLED
ME CLOSE.



AND HE WHISPERED
INTO MY EAR...

...AND LET ME GO.



HIS QUIET WORDS HAD BEEN
A NAME AND AN ADDRESS.



ARLINGTON,
VIRGINIA...

HIS NAME
IS...



I USED THE MIST TO CONFIRM
I WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

JOSEPH I.
KURTZ.

FBI,
1952-1981.

CIA SPECIALIST.
ANTI-GOVERNMENT
LEFTIST GROUPS.
1981-1988.

DIRECTOR
OF NATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE
OFFICE, CURRENT.

A STEW OF LETTERS
I DIDN'T KNOW THEN.

BUT I KNEW HE WAS THE ONE WHO
SENT THE MIST TO RISING LIGHT.



AHHHH!

ZZZNT!

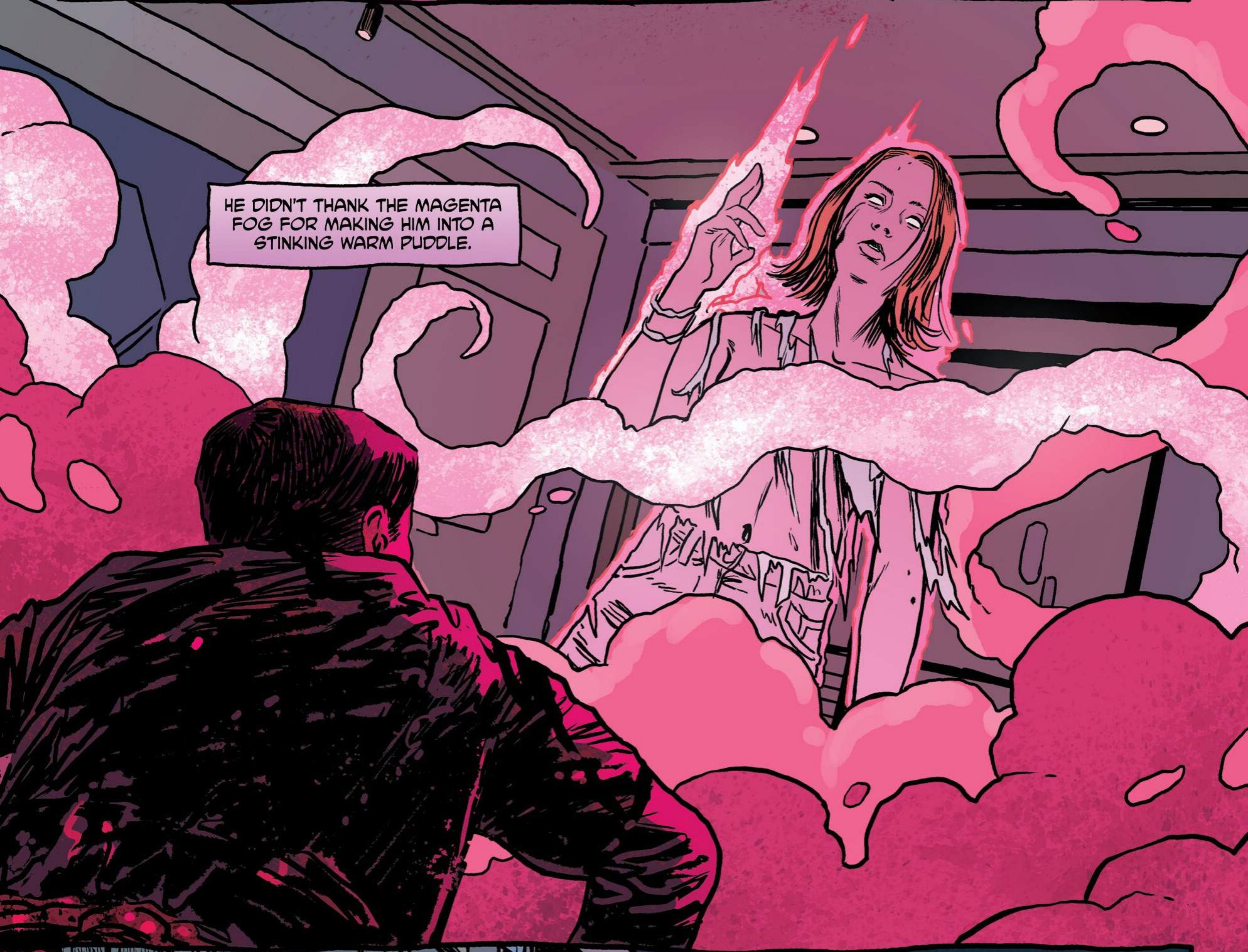


THAT WAS ENOUGH.

HG

GHKK

HNNNN



HE DIDN'T THANK THE MAGENTA
FOG FOR MAKING HIM INTO A
STINKING WARM PUDDLE.



IT DID WHAT I
ASKED OF IT.

AlIEEEEE!

AND JOE KURTZ'S MIND WAS RIGHT THERE
THE WHOLE TIME WHILE I CUT HIM APART.

SECOND GEN WAS
DISSOLVED. BUT A NEW
FORCE TOOK ITS PLACE.

CAMO CRUSADER'S
ROSTER.

SOLDIERS WHO COULD DO
WHATEVER IT TOOK TO WIN.

WE STAND
FOR JUSTICE
NOW.

IF YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS...

ASK
OUR OLD
BUDDY AGENT
KURTZ.

PEOPLE WHO WOULD PLAY
AS DIRTY AS THEIR ENEMIES.

AND WE
DON'T DO
SACRILEGE
HERE.

NO MORE
"DEMON."

AND
NEON?

...AVENGE NOT
YOURSELVES, BUT
RATHER GIVE PLACE
UNTO WRATH:

FOR IT IS WRITTEN
"VENGEANCE IS MINE,
I WILL REPAITH,
SAITH THE LORD."

CAMO HAD FOUND
HIS NEW SOLDIER.

I HAD FOUND
MY GOD.





I'M NOT
GOING TO
KILL YOU.

THAT WASN'T
THE POINT OF
MY STORY.



I EVEN FEEL SOME
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
YOUR ACTIONS. IF MY
LATE HUSBAND HADN'T
BEEN WRAPPED UP IN ALL
THAT FARMINGTON
SCIENCE FAIR...

YOU'D BE
SAFE AT HOME
WITH YOUR
POLICEMAN.



THE POINT
WAS: CAMO
CRUSADER...

MATHEW GAVE
ME A BEAUTIFUL
GIFT. HE TOLD ME
WHERE TO FIND
THAT MONSTER.

HE TRUSTED
ME WITH THE
GIFT OF
VENGEANCE.

DID YOU KILL
JACK'S FATHER,
INGA? JUST TO
BUY YOURSELF
TIME?

OR DID BEN
XAVER'S HEART
GIVE OUT ON
ITS OWN?

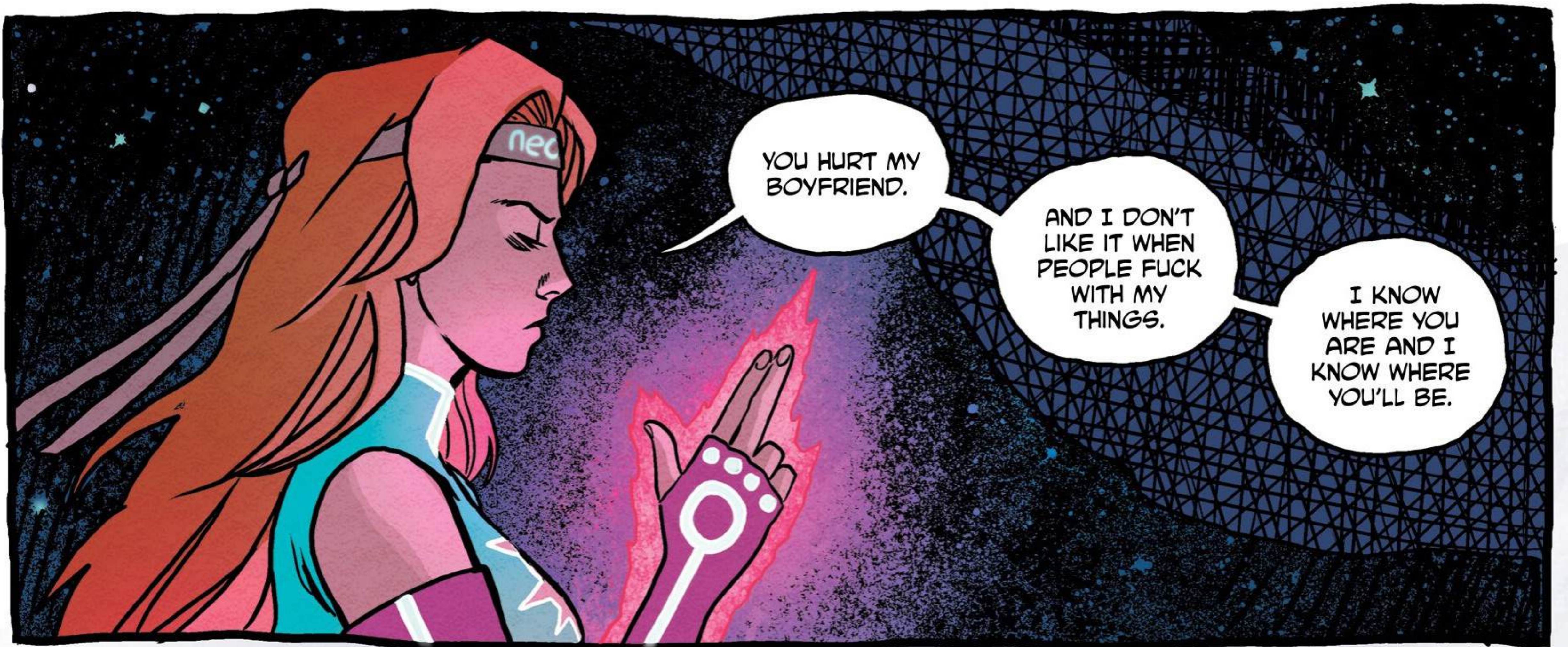


I WAS RAISED
SOFT. WRAPPED
IN THE LOVING,
COMFORTING
ARMS OF
PACIFISM.

AND I BELIEVE
IN THE VIRTUE OF
ETHICAL NON-
MONOGAMY.



BUT I ALSO BELIEVE A
GIRL DESERVES SOME
CONTRADICTION EVERY
NOW AND THEN...





Chapter 10





I THINK THIS IS THE HARDEST PART OF MY JOB.

WHEN I HAVE TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A PERSON THAT SUMMARIZES A WHOLE LIFE.

TO PUT A FEW WORDS TO A FACE THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO SO MANY.

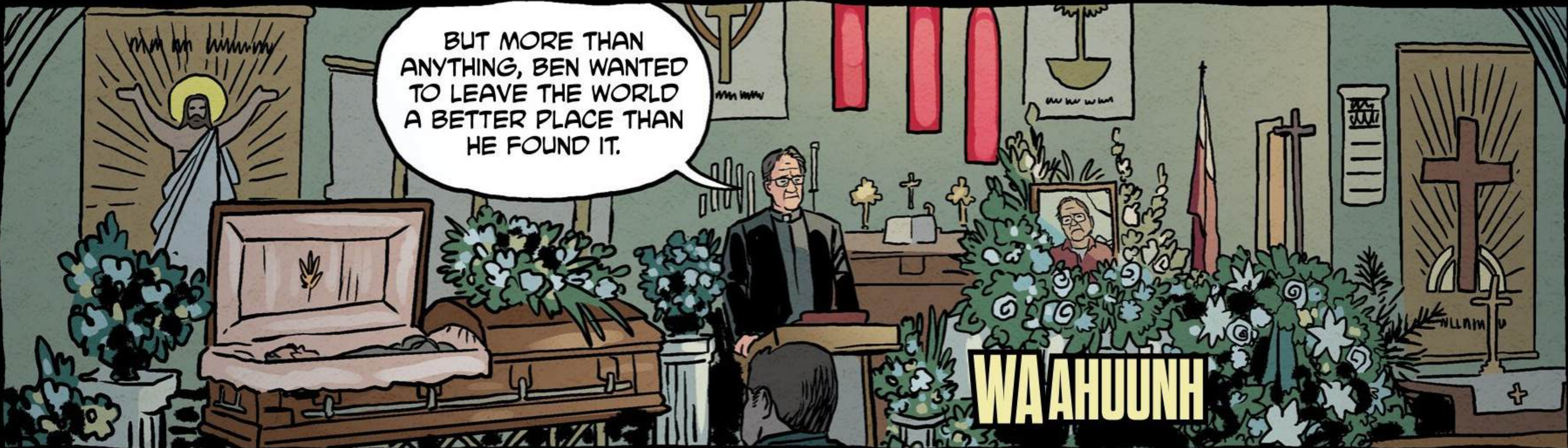


BENJAMIN XAVER WAS A GOOD MAN.

A FAITHFUL MAN. A HARDWORKING MAN.

THOSE THAT HAD HIM AS A BOSS AT THE OLD PAPER MILL CAN TELL YOU HE EXPECTED YOU TO WORK HARD TOO. OR ELSE.

HEH HEH



BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING, BEN WANTED TO LEAVE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE THAN HE FOUND IT.

WAHUUNH



HE CERTAINLY LEFT FARMINGTON A BETTER PLACE WITH HIS ORGANIC GARDEN.

WITH HIS LOVE FOR HIS WIFE, LILA.

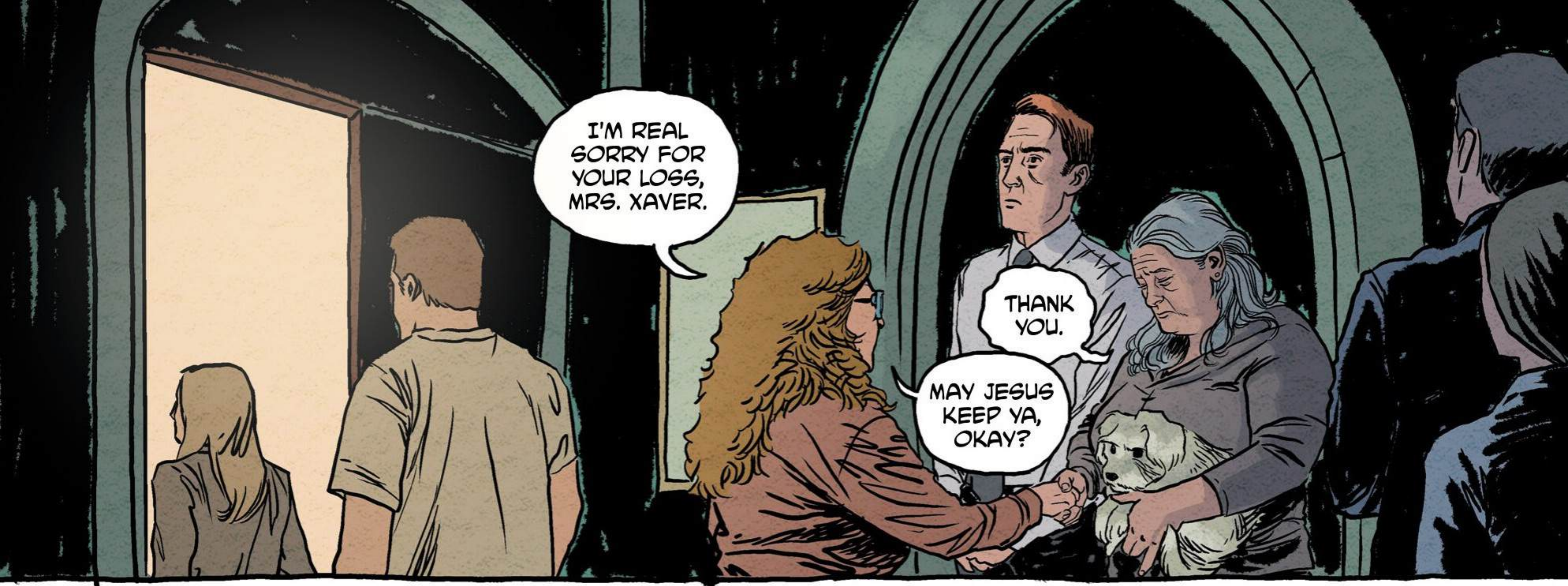
WAUHUUH

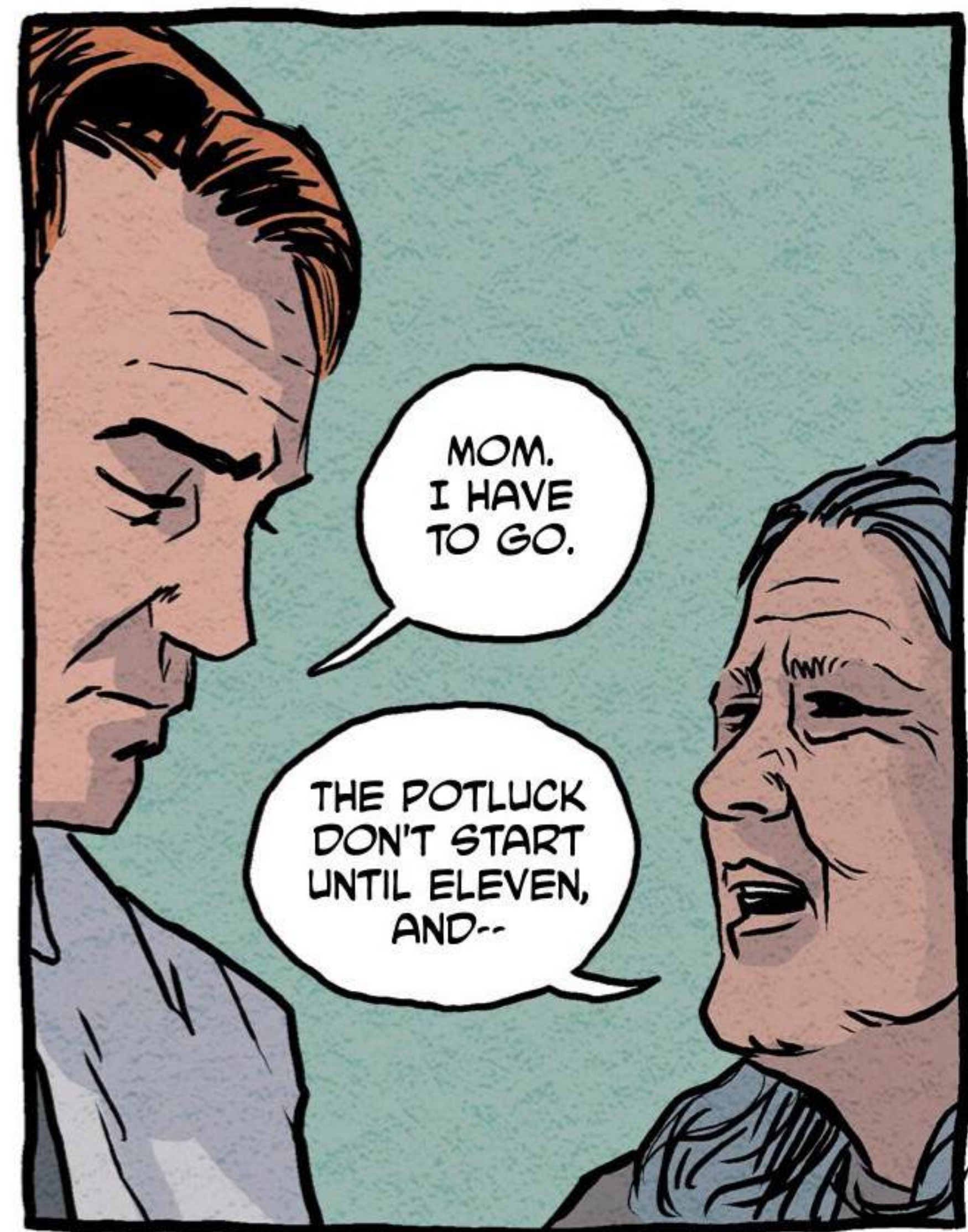
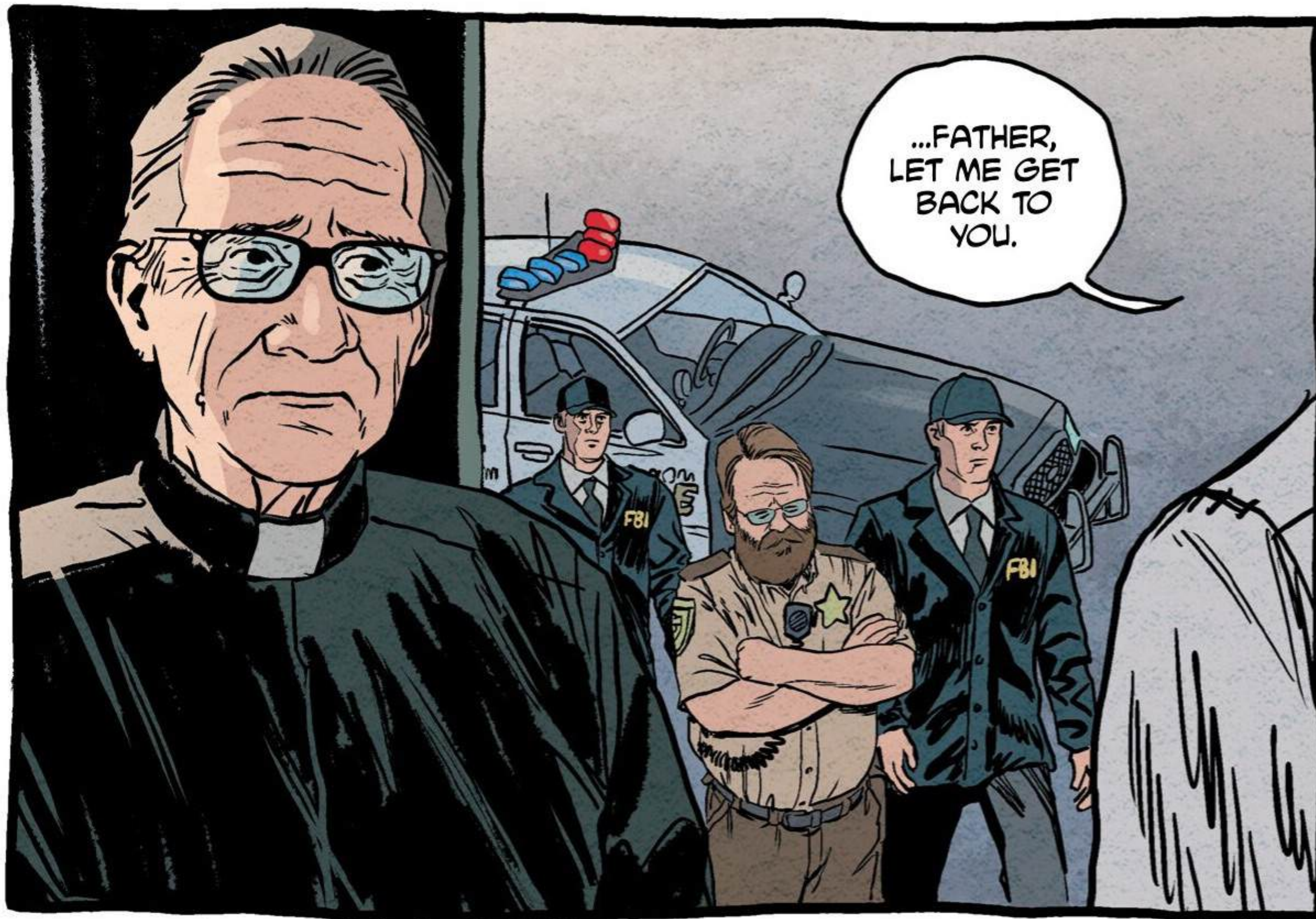
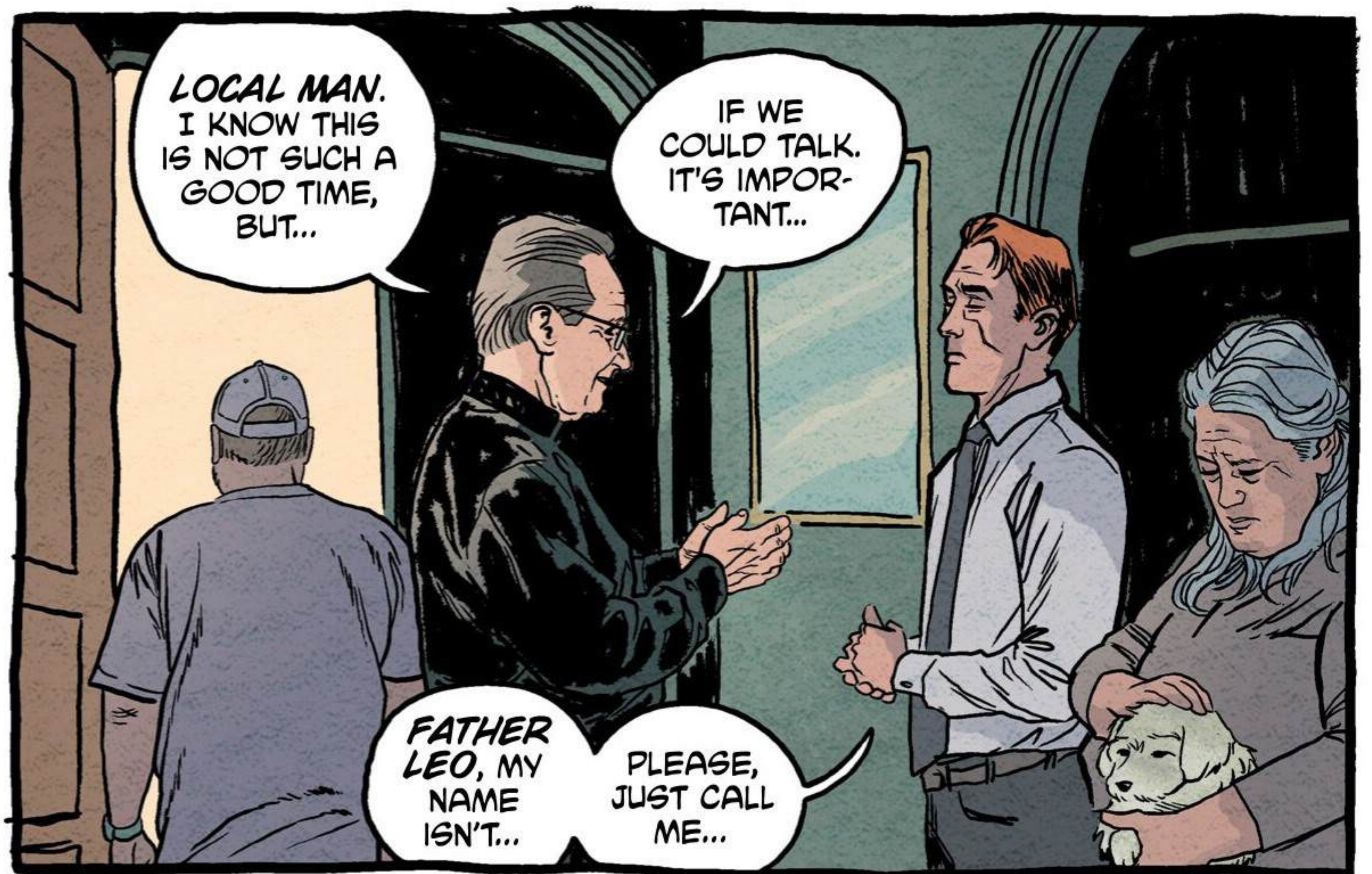


WITH THE GIFT OF HIS SON, JACK...

WAHUUH

OH GOD...







...IT'S BEEN ALMOST SIX MONTHS SINCE THIS PROGRAM UNVEILED SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE OF THE FATEFUL FINAL MOMENTS OF *MATTHEW JAMES*, ALSO KNOWN AS THE *CAMO CRUSADER*, LEADER OF THE *THIRD GEN* SUPERHERO TEAM.



THIS GUY, CROSSJACK, THEY CAN'T FIND THIS GUY ANYWHERE? THE GUY WHO WEARS A BRIGHT YELLOW SUIT! HOW HARD ARE THEY EVEN LOOKIN'?



DO YOU FEEL IT? THAT LITTLE ACHE IN YOUR HEART BECAUSE YOU DON'T GET TO SEE *SOFTKORE* SWINGIN' THAT THING WHILE TROUNCING A MECH, OR *BIG ISLAND*'S GOLDEN GLUTES THROUGH HIS GRASS SKIRT ANYMORE?



FALLOUT HAS BEEN FAR-REACHING, WITH A FORMER MEMBER WANTED BY FEDERAL AUTHORITIES AND THE ENTIRE CURRENT ROSTER BENCHED AS QUESTIONS SURROUND THE COVERUP ALLEGEDLY INITIATED BY FIELD LEADER, *NEON*...



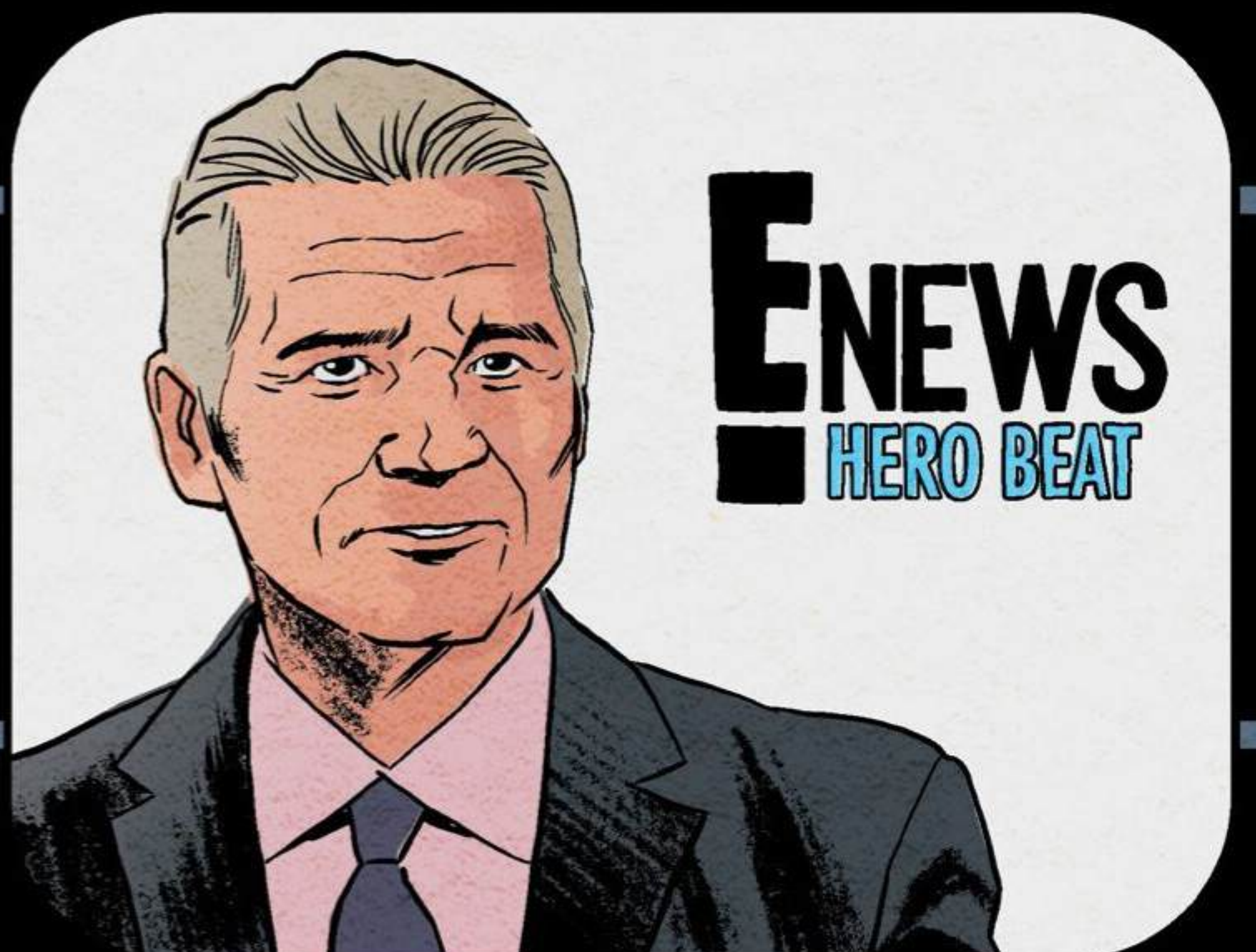
THE DEEP STATE CAN ACE A WHISTLE-BLOWIN' DNC STAFFER OR TRACK DOWN ANY FREEDOM-LOVIN' MILITIA MEMBER WITH A DRONE, BUT THEY GOT NOTHIN' ON THIS CHRISTIAN-KILLIN' TERRORIST?

ALWAYS A DOUBLE STANDARD FOR PEOPLE LIKE US!



WELL, GEN CORP'S OWNER IS HOPING TO REMEDY THAT WITH A MID-WINTER DEBUT TO CURE YOUR JANUARY BLUES...

AMERICA, MEET *KLK KLK BANG BANG*, *#CRUSADE*, *BUSQUEDA*, *MEME* AND *ARCA-DIA*. THEY ARE...





FOURTH
GEN?!

THERE
ALREADY WAS
A FUCKING
FOURTH GEN!

NEWS

ALL NEW FOURTH GEN TEAM

24+fs



KING BEE,
SLICK, MELT-
DOWN, PEEKA-
BOO...

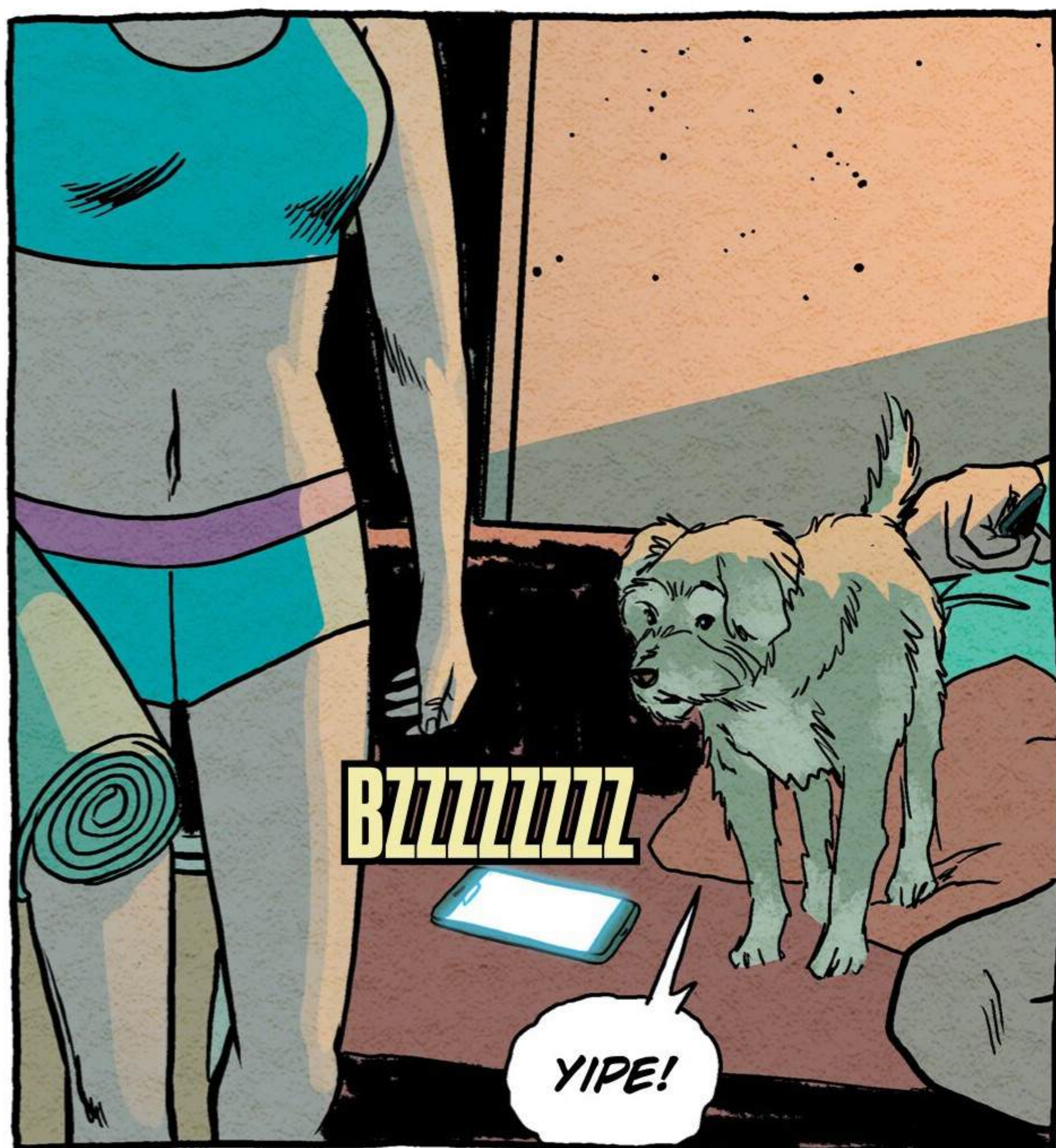
...SEA-
SCAPE.

I MEAN, WHAT'D
THOSE KIDS EVEN DIE
FOR IF THEIR NAME CAN
JUST BE SLAPPED ON A
BUNCH OF LAME-LOOKING
ZOOMERS?



IT'S JUST
DISRESPECTFUL.
JUST...

UGH.



BZZZZZZZZ

YIPE!



I REALLY WISH MY
MOM UNDERSTOOD
THAT THE FBI CAN
TRACK ANY CALL.

EVEN
TO A
BURNER.



I'M A WANTED
FUGITIVE, HIDING OUT
IN A VACATION HOUSE
IN JOSHUA TREE.
I CAN'T--

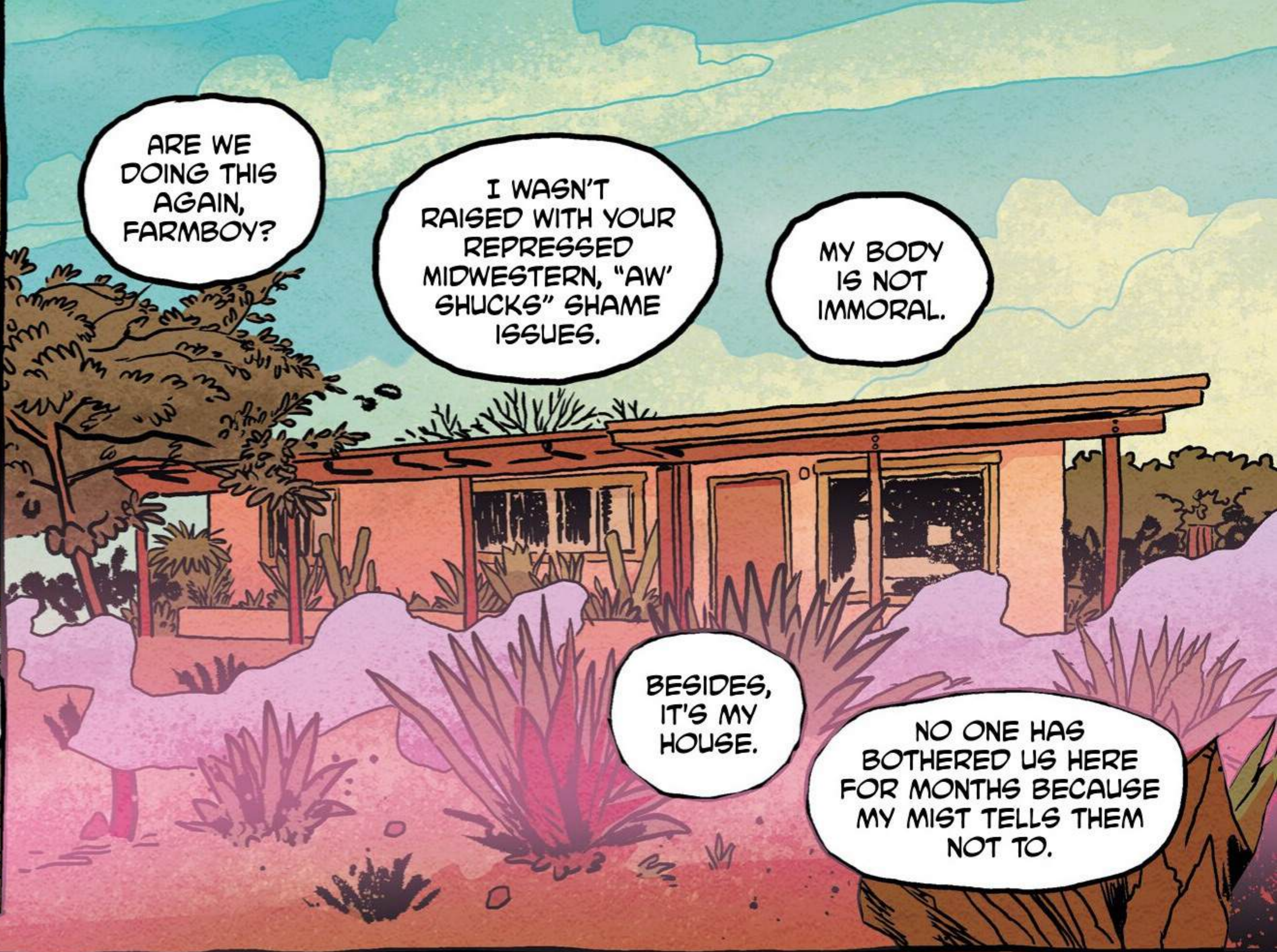




ERICA, CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND JUST...

DO YOGA...

SOMEWHERE ELSE?



ARE WE DOING THIS AGAIN, FARMBOY?

I WASN'T RAISED WITH YOUR REPRESSED MIDWESTERN, "AW SHUCKS" SHAME ISSUES.

MY BODY IS NOT IMMORAL.

BESIDES, IT'S MY HOUSE.

NO ONE HAS BOTHERED US HERE FOR MONTHS BECAUSE MY MIST TELLS THEM NOT TO.



IT'S JUST...

WE'RE STUCK HERE TOGETHER UNTIL THIS SHIT BLOWS OVER. WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE THIS--

NO, JACK. "WE" DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING.

YOU SLEEP IN MY LIVING ROOM BECAUSE YOU FUCKED YOUR WHOLE LIFE UP.

AND YOU FUCKED AROUND AND GOT ME AND ALL THE REST OF **THIRD GEN** BENCHED JUST LIKE YOU WERE.

NOW WE CAN'T USE OUR NAMES OR OUR POWERS OR OUR... OUR...



SUCKS, RIGHT? THEY TAKE EVERYTHING FROM YOU.

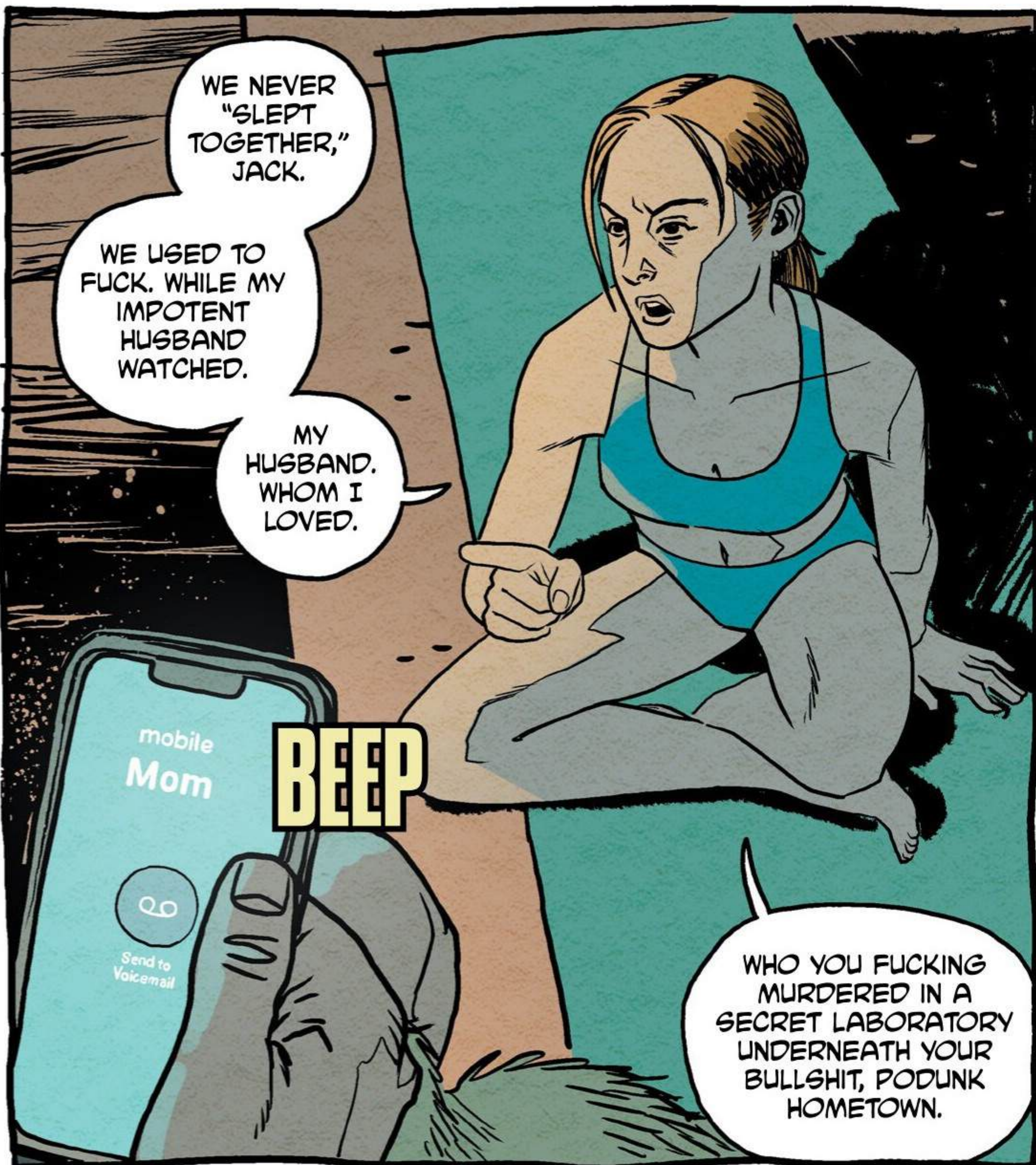
I JUST FEEL LIKE MAYBE THERE WOULD BE LESS TENSION HERE IF WE SLEPT IN THE SAME ROOM. YOU DON'T HAVE SHAME ISSUES.

YOU'RE A FREE SPIRIT. MAYBE IF WE JUST...

ARE YOU...

I MEAN... IT'S NOT LIKE WE HAVEN'T SLEPT TOGETHER.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ



WE NEVER "SLEPT TOGETHER," JACK.

WE USED TO FUCK. WHILE MY IMPOTENT HUSBAND WATCHED.

MY HUSBAND. WHOM I LOVED.

BEEP

WHO YOU FUCKING MURDERED IN A SECRET LABORATORY UNDERNEATH YOUR BULLSHIT, PODUNK HOMETOWN.



THAT WASN'T--

I UNDER-
STAND...

SUPERHERO
SHIT HAPPENS.
I GET THAT
INTELLECTUALLY.

MATTHEW
COULD BE
A LOT. YOUR
LIFE WAS IN
DANGER...

IN MY
MIND, IT ALL
MAKES
SENSE.



BUT MY
HEART KNOWS
YOU KILLED
MY HUSBAND.

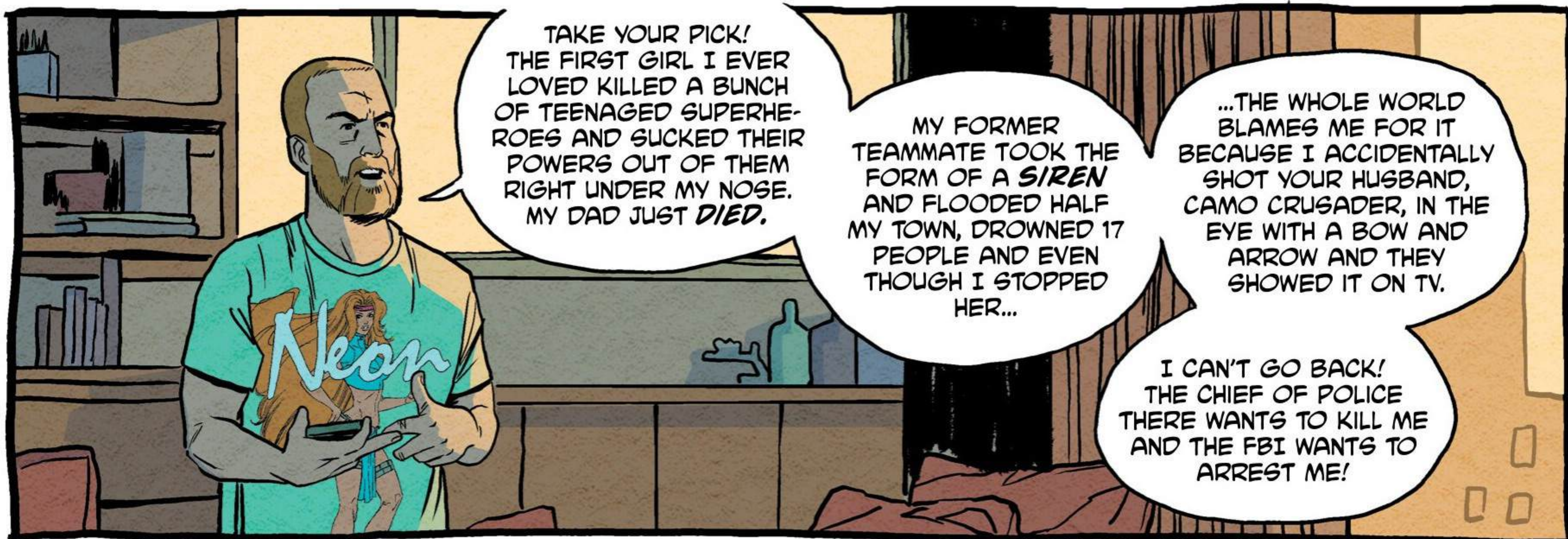
BZZZZZZZ



C'MON,
MOM, NOT
NOW!

YOU'RE REALLY
GOING TO KEEP
IGNORING A CALL
FROM YOUR
GRIEVING
MOTHER?

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

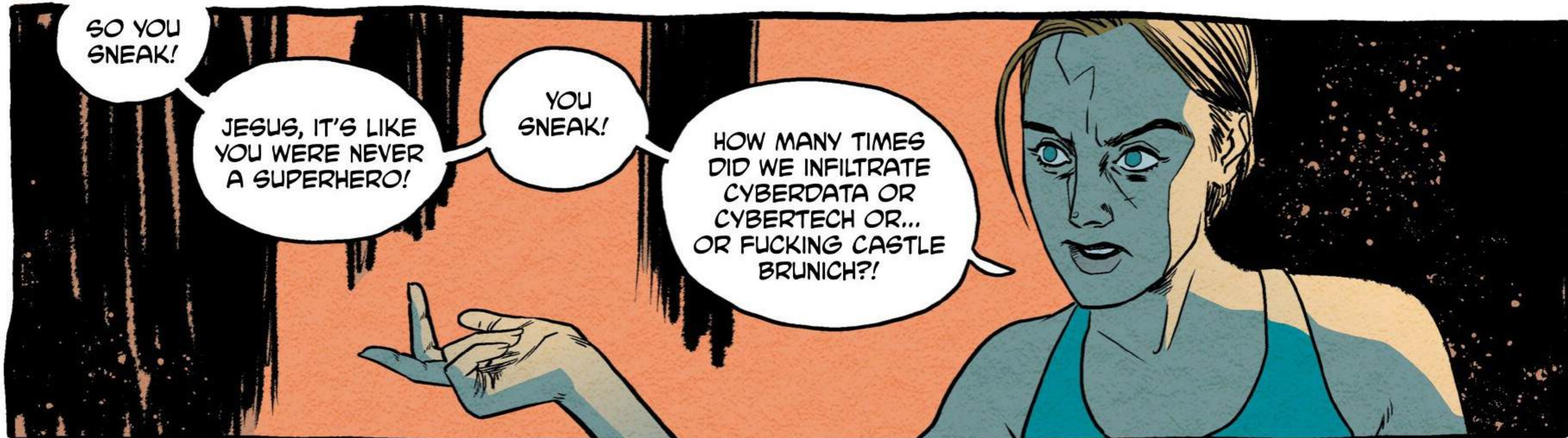


TAKE YOUR PICK!
THE FIRST GIRL I EVER
LOVED KILLED A BUNCH
OF TEENAGED SUPERHE-
ROES AND SUCKED THEIR
POWERS OUT OF THEM
RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE.
MY DAD JUST **DIED**.

MY FORMER
TEAMMATE TOOK THE
FORM OF A **SIREN**
AND FLOODED HALF
MY TOWN, DROWNED 17
PEOPLE AND EVEN
THOUGH I STOPPED
HER...

...THE WHOLE WORLD
BLAMES ME FOR IT
BECAUSE I ACCIDENTALLY
SHOT YOUR HUSBAND,
CAMO CRUSADER, IN THE
EYE WITH A BOW AND
ARROW AND THEY
SHOWED IT ON TV.

I CAN'T GO BACK!
THE CHIEF OF POLICE
THERE WANTS TO KILL ME
AND THE FBI WANTS TO
ARREST ME!

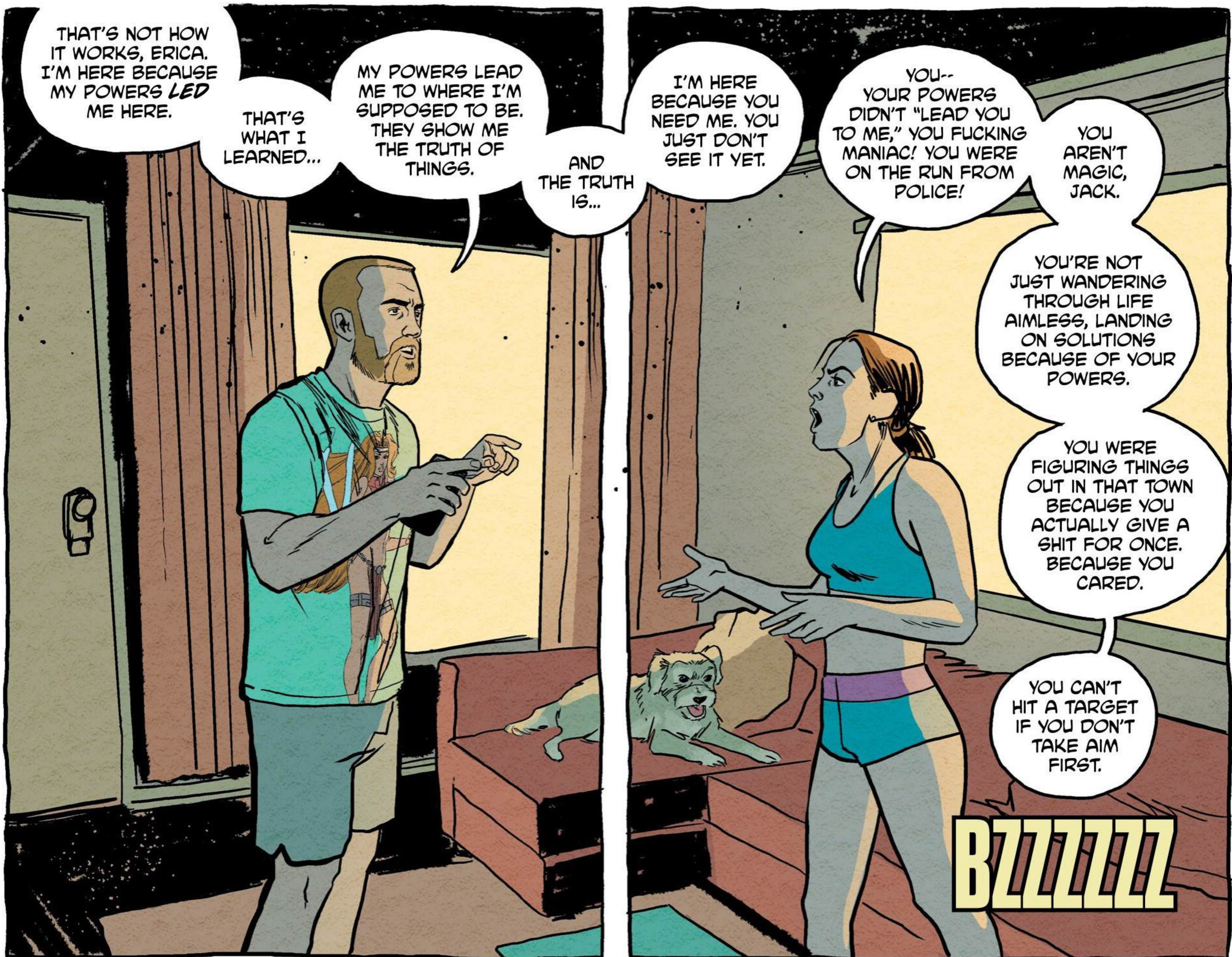


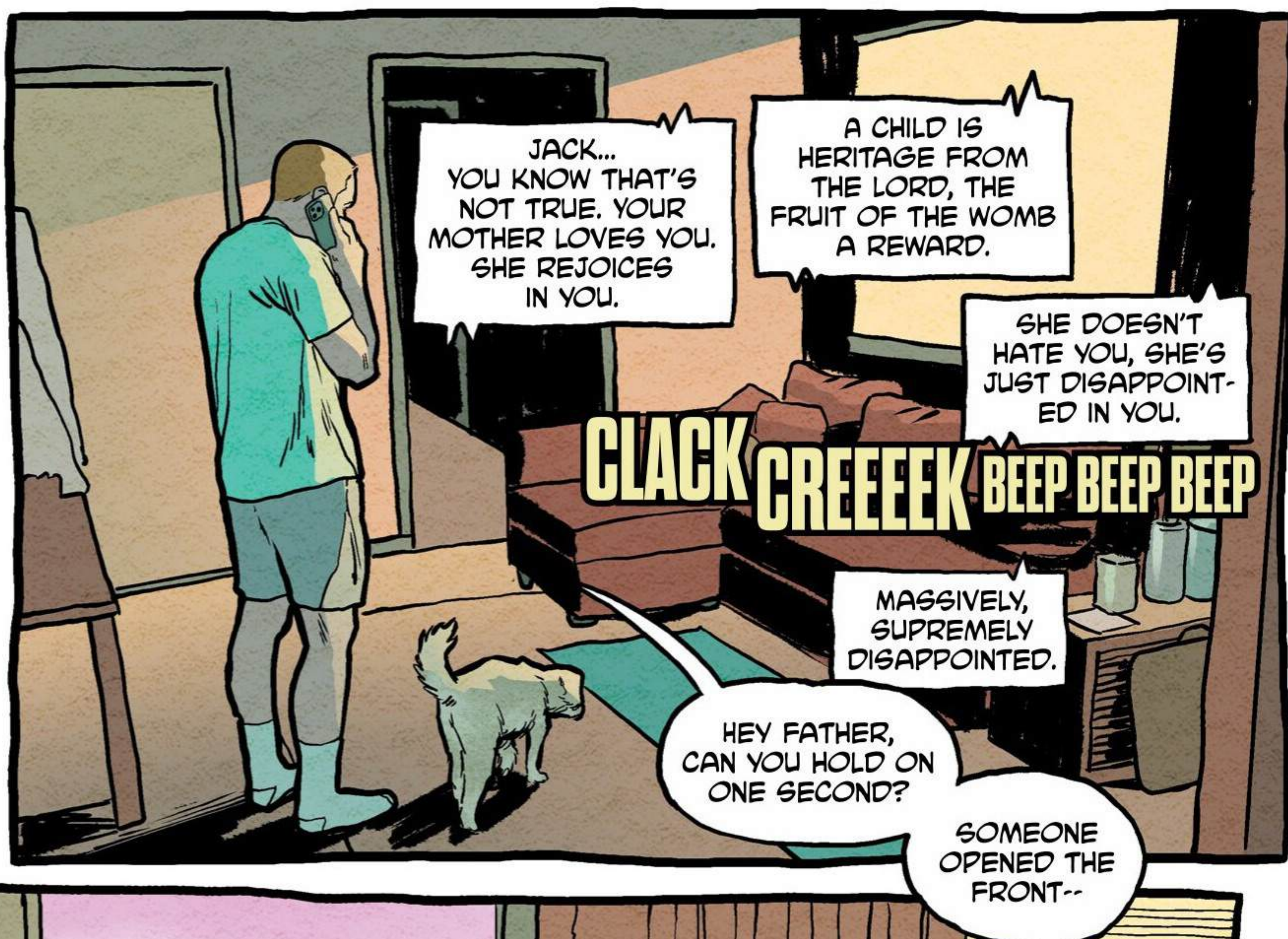
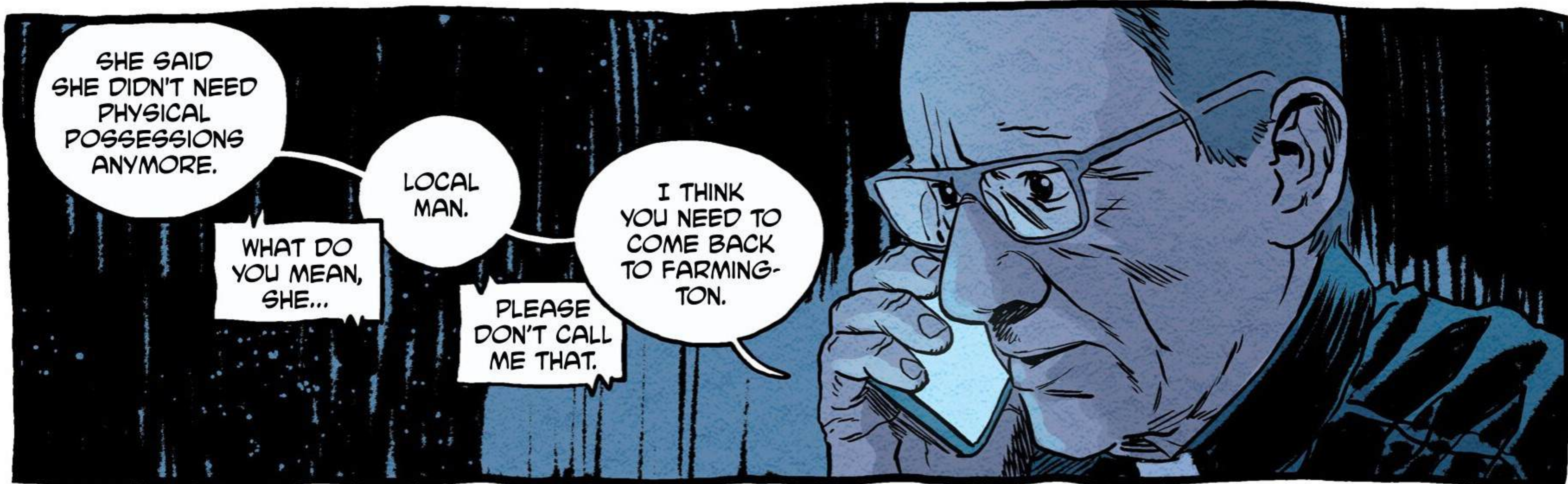
SO YOU
SNEAK!

JESUS, IT'S LIKE
YOU WERE NEVER
A SUPERHERO!

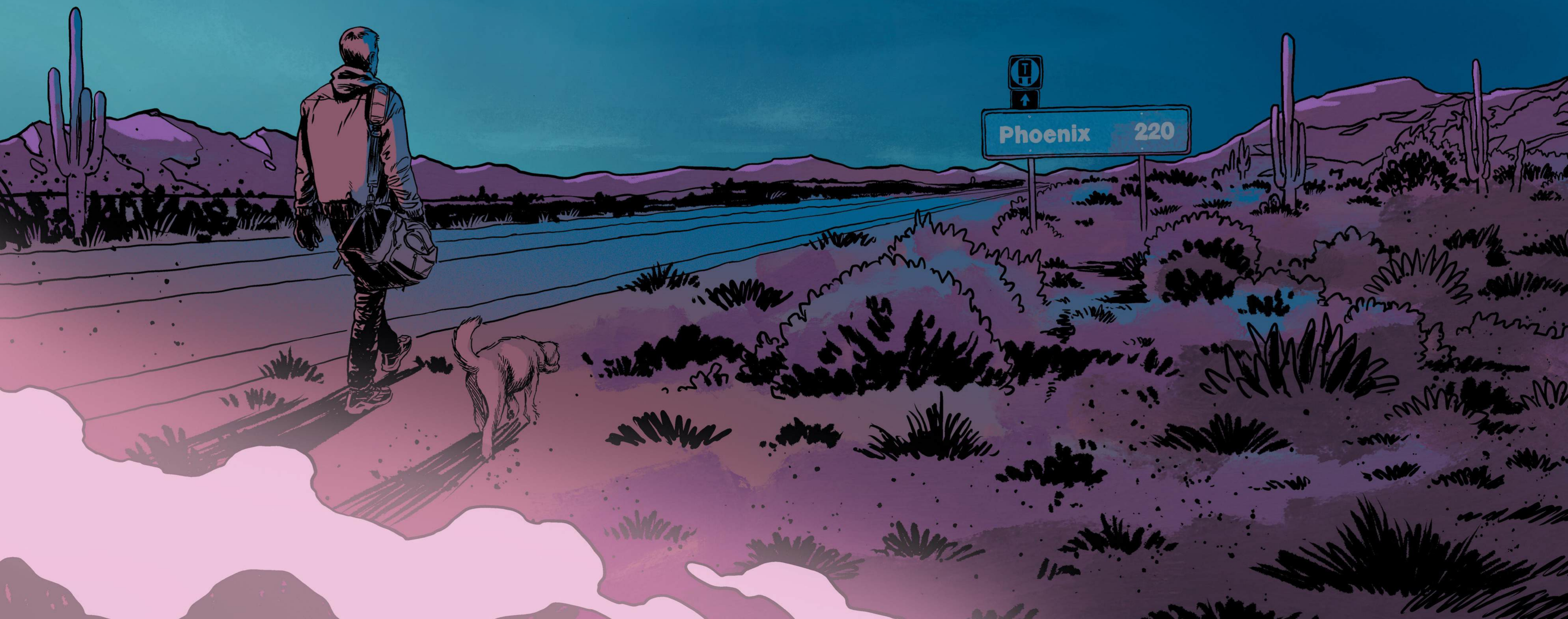
YOU
SNEAK!

HOW MANY TIMES
DID WE INFILTRATE
CYBERDATA OR
CYBERTECH OR...
OR FUCKING CASTLE
BRUNICH?!





LOST ONES





GOT A NAME?

IT'S... IT'S BEN.

I MEANT THE DOG.

WHERE YOU TRYIN' TO GET?

SOUTH CENTRAL WISCONSIN.

FOR WHAT?

TOURISM.

WISCONSIN

YOU HEARD OF THAT ONE TOWN THERE? FROM THE NEWS?

FARM-INGVILLE?

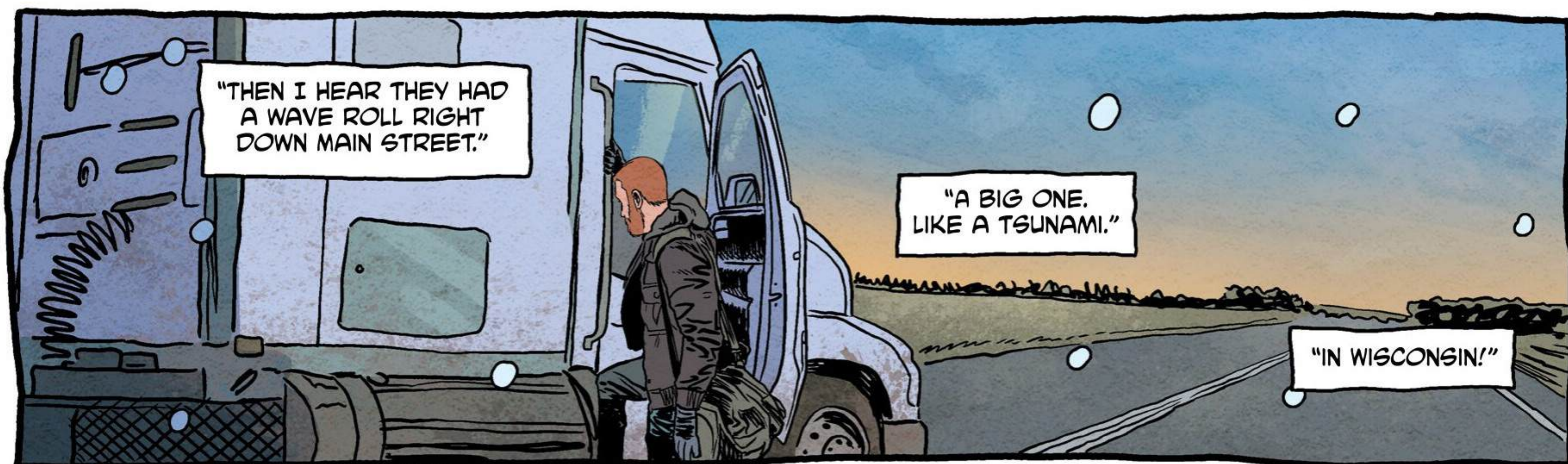
FARMING-TON.

YEAH, THAT PLACE. HEARD ABOUT IT ON THE RADIO. PLACE IS FUCKED, RIGHT? FIRST THEY HAD A SERIAL KILLER.

THEN THEY HAD ANOTHER SERIAL KILLER!

Welcome
— to —
NEW MEXICO
Land of Enchantment

Kansas
Welcomes You!



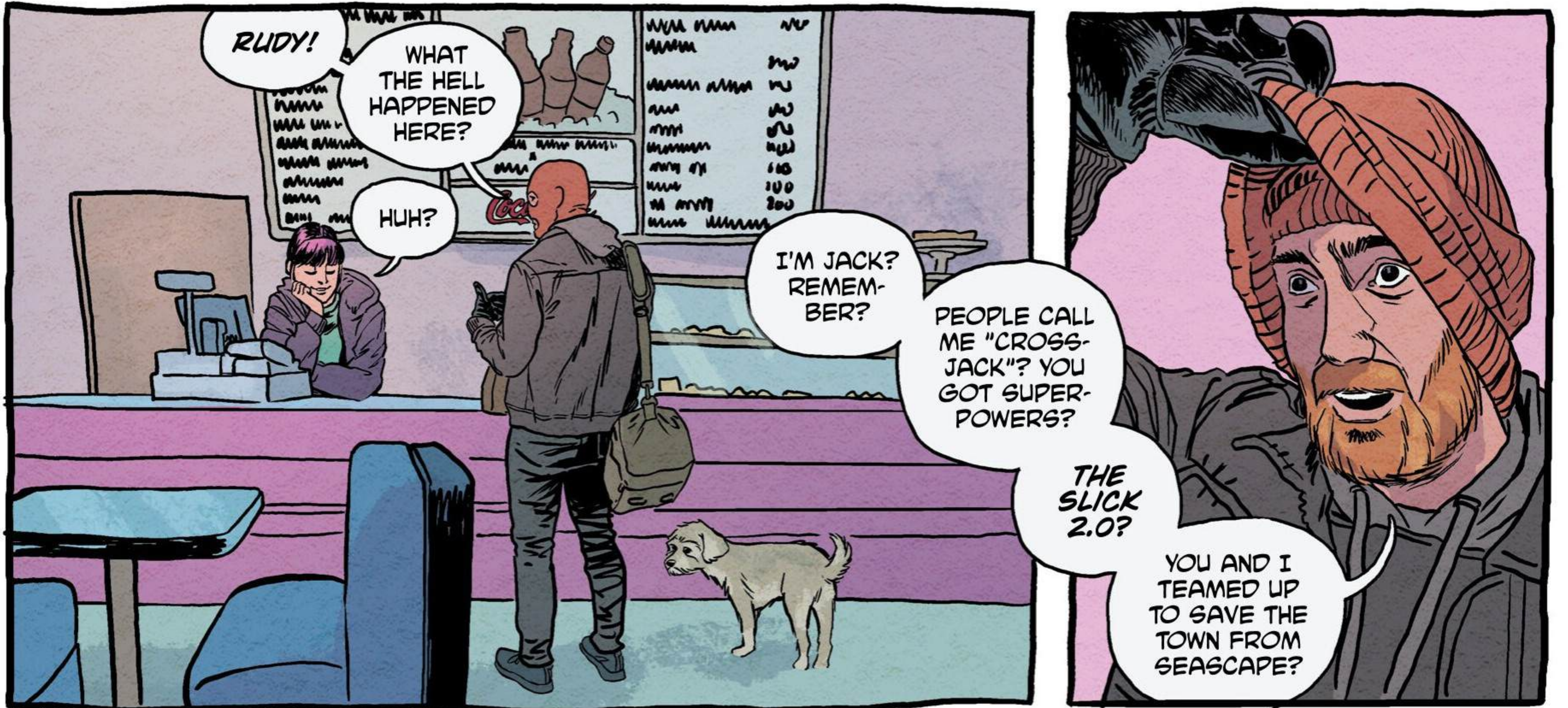
"YOU'RE GONNA SEE A
REAL HORROR SHOW."

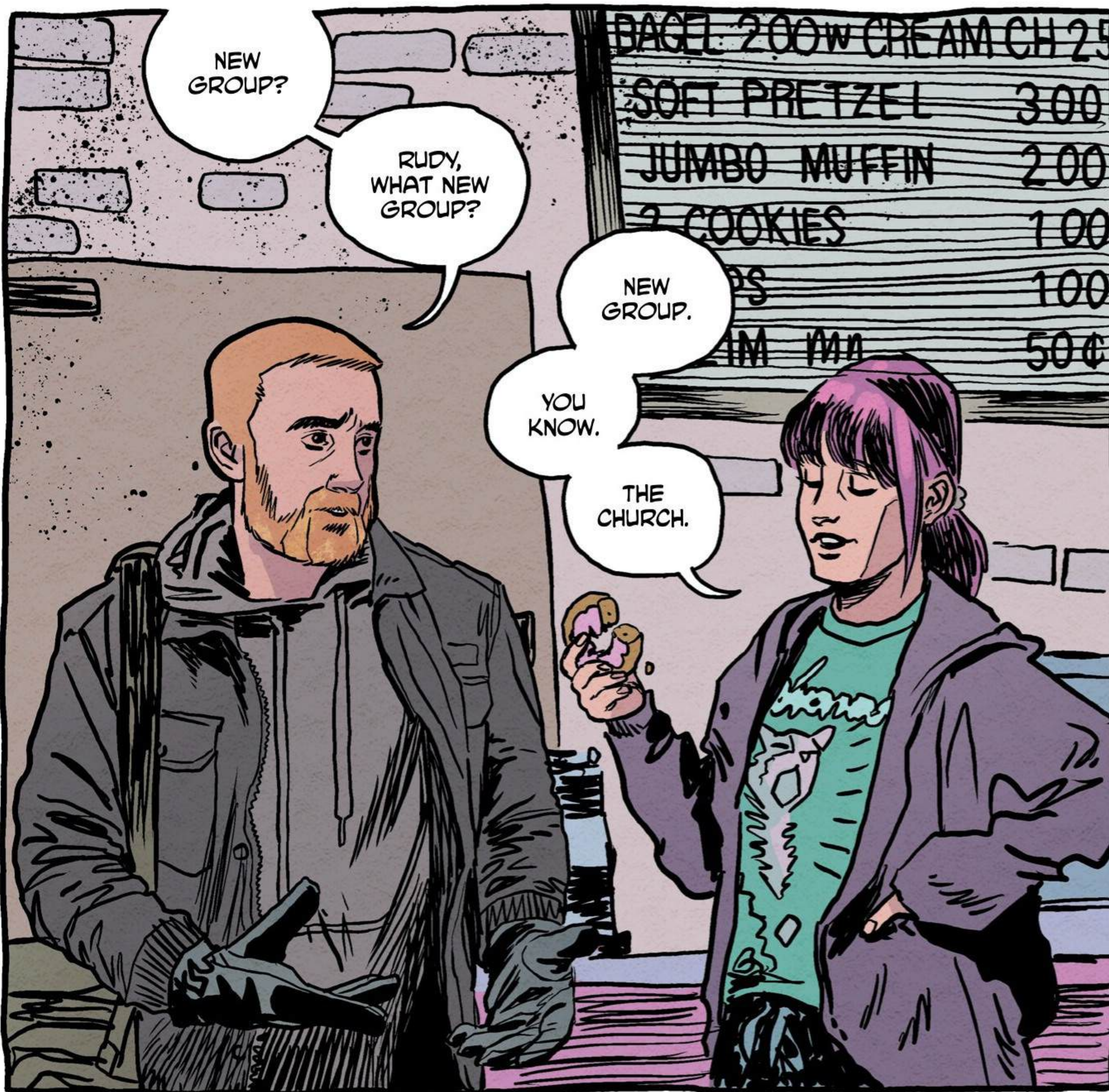
WHAT...

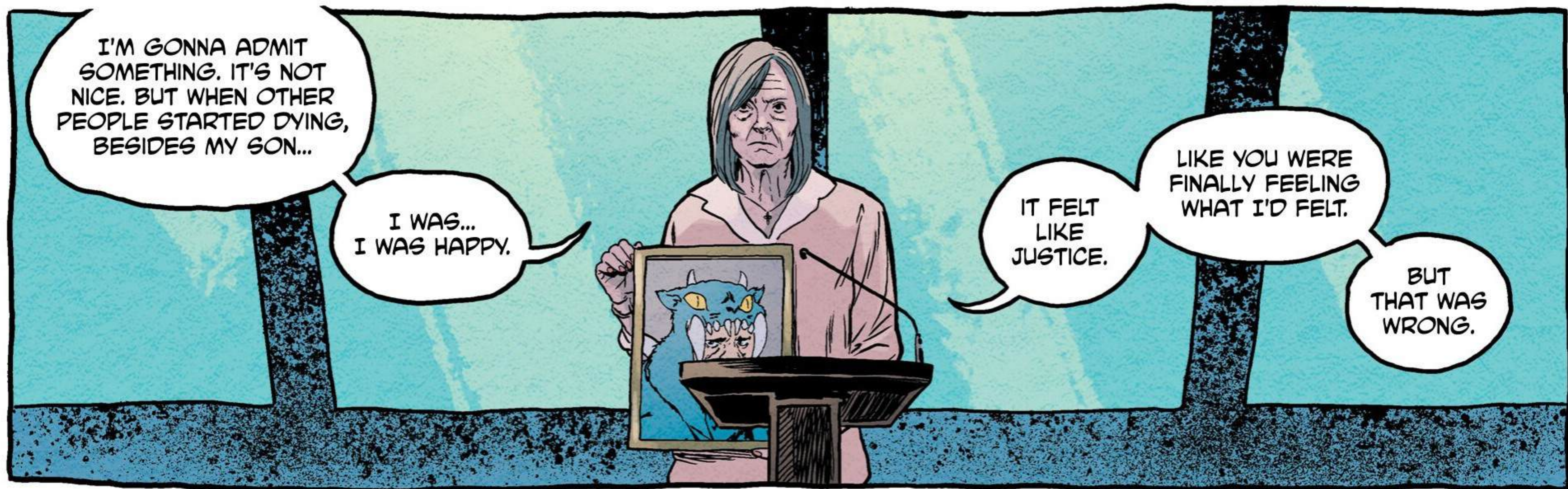
THE.

FUCK.









I'M GONNA ADMIT SOMETHING. IT'S NOT NICE. BUT WHEN OTHER PEOPLE STARTED DYING, BESIDES MY SON...

I WAS... I WAS HAPPY.

IT FELT LIKE JUSTICE.

LIKE YOU WERE FINALLY FEELING WHAT I'D FELT.

BUT THAT WAS WRONG.



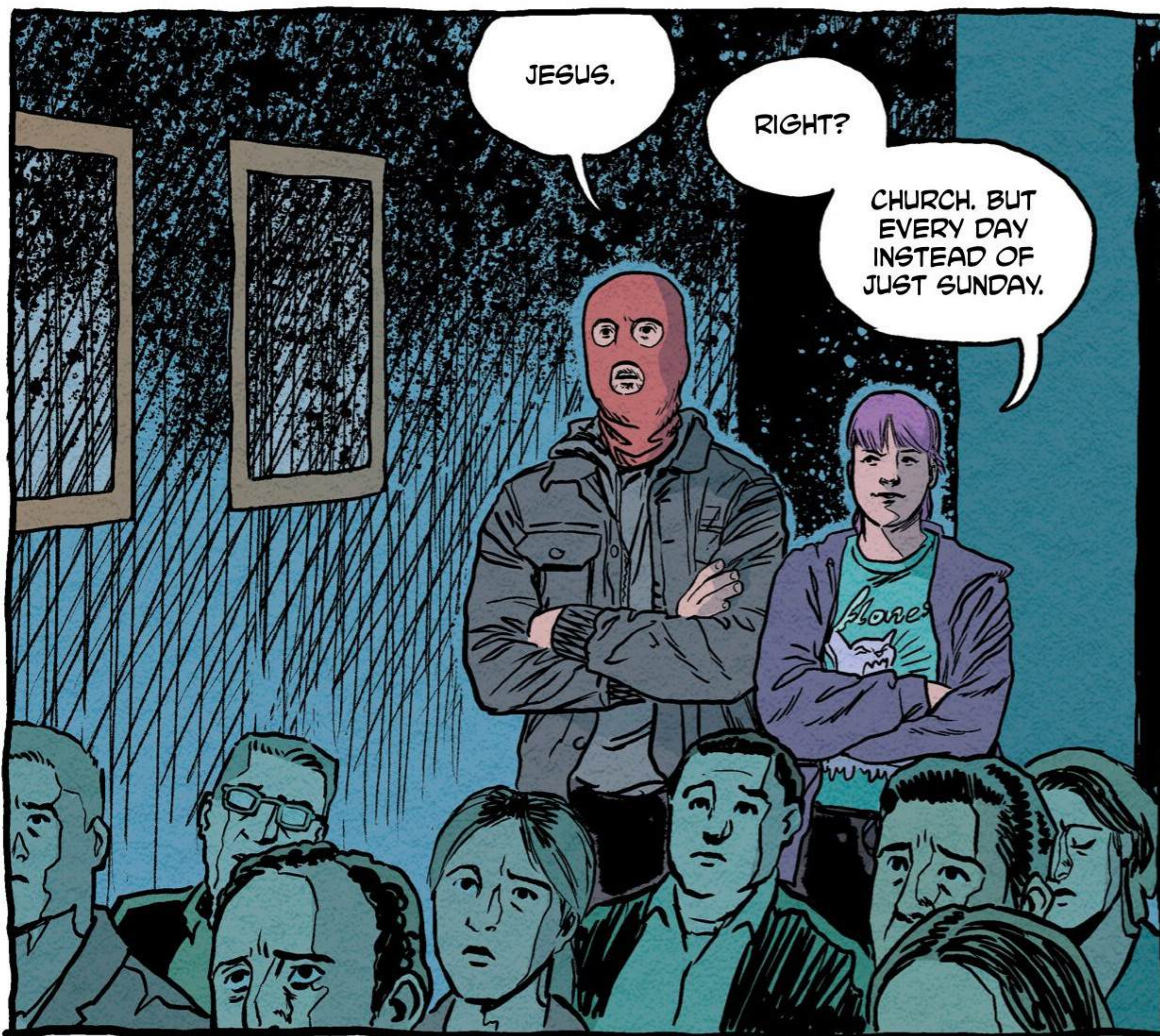
THAT'S THE THING. IT WAS *ALL* SO WRONG, THAT IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN.

IT SHOULDN'T HAVE EXISTED IN *THIS* WORLD.

AND THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED...



FARMINGTON HAS LOST TOO MUCH FOR THIS TO BE THE RIGHT WORLD.



JESUS.

RIGHT?

CHURCH. BUT EVERY DAY INSTEAD OF JUST SUNDAY.



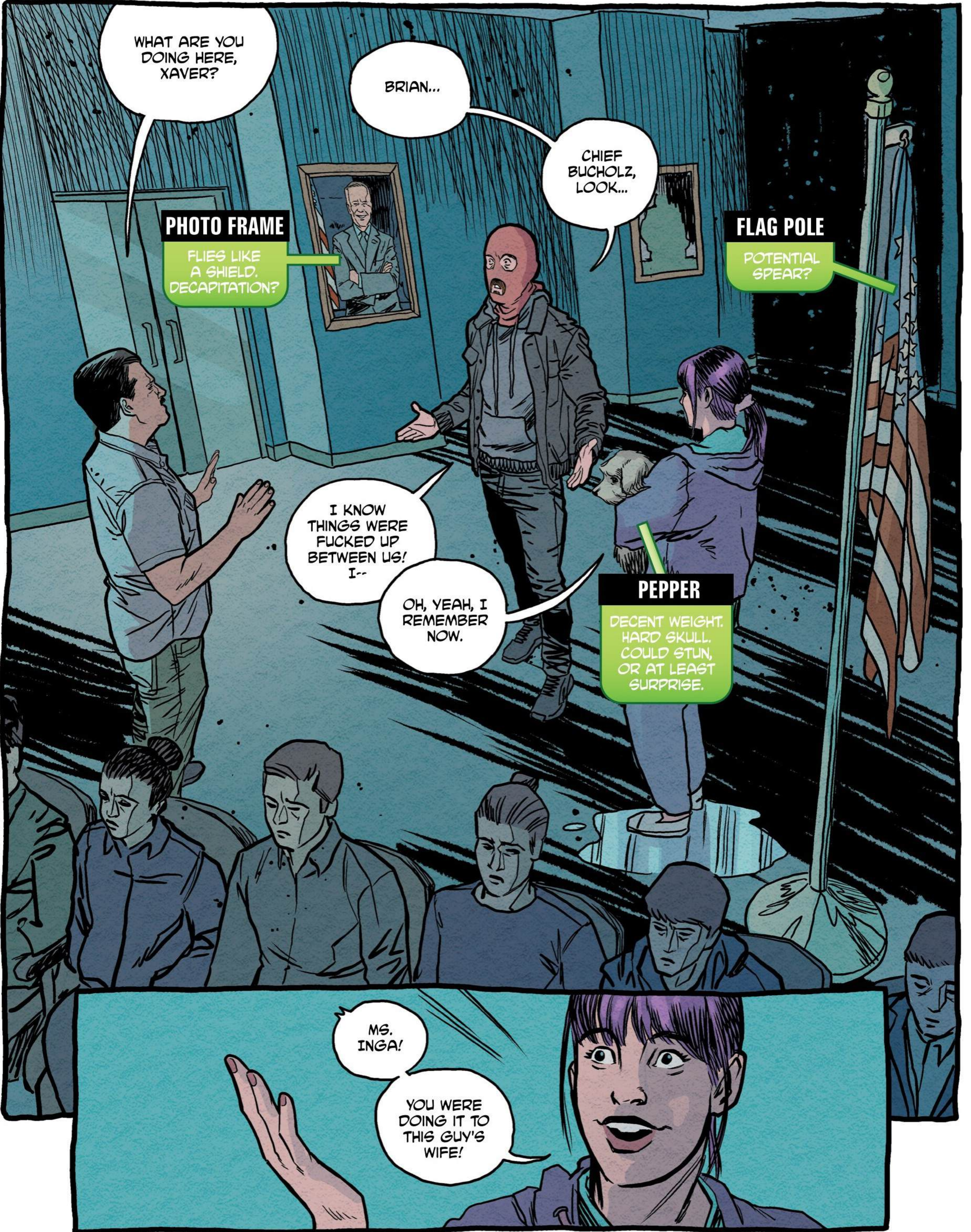
THIS IS... THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY WEIRD HERE.

I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. WE NEED TO GET TO FATHER LEO--



JACK?!

SHIT.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, XAVER?

BRIAN...

CHIEF BUCHOLZ, LOOK...

PHOTO FRAME
FLIES LIKE A SHIELD. DECAPITATION?

FLAG POLE
POTENTIAL SPEAR?

I KNOW THINGS WERE FUCKED UP BETWEEN US! I--

OH, YEAH, I REMEMBER NOW.

PEPPER
DECENT WEIGHT. HARD SKULL. COULD STUN, OR AT LEAST SURPRISE.



MS. INGA!

YOU WERE DOING IT TO THIS GUY'S WIFE!



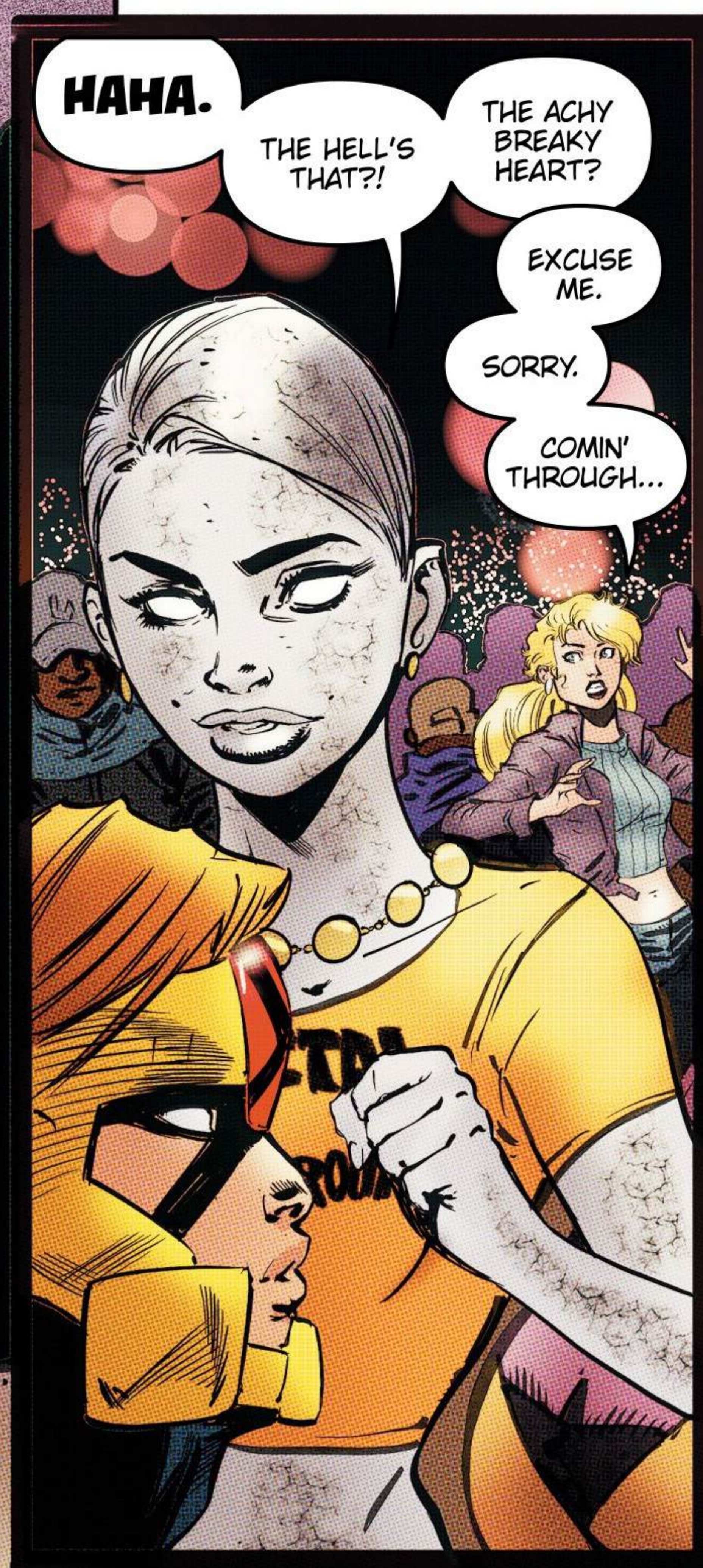
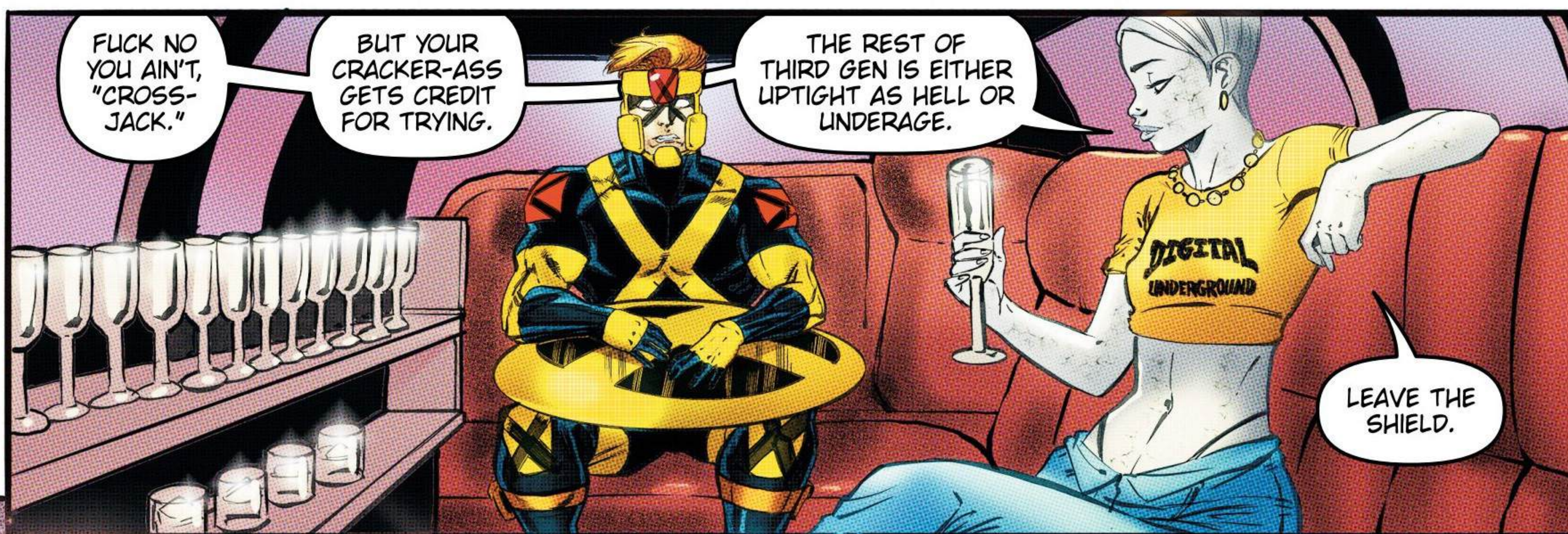
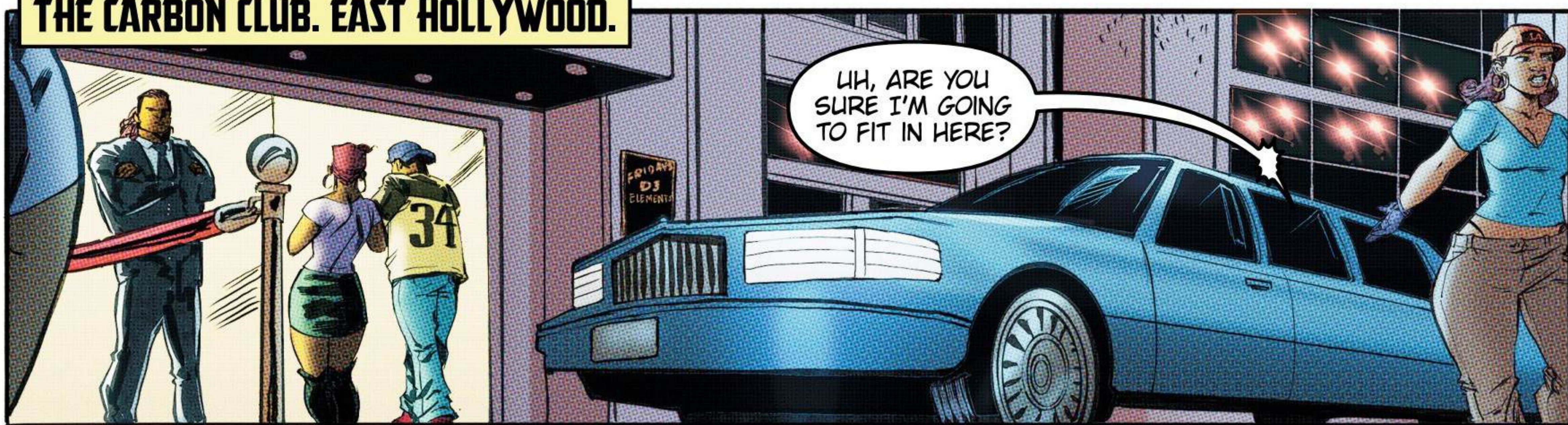
"AND EVERYONE,
EVEN INGA..."

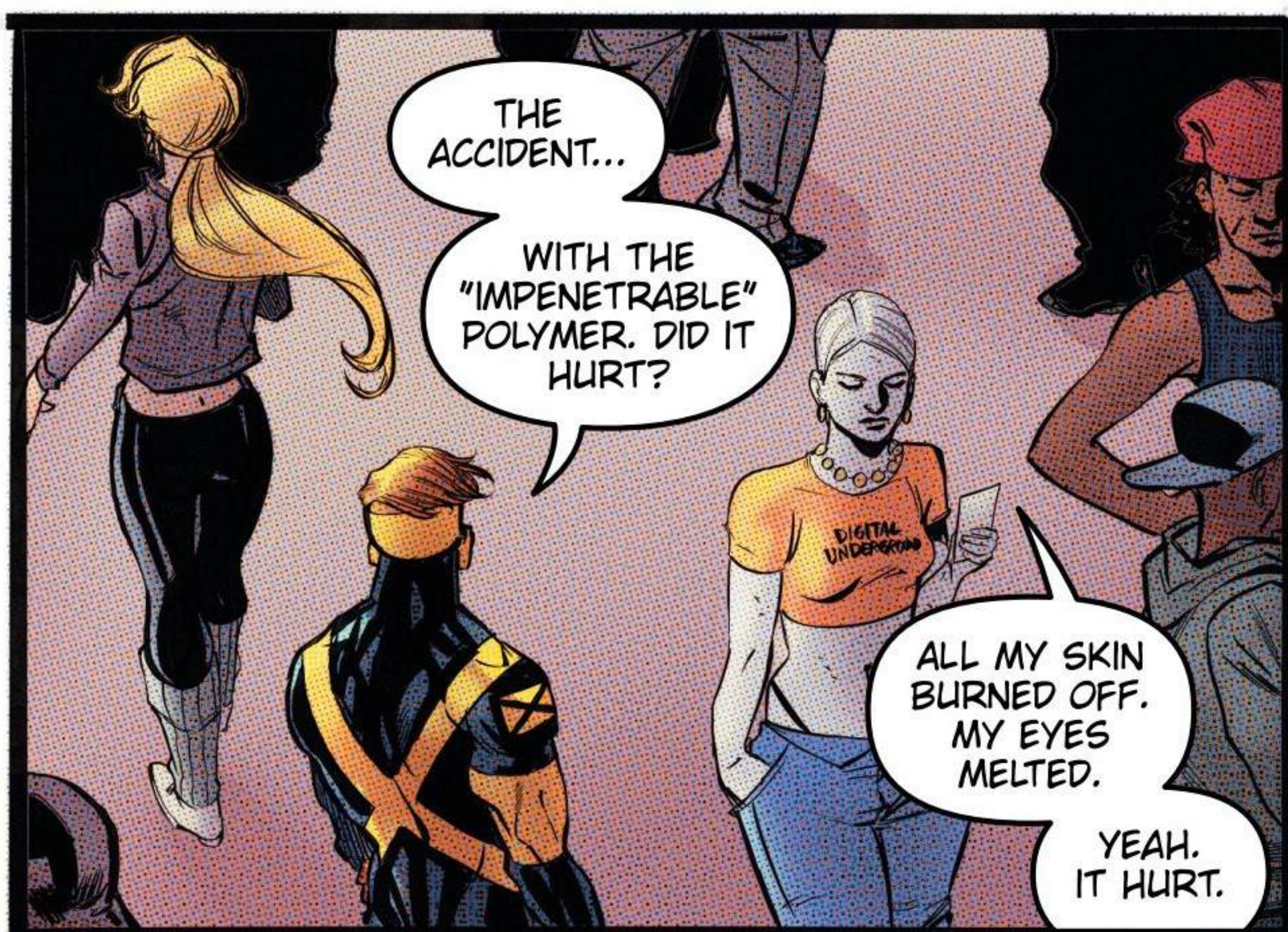
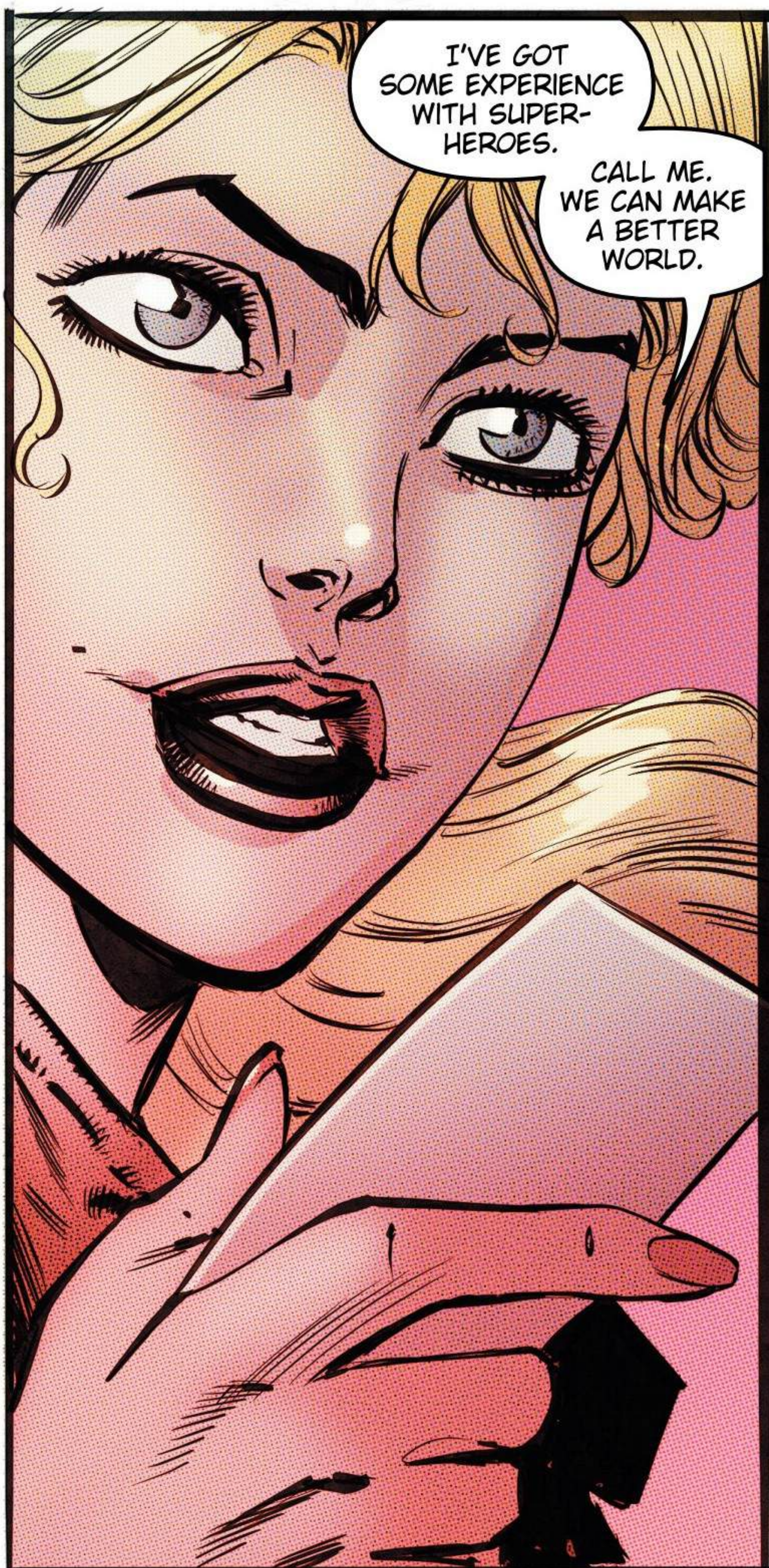
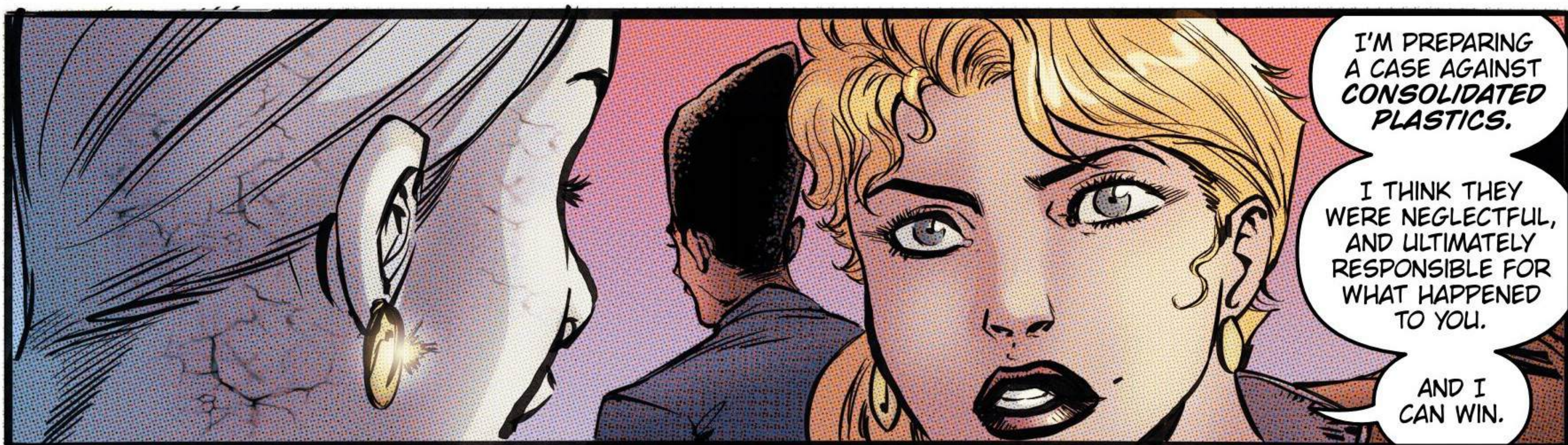
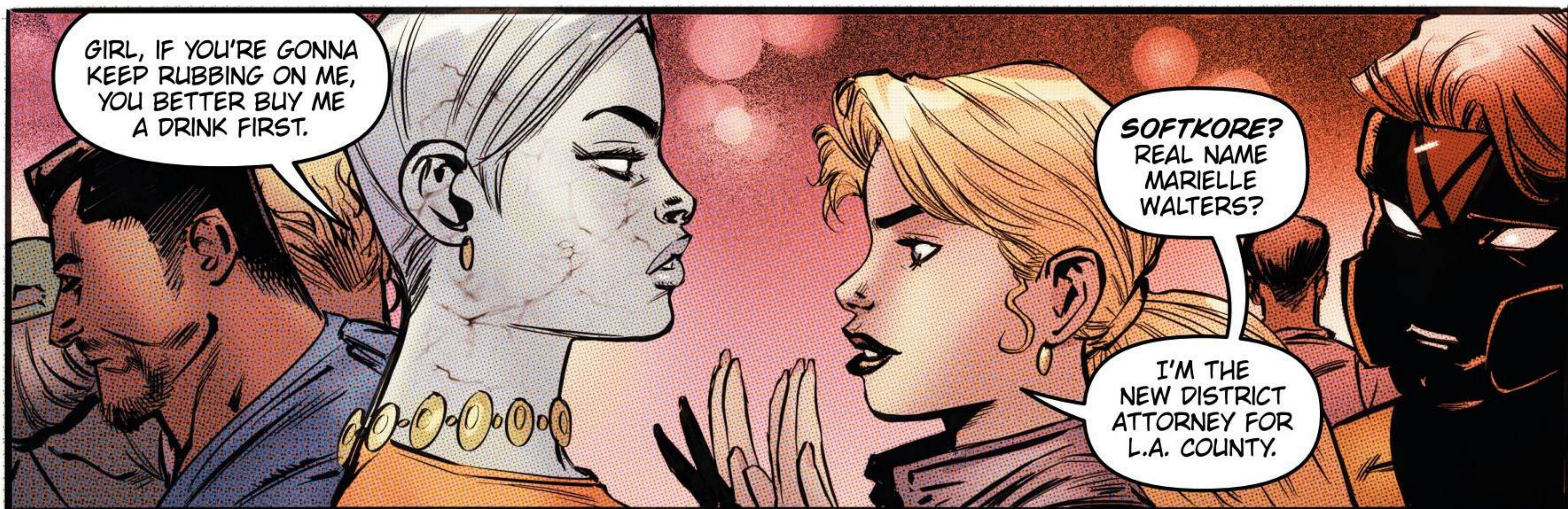
HMMF!

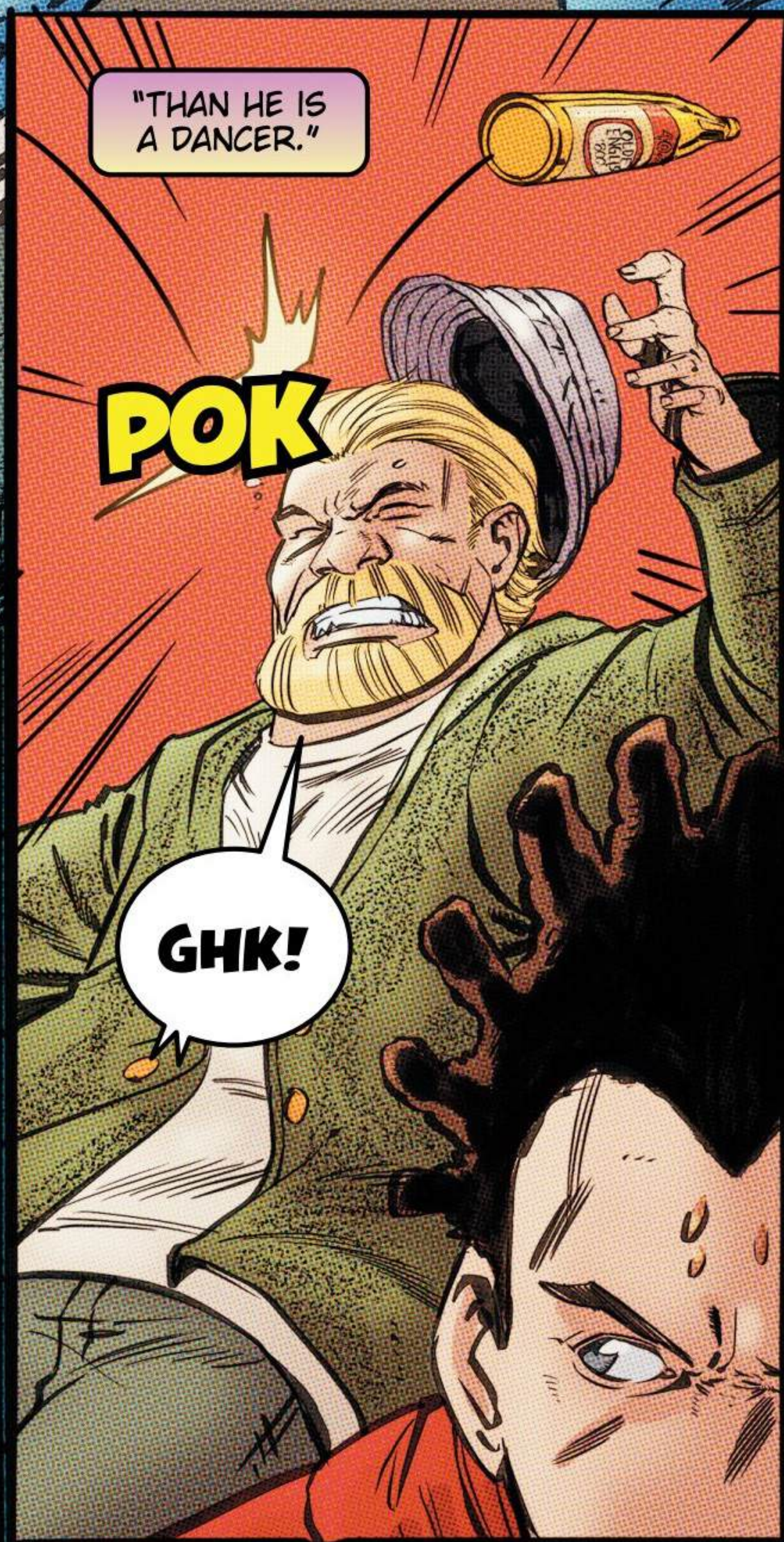
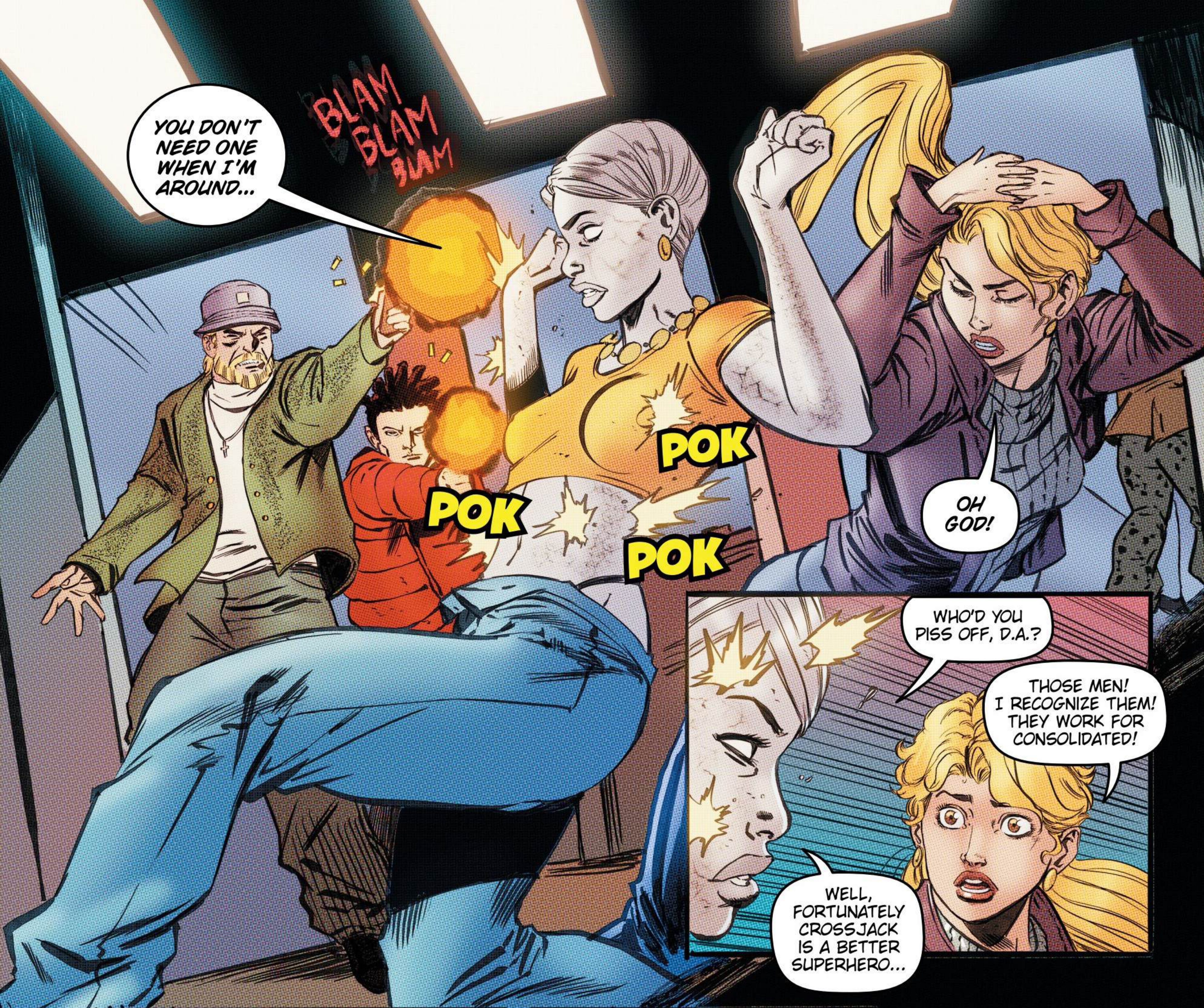
"EVERYONE IS
JUST FINE."

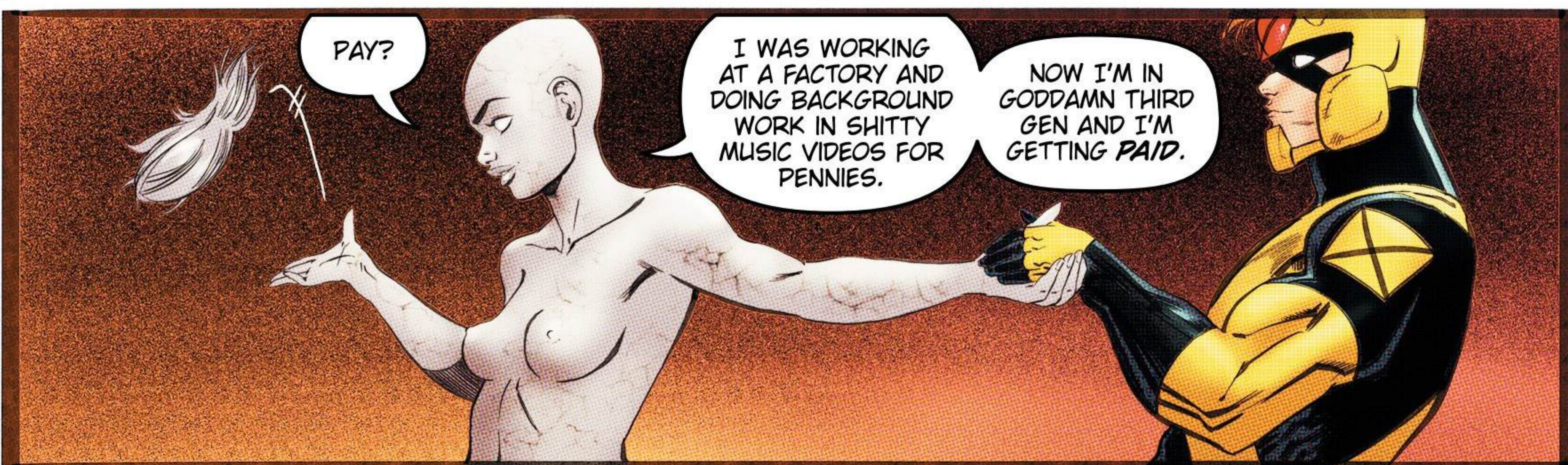
HMMMF.

THE CARBON CLUB. EAST HOLLYWOOD.



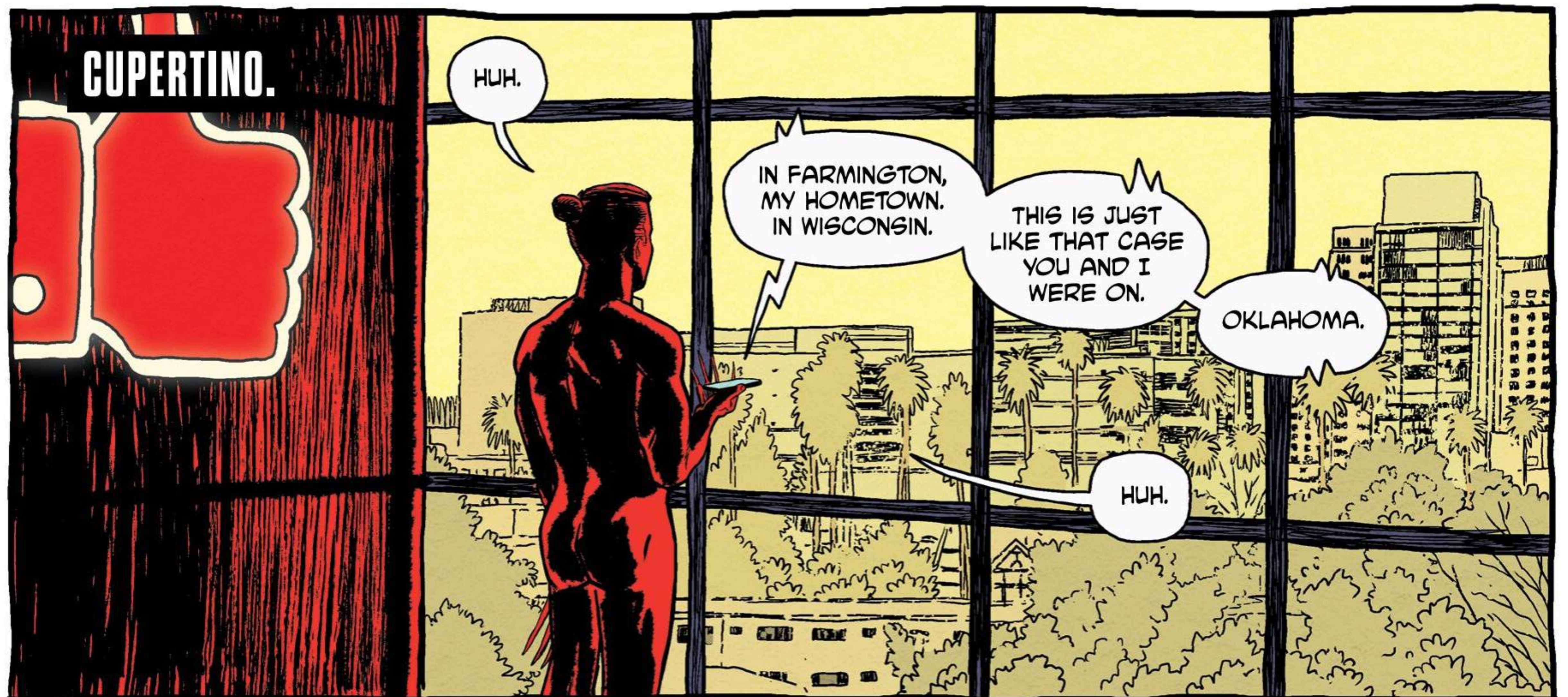






Chapter 11







DID YOU
KILL HER?

WHAT?
NO--

THEN HOW
MAD COULD
HE REALLY
BE?

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK



I THINK THIS IS
BIG, MAN. REALLY
BIG. IF IT'S WHAT
I THINK IT IS...

I'M GOING
TO NEED
YOUR HELP.



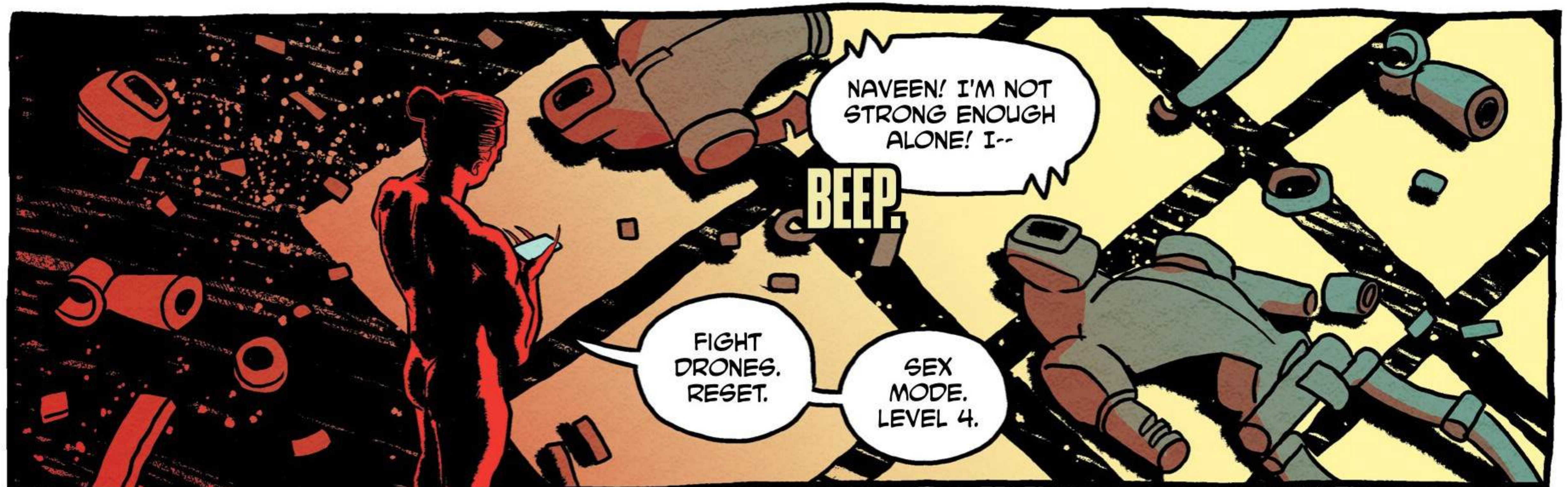
JACK.
I CAN'T FUCK
WITH YOU.

FOR ONE THING, I
LEGALLY CAN'T DO
ANYTHING. YOU GOT
THIRD GEN BENCHED
WITH ALL THIS
BULLSHIT.

AND
ALSO--

WELL, I
JUST DON'T
CARE.

WAIT. NAVEEN!
YOU SAW WITH YOUR
OWN EYES HOW
BAD IT GOT!

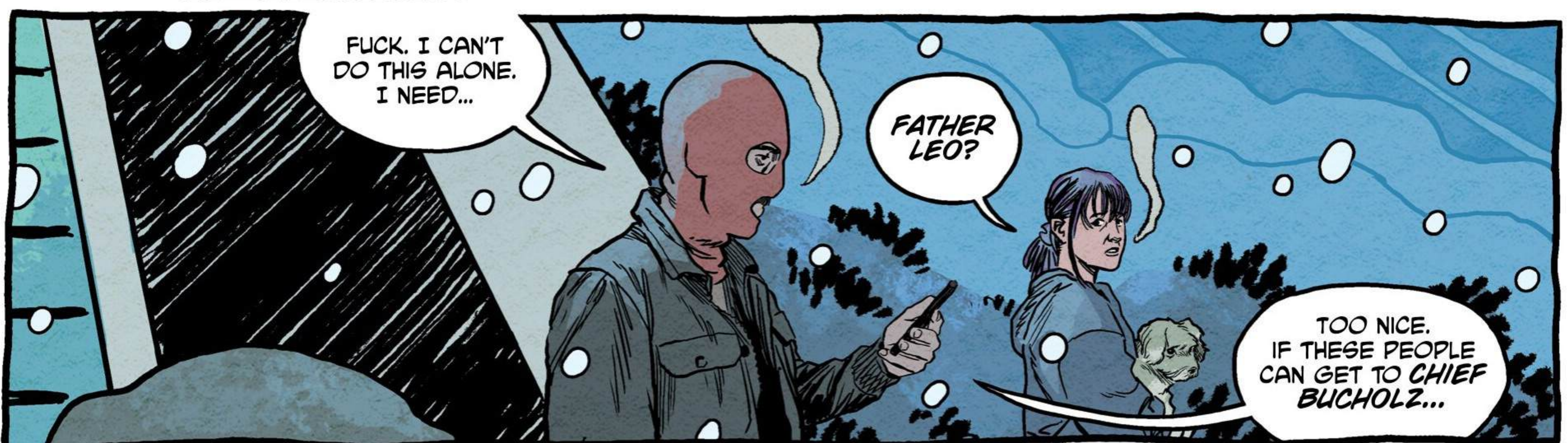


NAVEEN! I'M NOT
STRONG ENOUGH
ALONE! I--

BEEP.

FIGHT
DRONES.
RESET.

SEX
MODE.
LEVEL 4.



FUCK. I CAN'T
DO THIS ALONE.
I NEED...

FATHER
LEO?

TOO NICE.
IF THESE PEOPLE
CAN GET TO **CHIEF**
BUCHOLZ...



"WE'RE GONNA NEED A REAL ASSHOLE."

JACK XAVER, AKA LOCAL MAN...

YOU'RE A FEDERAL FUGITIVE AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

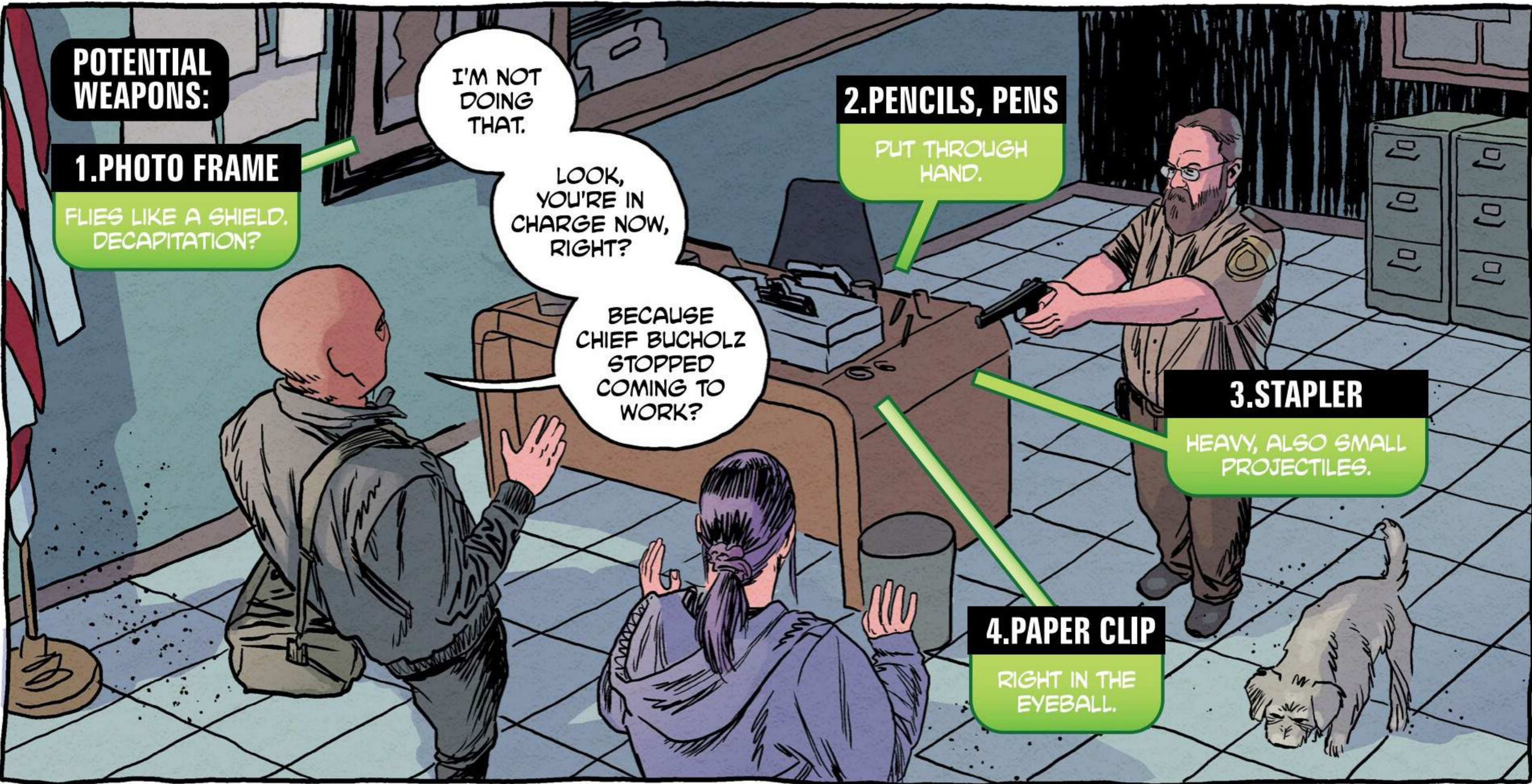


WOAH.

OFFICER KOPECKI, LISTEN--

HANDS UP, YOU SONNAVA BITCH.

ALL I NEED IS YOU SPOTTIN' A PAPER CLIP AND FLICKIN' IT IN MY EYEBALL!



POTENTIAL WEAPONS:

1. PHOTO FRAME
FLIES LIKE A SHIELD, DECAPITATION?

I'M NOT DOING THAT.

LOOK, YOU'RE IN CHARGE NOW, RIGHT?

BECAUSE CHIEF BUCHOLZ STOPPED COMING TO WORK?

2. PENCILS, PENS
PUT THROUGH HAND.

3. STAPLER
HEAVY, ALSO SMALL PROJECTILES.

4. PAPER CLIP
RIGHT IN THE EYEBALL.



BUT EVEN BEFORE THAT HE WAS AS GOOD AS GONE, WASN'T HE?

HEART-BROKEN, CONFUSED, ANGRY.

HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING. ANYTHING.

POTENTIAL WEAPONS:

1 - DEEPLY CHRISTIAN.

2 - WISHES EVERYBODY WAS.

3 - ESPECIALLY WHITE PEOPLE IN POWER.

BUT HE DIDN'T TURN TO YOU. HE DIDN'T LOOK TO THE CHURCH.

HE DIDN'T CHOOSE JESUS.

NO ONE IN FARMINGTON DID. THE CHURCH IS EMPTY.

BUT I STOPPED THAT FLOOD FROM ENGULFING THE TOWN. I CAN STOP THE EVIL.

KOPECKI. LISTEN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF ME. WHAT EVERYONE THINKS OF ME.

BUT FATHER LEO CALLED ME FIRST.

AND I CAME.

NOW, MY QUESTION, OFFICER.

WHAT DID THE DEPARTMENT DO WITH STACY WOHL'S BODY?

FRIGHT-SIDE.

WHAT?

WHY ON EARTH DO YOU NEED TO...

AFTER SHE GOT MURDERED, HER BODY FELL UNDER SOME KINDA SPECIAL GOVERNMENT RULE CONCERNIN' SUPERHUMAN BODIES.

MEDICAL EXAMINER DIDN'T SEND HER HOME LIKE USUAL.





YEAH.
A LOT.

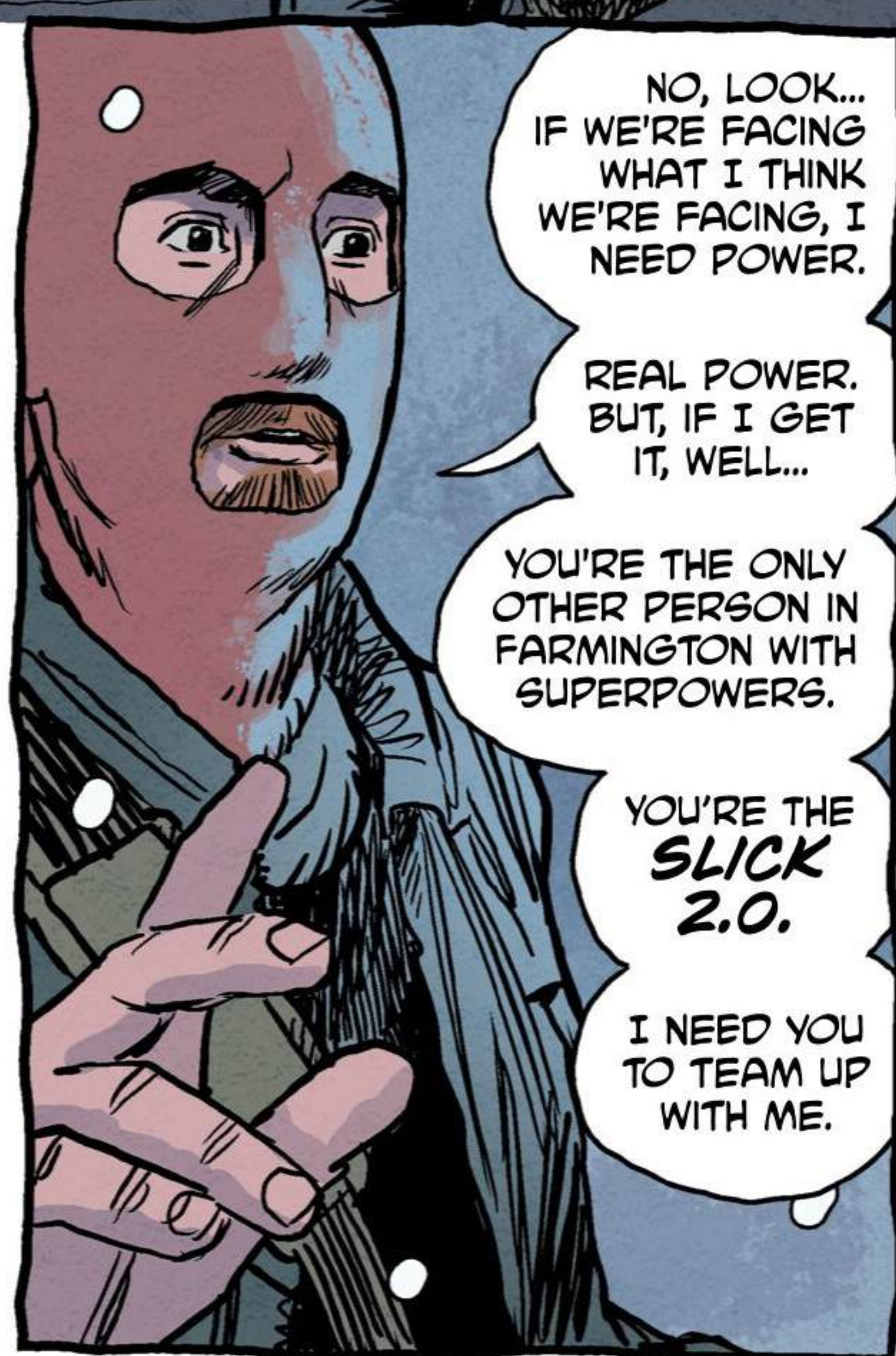
OK, I'M GONNA
CALL A RIDE TO
THIS ADDRESS.

OH. COOL.
HERE'S YOUR
DOG.



RUDY! WAIT!
I NEED YOU!

WOAH,
MAN. TOO
MUCH.



NO, LOOK...
IF WE'RE FACING
WHAT I THINK
WE'RE FACING, I
NEED POWER.

REAL POWER.
BUT, IF I GET
IT, WELL...

YOU'RE THE ONLY
OTHER PERSON IN
FARMINGTON WITH
SUPERPOWERS.

YOU'RE THE
SLICK
2.0.

I NEED YOU
TO TEAM UP
WITH ME.



SOMEONE HAS
TO STOP ME IF
I GO BAD.

LET ME
ASK YOU THIS:
DO TEAM-UPS
PAY?

I'LL...
I HAVE A TWENTY
IN MY WALLET.

MISTER,
YOU'VE GOT
YOURSELF A
TEAM-UP.



JACK XAVER,
AKA LOCAL
MAN?

PLEASE
STOP CALLING
ME THAT!

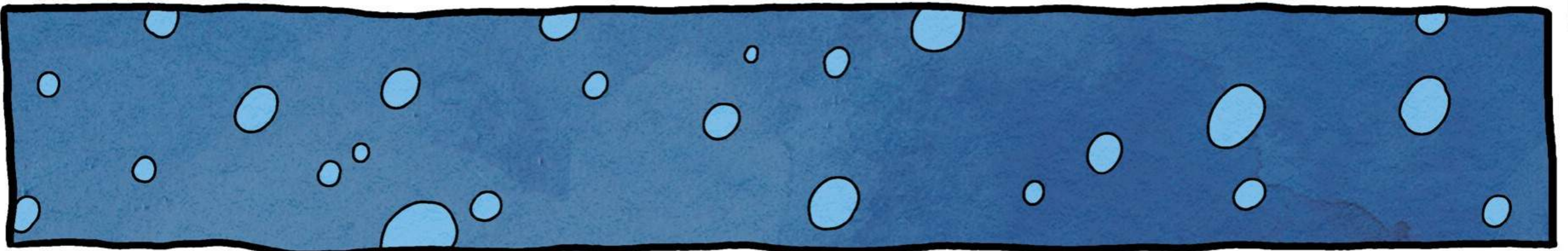
HEY...

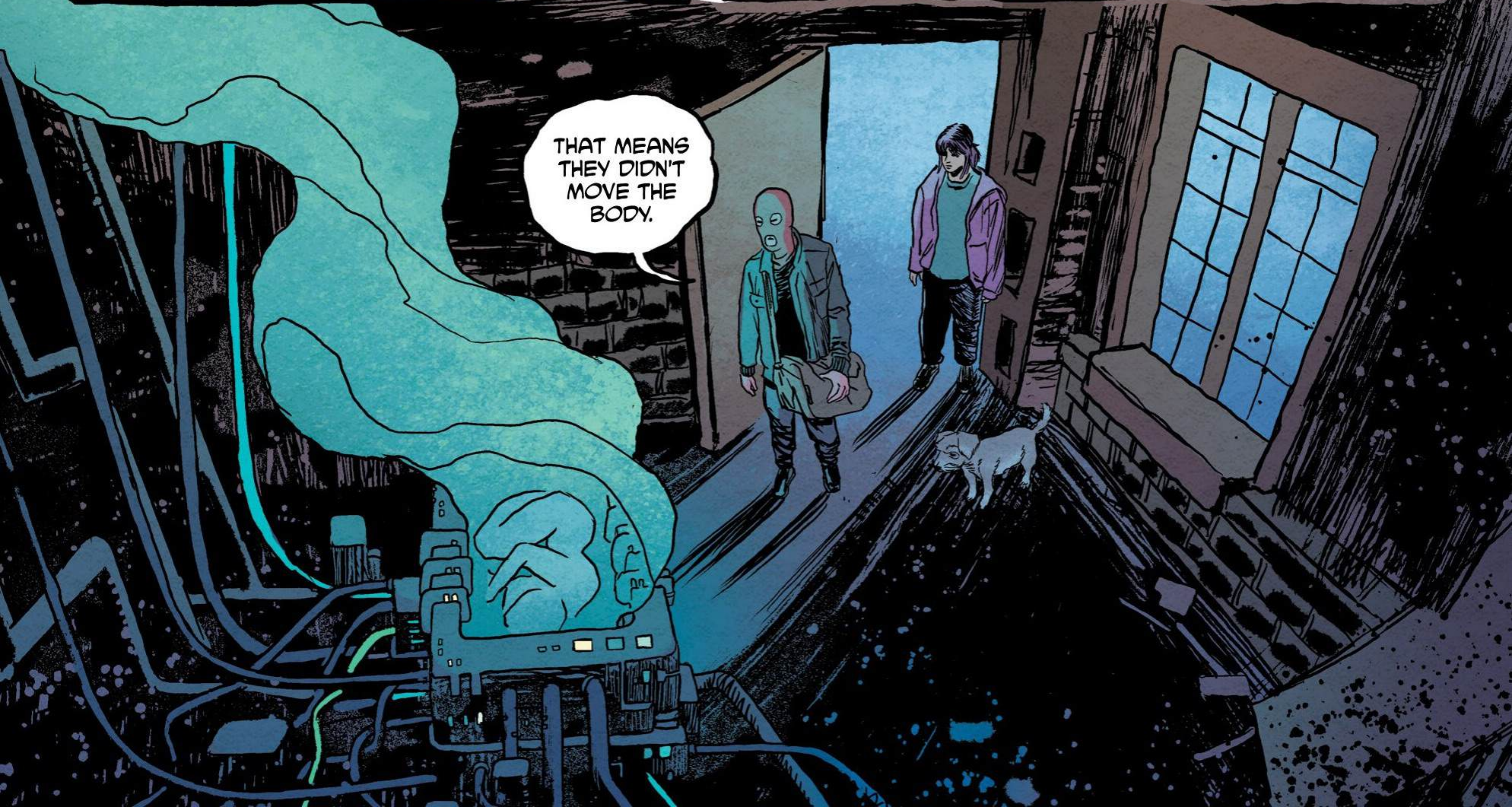
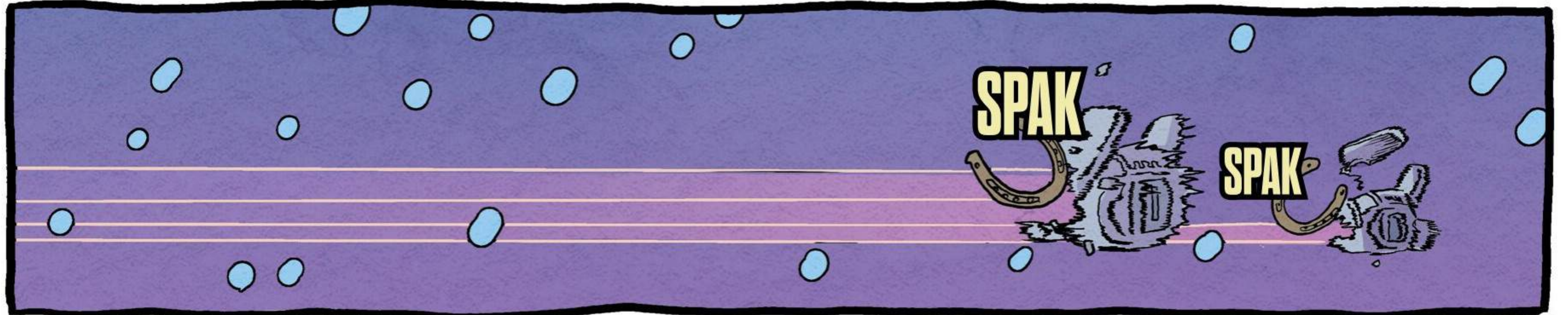
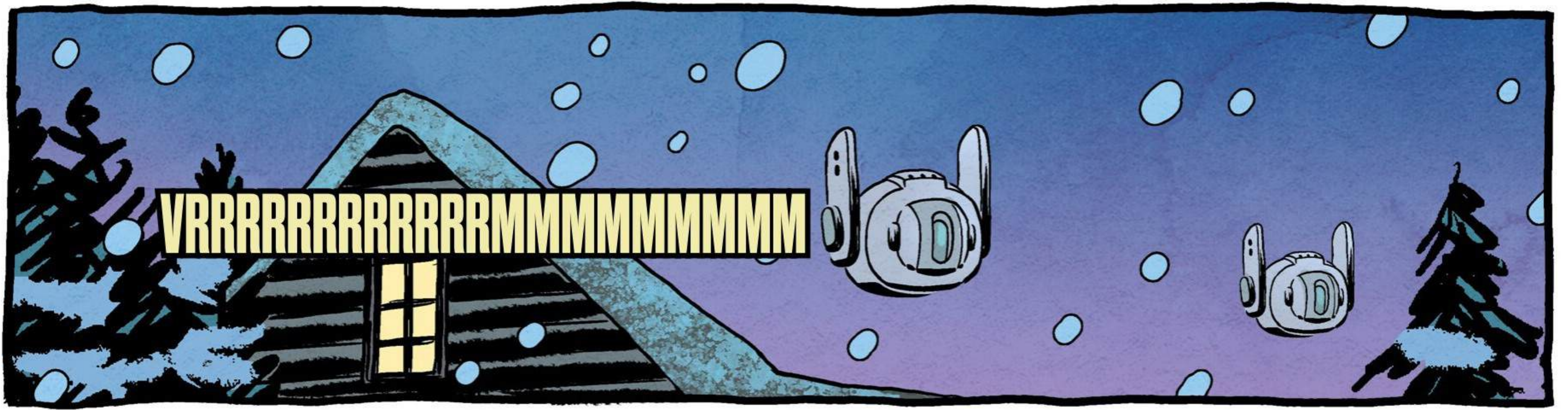
HOW WILL I KNOW
IF I'M SUPPOSED
TO DO SUPER-
POWERS?



SIGH.

YOU'LL
KNOW.









AAAAAAAAAAAH!



AH.

AH.

AH...

ウウウウウウウウウウウウ



AH.

MR.
XAVER?

ウウウウウウウウウウウウ



FRIGHT. I KNOW
YOU DON'T LIKE IT
OUT HERE. I KNOW
YOU'RE COLD...

LOOKING
FOR ANOTHER
HOST.

BUT RUDY'S
A SMALL-TOWN
CASHIER WITH
SLIME POWERS.

NO RESENTMENT.
NO ANGER. PRETTY
MUCH NO MOTIVA-
TION. YOU DON'T
WANT HER.

YOU
WANT
ME.





*SEE LOCAL MAN: BAD GIRLS

BUT...

NEON AIN'T HERE THIS TIME.

SO, COME ON IN.



HEH. WHO NEEDS CUTTING EDGE?

I GOT MY OWN CLAWS NOW.

FUCKING CLAWS!







LUCKY FOR YOU.

I PUT A LOT OF MONEY INTO THIS TOWN, AND I WASN'T GONNA BE TOO HAPPY LEAVING WITHOUT RECOUPIN' SOME OF MY LOSSES.



HEY, WHO'S THIS GUY?

RUDY. JESUS.

YOU DON'T KNOW FORMER VICE PRESIDENT DAN QUAYLE?

...

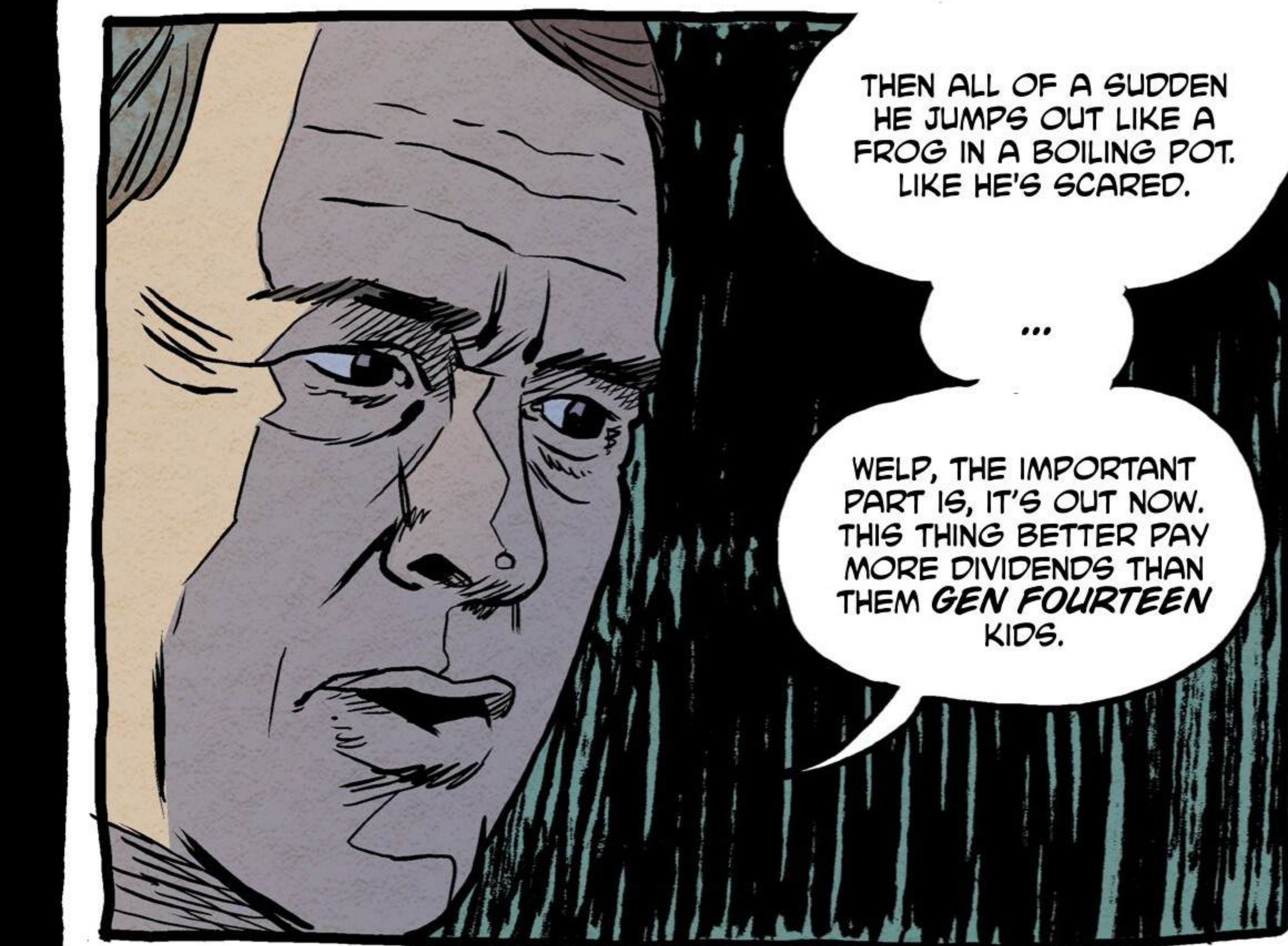


DOWNRIGHT WEIRD.

I BEEN POSSESSED BY AN UNHOLY *DAEMON* MYSELF, SO I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BE EASY, BUT WE TUGGED AND PULLED AT THE FRIGHT FOR WEEKS.

NOTHIN' WOULD PRY IT OUTTA MY...

INVESTMENT PARTNER.



THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE JUMPS OUT LIKE A FROG IN A BOILING POT. LIKE HE'S SCARED.

...

WELP, THE IMPORTANT PART IS, IT'S OUT NOW. THIS THING BETTER PAY MORE DIVIDENDS THAN THEM *GEN FOURTEEN* KIDS.



AGENT HOFER, YOU'RE A REAL BITTER, CORRUPTIBLE SON OF A BITCH.

GIVE THE FRIGHT THERE YOUR BODY, AND LOU WILL KNOCK YOU COLD.

UH. YES... SIR?



NO

SLLSH



NO
NO NO
GOSH-
DARNIT!

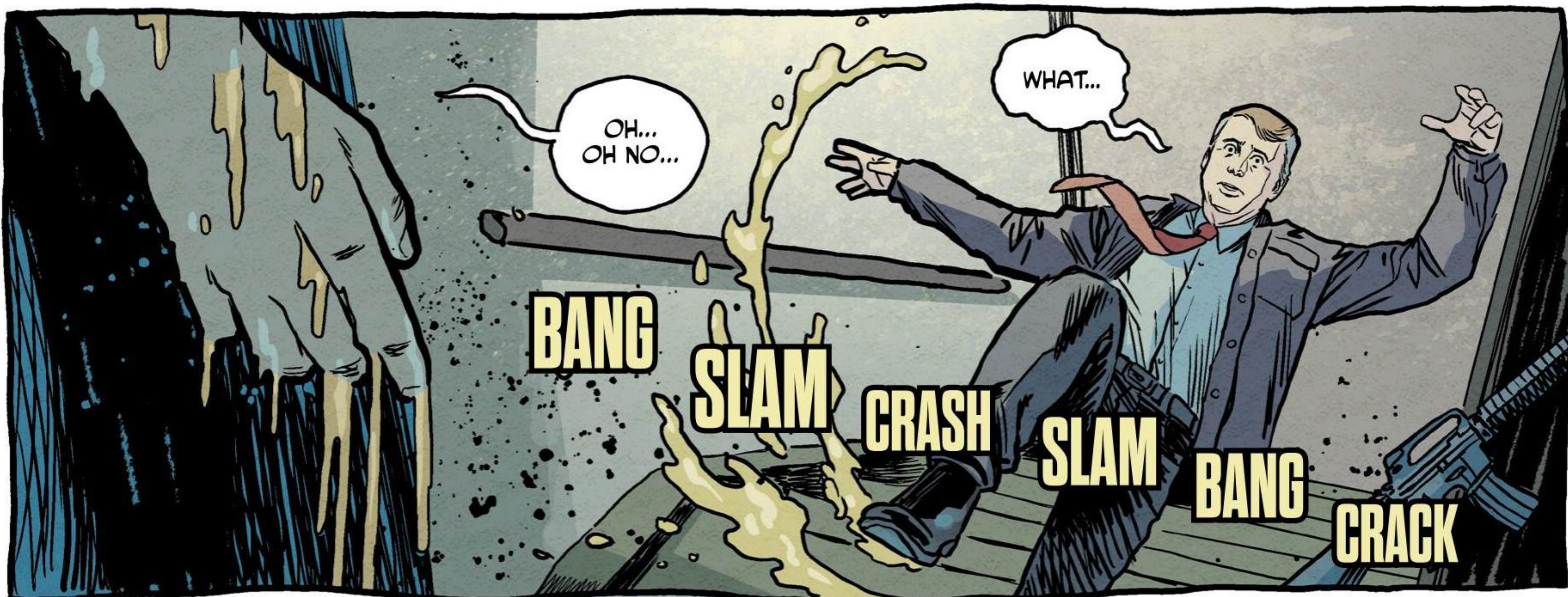
UGH!

YOU CANNOT
TAME THE
FRIGHT.



WELL...

I CAN'T LEAVE
NO WITNESSES.
Y'ALL BETTER
PRAY REAL
QUICK.







SNAK



THE... POWER...



...THE
FRIGHT!!

WAIT.
SOMETHING
ISN'T--



--GHK

IT
COMES!

WHAT--

I FEEL IT
COMING!



WHAT.

THE.

FUCK.

"I'VE WATCHED YOU ALL TOGETHER..."

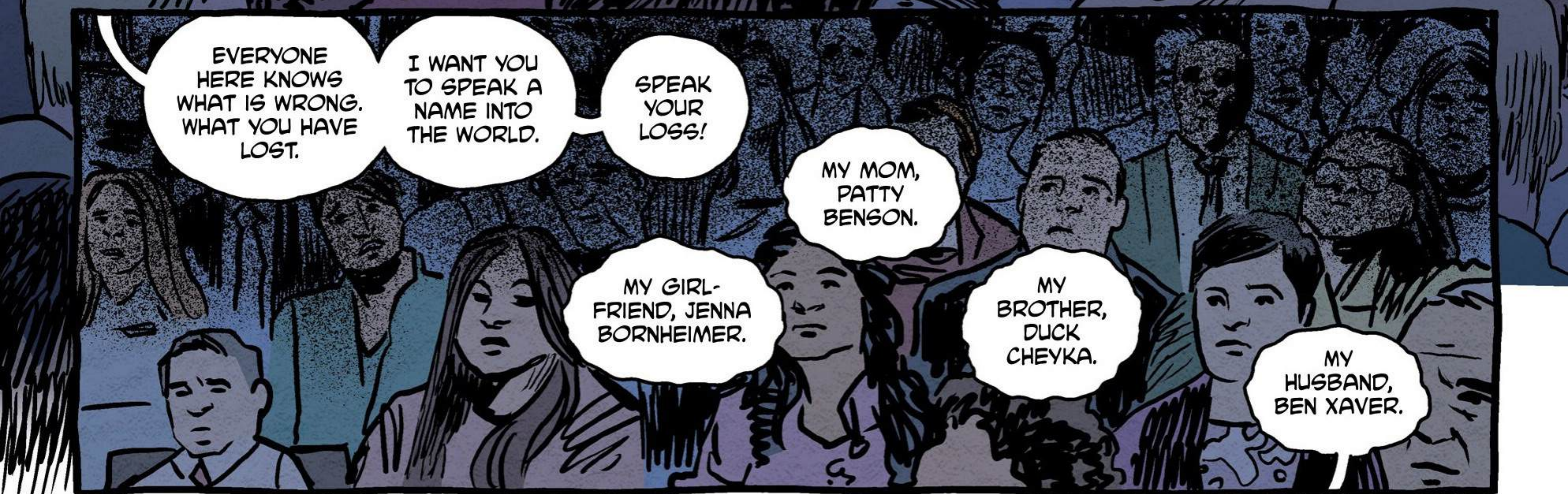




WE WILL
SACRIFICE
THOSE WHO DO
NOT COME IN.

AND UNTIL
WE ARE FOUND,
WE WILL REMAIN
FACELESS...

**THE
FACELESS
HORDE!**



EVERYONE
HERE KNOWS
WHAT IS WRONG.
WHAT YOU HAVE
LOST.

I WANT YOU
TO SPEAK A
NAME INTO
THE WORLD.

**SPEAK
YOUR
LOSS!**

MY MOM,
PATTY
BENSON.

MY GIRL-
FRIEND, JENNA
BORNHEIMER.

MY
BROTHER,
DUCK
CHEYKA.

MY
HUSBAND,
BEN XAVER.



**SPEAK
IT LOUD!**

MY
SON...

**JACK
XAVER.**

c
de

375.00
350.00
350.00
320.00
320.00
425.00
320.00
320.00
275.00
275.00
200.00
190.00
220.00

1,300.00
1,35.00
130.00
130.00
500.00
300.00

800.00
50.00
25.00
10.00
10.00
10.00



THIRD GEN #11

With Came Crusader still mourning the loss of his mentor, Moon has to step up and lead. Will the team thrive under their new captain? Or will everything fall apart. Featuring a guest appearance by the DEADLY DUO and incredible art by Stormwatch's Tom Raney, this issue continues to rise in value. Up 30% since last month.

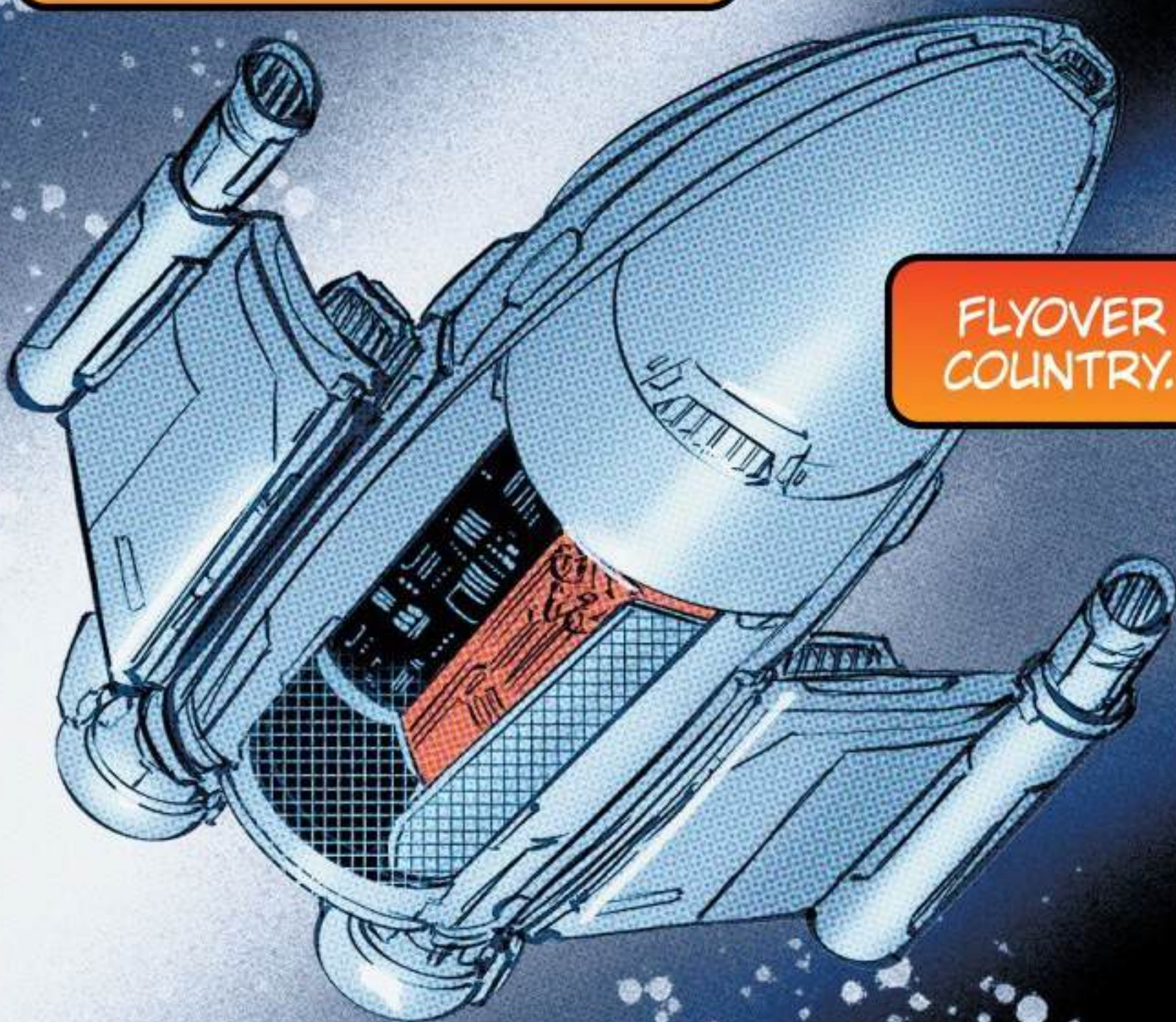
— Jim McLaughlin, Senior Staff Writer

93-99
100
101
102 End: Sand
103 B. Aquar
Superboy
104
105-108
109-112
113-118
119 "Superboy M
120-125
126-127
128 "How Clark K
129-140
141
142 O retold: Shing
143-149
150-151 Shing King
Frank Frazetta
152
153 Frazetta
154
155 Frazetta
156
157 Frazetta
158
159 Frazetta
160
161 Frazetta
162
163 Frazetta
164-165
166 End Shing King
167-168
169-174
177 (2/94)
178-179
200
201-209
210 ● 6/94
211-213
214 2 6/94
215-224

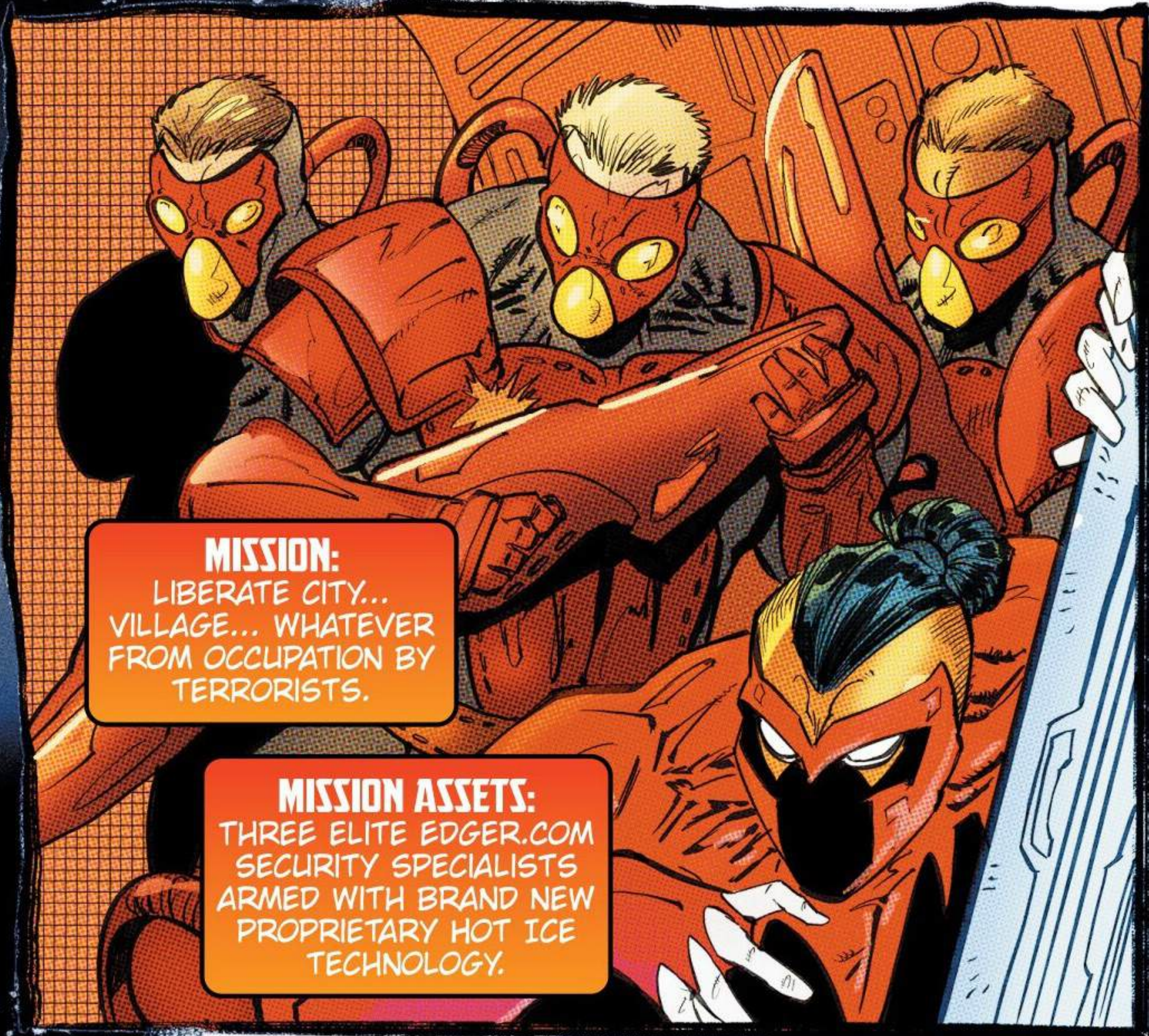
577 10/94 with (like story)
573-587

AIR SPEED:
285 KM/HOUR

COORDINATES:
36.03865000 LATITUDE.
-98.96371000 LONGITUDE.



FLYOVER
COUNTRY.



MISSION:
LIBERATE CITY...
VILLAGE... WHATEVER
FROM OCCUPATION BY
TERRORISTS.

MISSION ASSETS:
THREE ELITE EDGE.COM
SECURITY SPECIALISTS
ARMED WITH BRAND NEW
PROPRIETARY HOT ICE
TECHNOLOGY.

AND **CROSSJACK**. REAL NAME: JACK XAVER.

FELLOW MEMBER: **THIRD GEN.**

"...LIKELY
HOSTAGES
INCLUDE THE
TOWN'S CELEBRITY
MAYOR, THE
YOUNGEST WOMAN
EVER ELECTED TO
LOCAL OFFICE..."

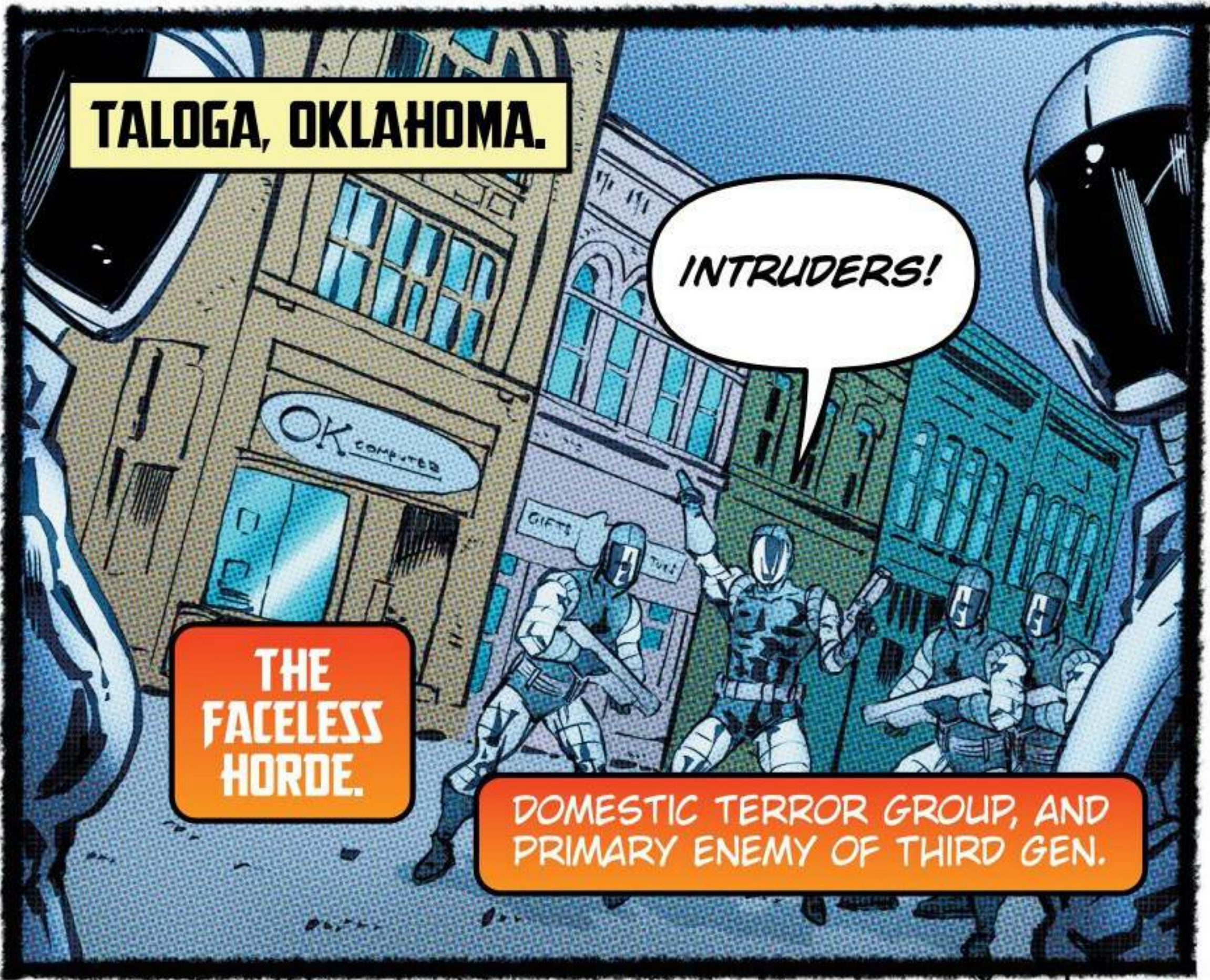


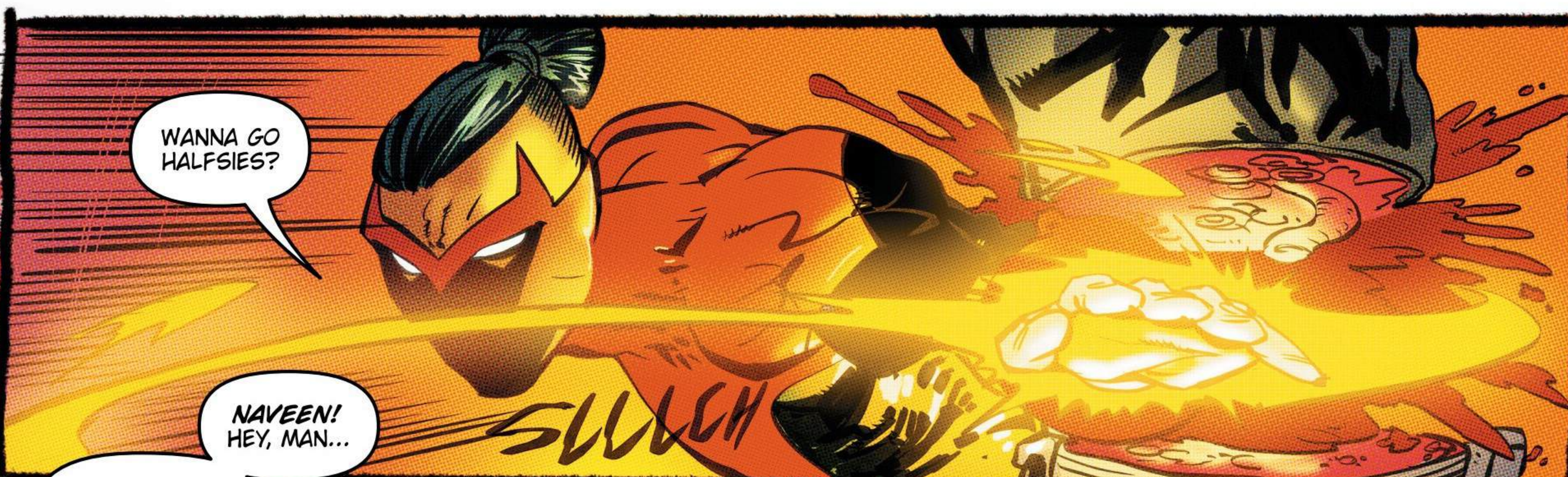
"...AFTER
THE DEATH OF
HER FATHER,
THE PREVIOUS
MAYOR LAST
YEAR AND--"

JACK.

LET'S
FUCKING
GO.







WANNA GO
HALFSIES?

NAVEEN!
HEY, MAN...

LOOK, I KNOW
WHAT INTEL SAID.
BUT MY SHIELD
HIT HER CHEST
PLATE AND...

WELL, I'M PRETTY
SURE THIS *IS* THE
MAYOR. WE NEED
TO HOLD BACK...

THE
HORDE AREN'T
OCCUPIERS.
THE HORDE IS
THE TOWN.

WE CAN
CHANGE IT.
LISTEN, WE
CAN FIX IT...

INTER-
ESTING
IDEA.

BUT A
TERRORIST IS
A TERRORIST.

BAF

JESUS!

WITNESS!
WHAT I TOLD
YOU ALL WAS
RIGHT!



SUPERHEROES
DON'T CARE
ABOUT A BETTER
WORLD!

THEY WILL
NOT FIND YOU
WHEN YOU'RE
LOST!

KILL THEM!
IN THE NAME OF
THE PRICE!

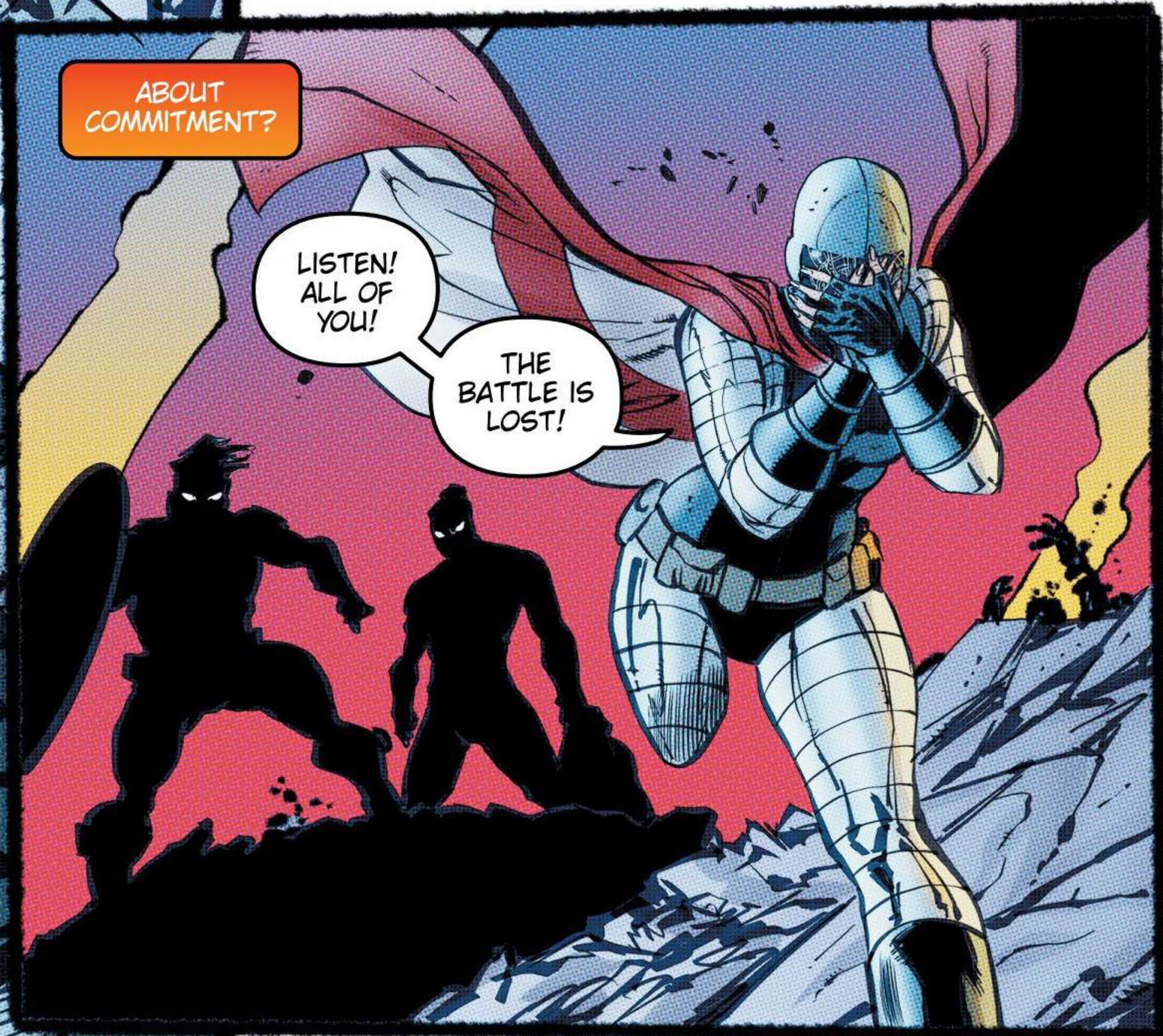
FOR THE
PRICE!



"THE PRICE." THAT'S
WHAT THEY'RE CALLING
THEIR EXECUTIVE. PFFT.

PRICE. WHAT DO THESE
IDIOTS KNOW ABOUT COST?
ABOUT INVESTMENT?

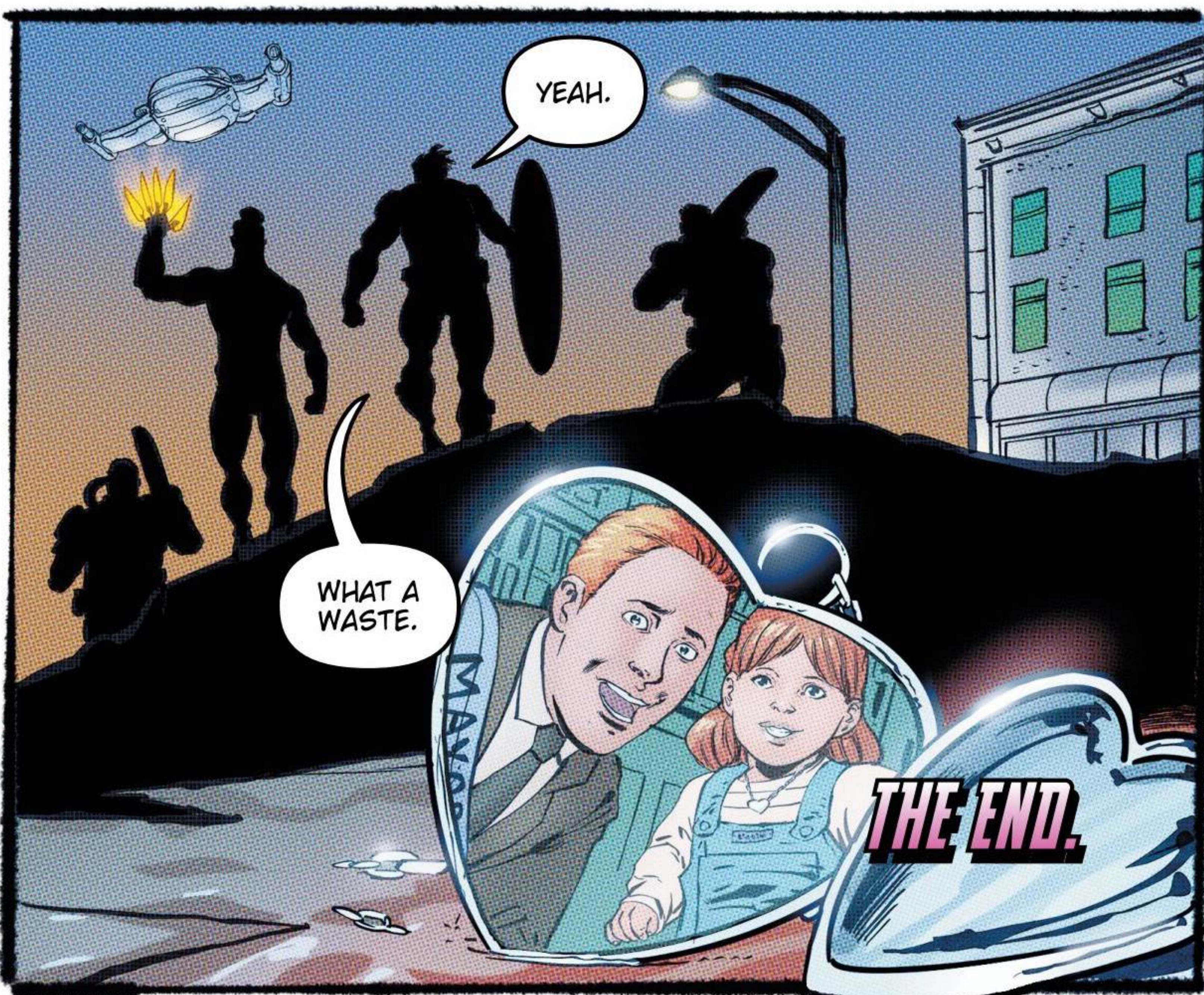
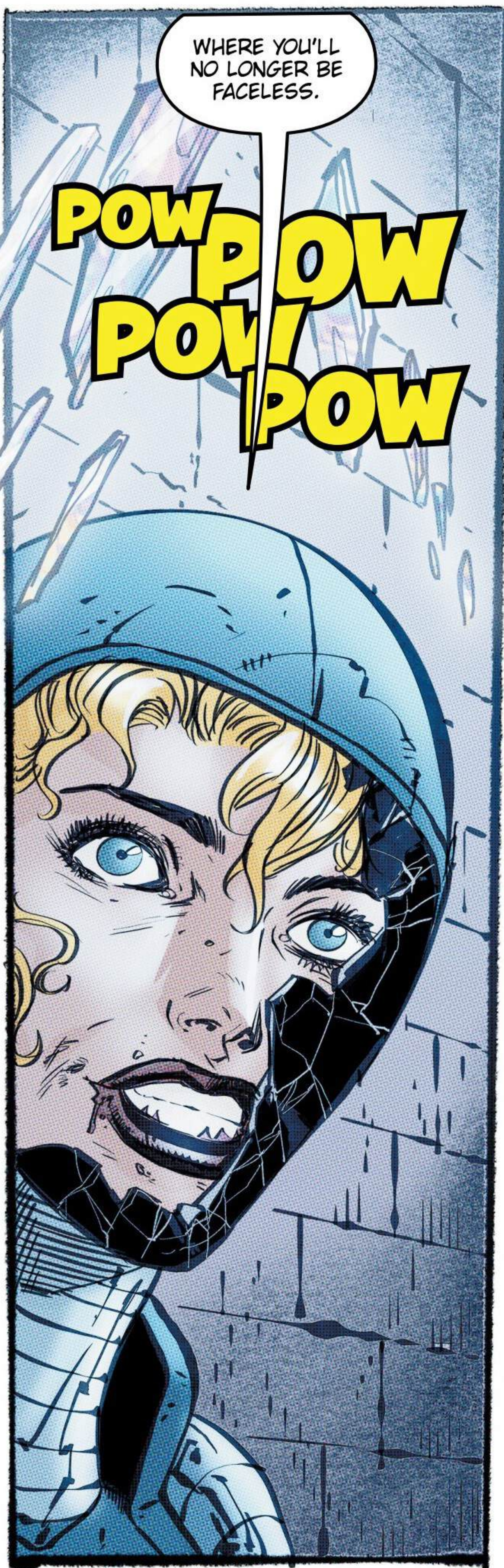
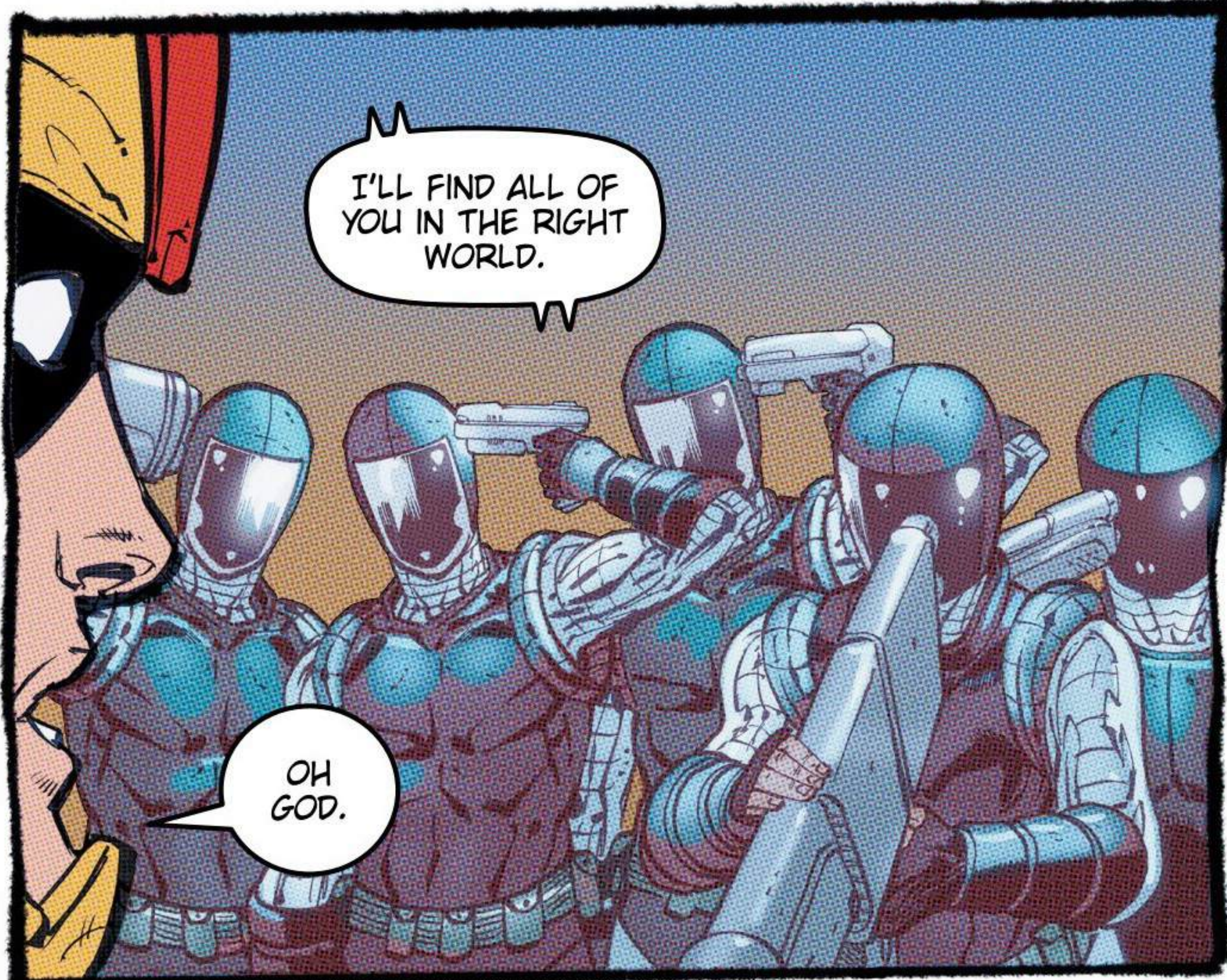
CRASH



ABOUT
COMMITMENT?

LISTEN!
ALL OF
YOU!

THE
BATTLE IS
LOST!



LOCAL WAR

image

11

JUNE

\$3.99

USA





Chapter 12



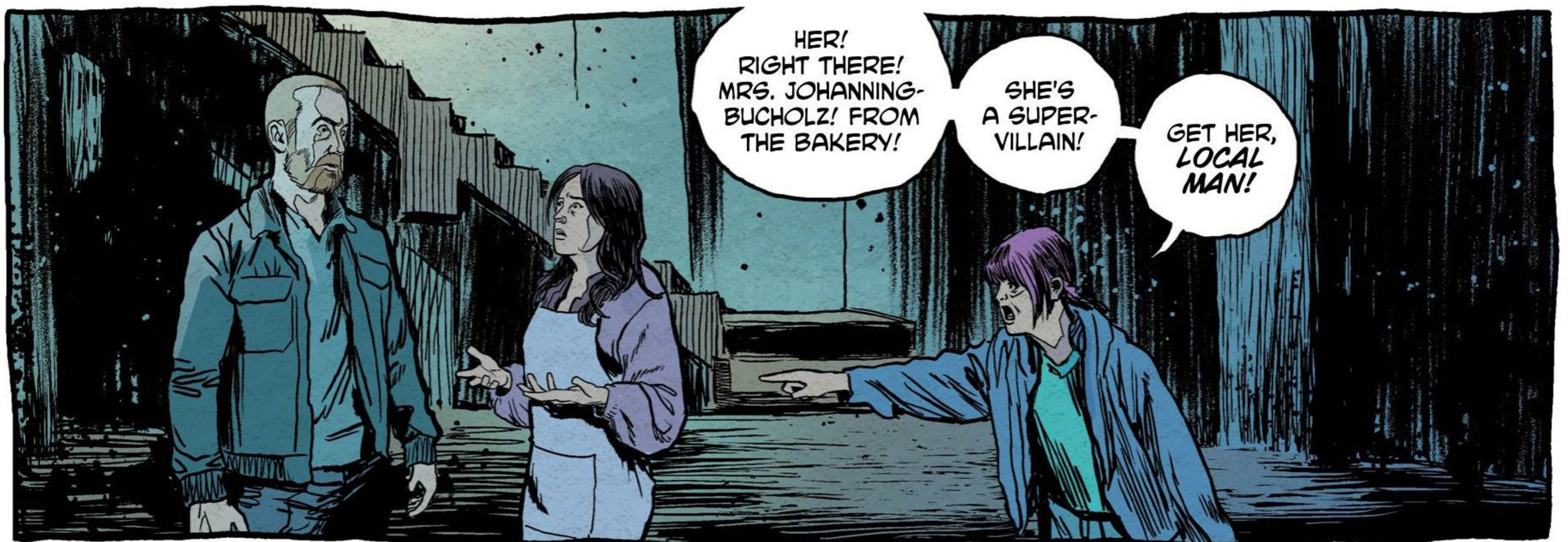
SHE SET
ME ON
FIRE!



SHE TRIED TO
SELL ME TO A
BUNCH OF CREEPY
RICH PEOPLE!



AND THEN SHE LET
A WATER MONSTER
LADY FLOOD FARMING-
TON SO SHE COULD
RUN AWAY!



HER!
RIGHT THERE!
MRS. JOHANNING-
BUCHOLZ! FROM
THE BAKERY!

SHE'S
A SUPER-
VILLAIN!

GET HER,
**LOCAL
MAN!**



INGA...



LEMME JUST...

LOOK THIS IS...

SO FUCKED UP. THE FORMER VICE PRESIDENT STOLE FRIGHTSIDE'S BODY.

AND THEN HE TRIED TO TAKE THE FRIGHT OUT OF IT FOR HIMSELF.

SO, I TRIED TO GET IT TO GO INTO ME.

BUT THEN...



PEPPER ...

MY DOG ATE AN ANCIENT FEAR DEMON.

RRF



IS HE... OKAY?

I THINK...

YEAH. HE'S INVINCIBLE, REMEMBER?



I JUST... I NEED TO WALK THIS BACK.

THE APHEK ENGINE THAT YOU USED TO TAKE PEOPLE'S POWERS.

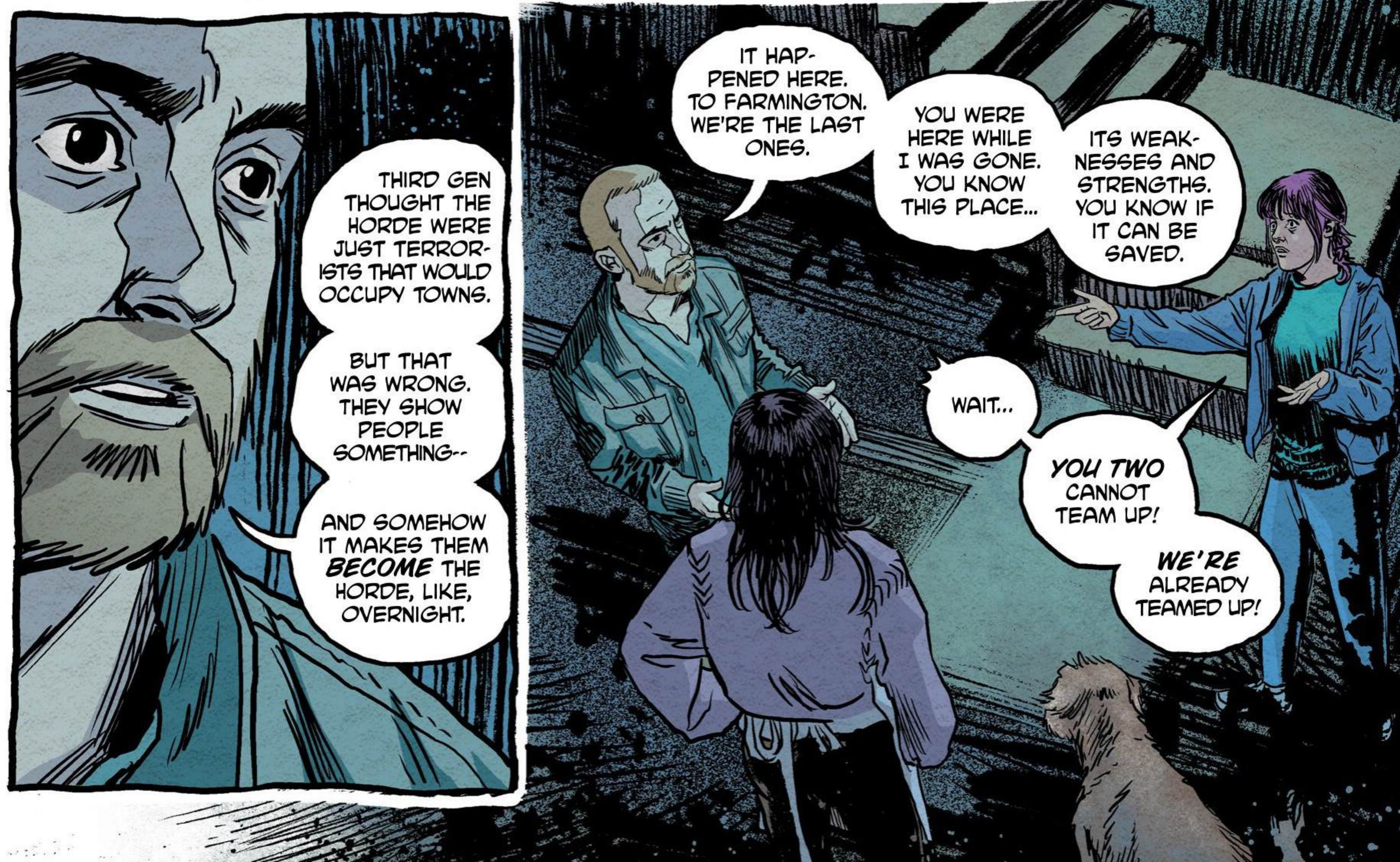
WHERE'D IT GO?



I ONLY HAD THE PART THAT COULD COPY SUPER-POWERS.

BUT CRUSADER SAID THE ENGINE COULD DO MORE THAN THAT.

THIRD GEN TOOK THE PART THAT POWERED IT...







WE NEED
TO GET ONE
OF THE HORDE
MEMBERS.

FIND OUT
WHAT IT IS THAT
URNS THEM
SO WE CAN
REVERSE IT.

JACK...
ARE YOU
OK?

YEAH,
I'VE BEEN
POSSESSED
BY THAT THING
BEFORE.



IT'LL ONLY FEEL
LIKE THAT FOR A
COUPLE MORE
MINUTES--

NO...
I MEAN.
**ARE YOU
OK?**

YOU LOOK
TIRED. YOUR
DAD JUST
DIED...



WE HAVE
TO SAVE
FARMING-
TON.

AFTER THAT
I CAN FIGURE
OUT ALL THIS
OTHER...

OK.
HORDE
MEMBER.

WE NEED
SOMEONE
RECENTLY
RECRUITED.

STILL
FRESH.



I HAVE
A COUPLE
IDEAS.

SOME-
BODY CALL
A DRVR?



LOOKING AT
YOUR OFFERINGS.
YOUR POSSESSIONS.
I SEE IN THEM MY
FORMER LIFE.

I WAS
SOMEONE
ONCE.

A GREAT JOB.
A WONDERFUL
BOYFRIEND.

THE COMMUNITY
CENTER

HE WAS A
SUPERHERO.
AN HONEST-TO-
GOODNESS
CHAMPION OF
A BETTER
WORLD.

AND ONE
DAY, HE DIS-
APPEARED.

HE AND HIS
WHOLE TEAM.
HE VANISHED.

HE WAS HOLDING
ME IN HIS ARMS
WHEN WE WENT TO
SLEEP AND WHEN
I AWOKE...

I ASKED
FOR HELP.

I BEGGED
SOMEONE TO FIND
HIM. PEOPLE TOLD
ME I WAS WRONG.
THAT HE'D NEVER
EVEN EXISTED.

BUT I
KNEW HE
HAD.

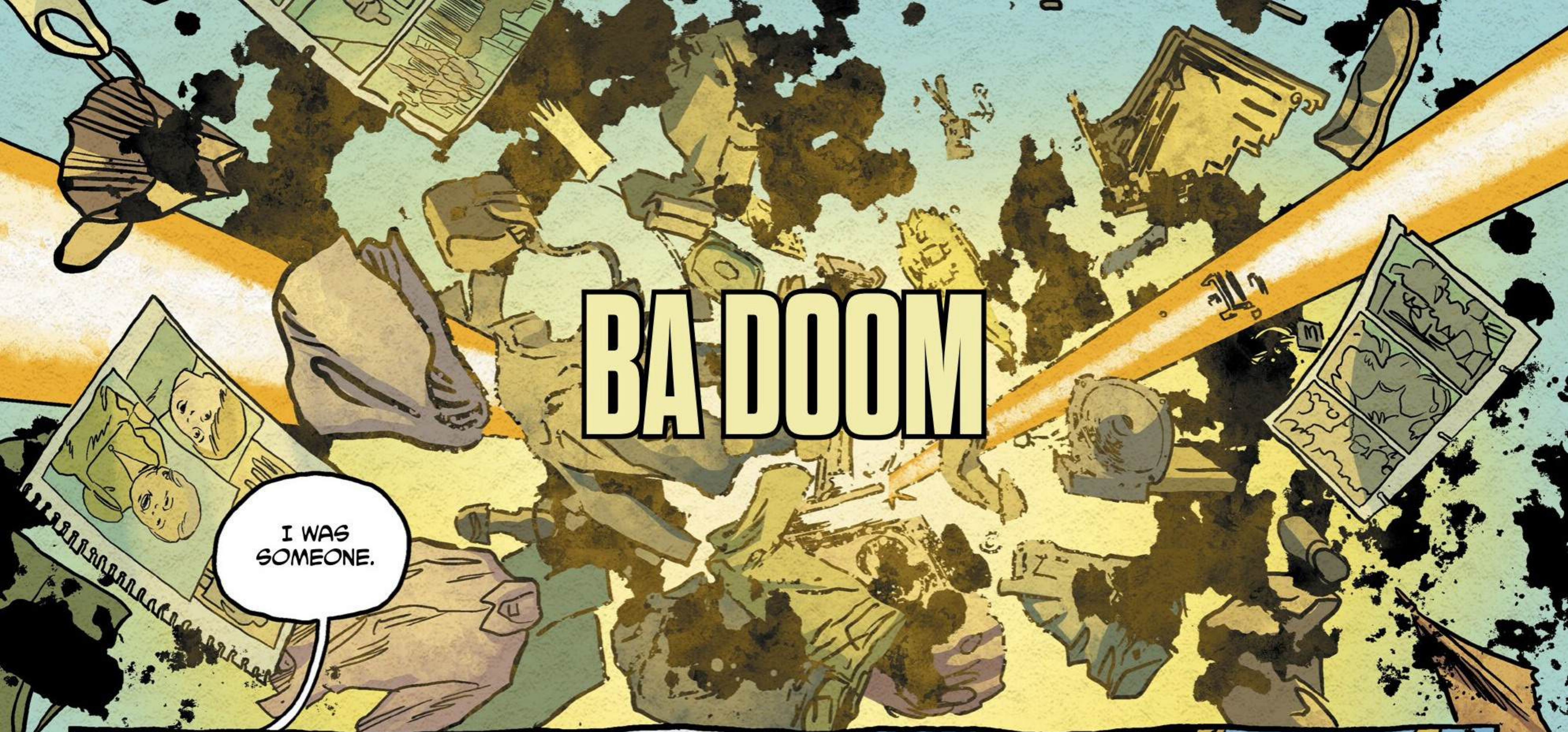
BECAUSE
EVEN THOUGH
HE'D GONE OFF
TO A BETTER
WORLD...

SOME OF THE
THINGS HE AND HIS
TEAMMATES HAD
USED WERE STILL
HERE FOR THOSE
WHO KNEW WHERE
TO LOOK.

ARMOR...

GUNS...





BA-DOOM

I WAS
SOMEONE.

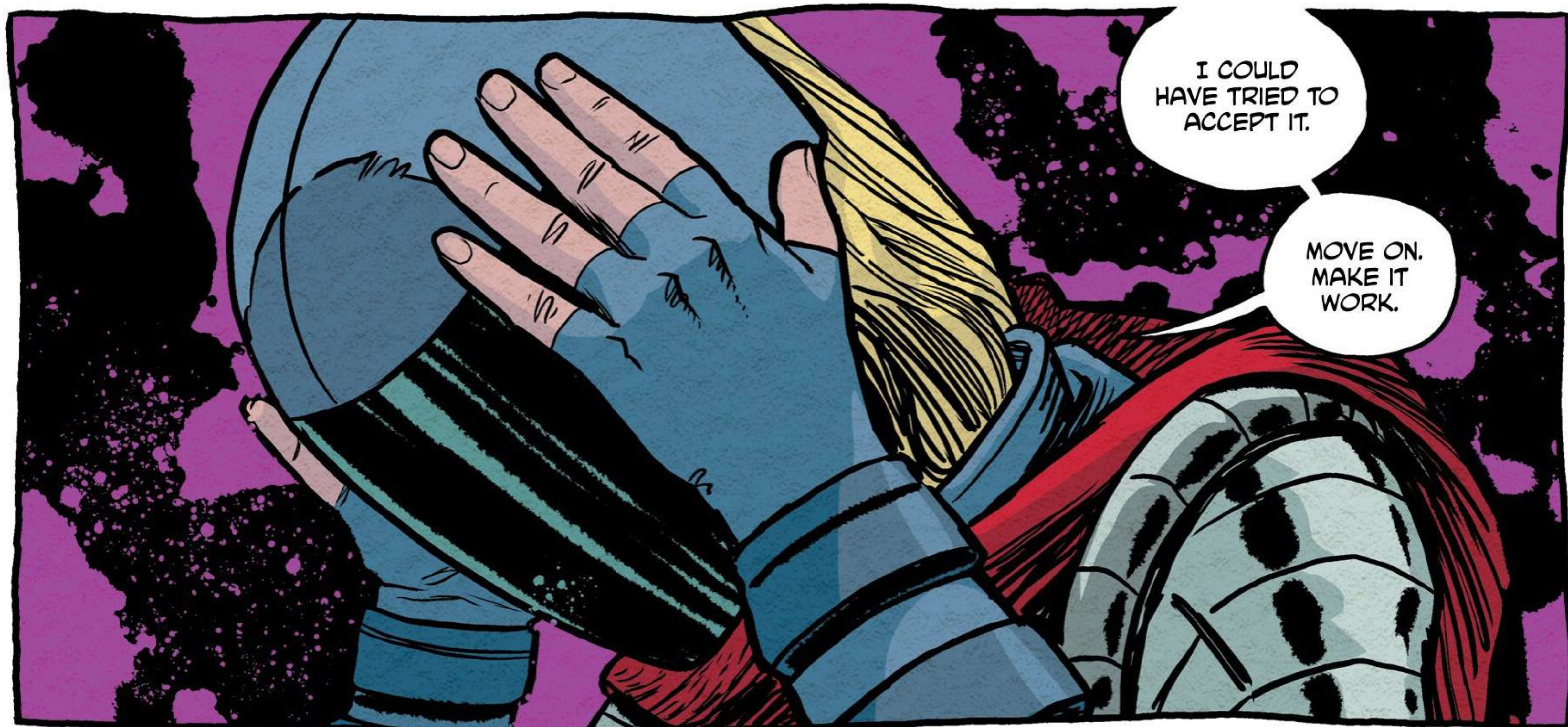


JUST
LIKE ALL
OF YOU.



BUT I LOST
MY PERSON, AND
ALONG WITH HIM,
THE LIFE I KNEW.

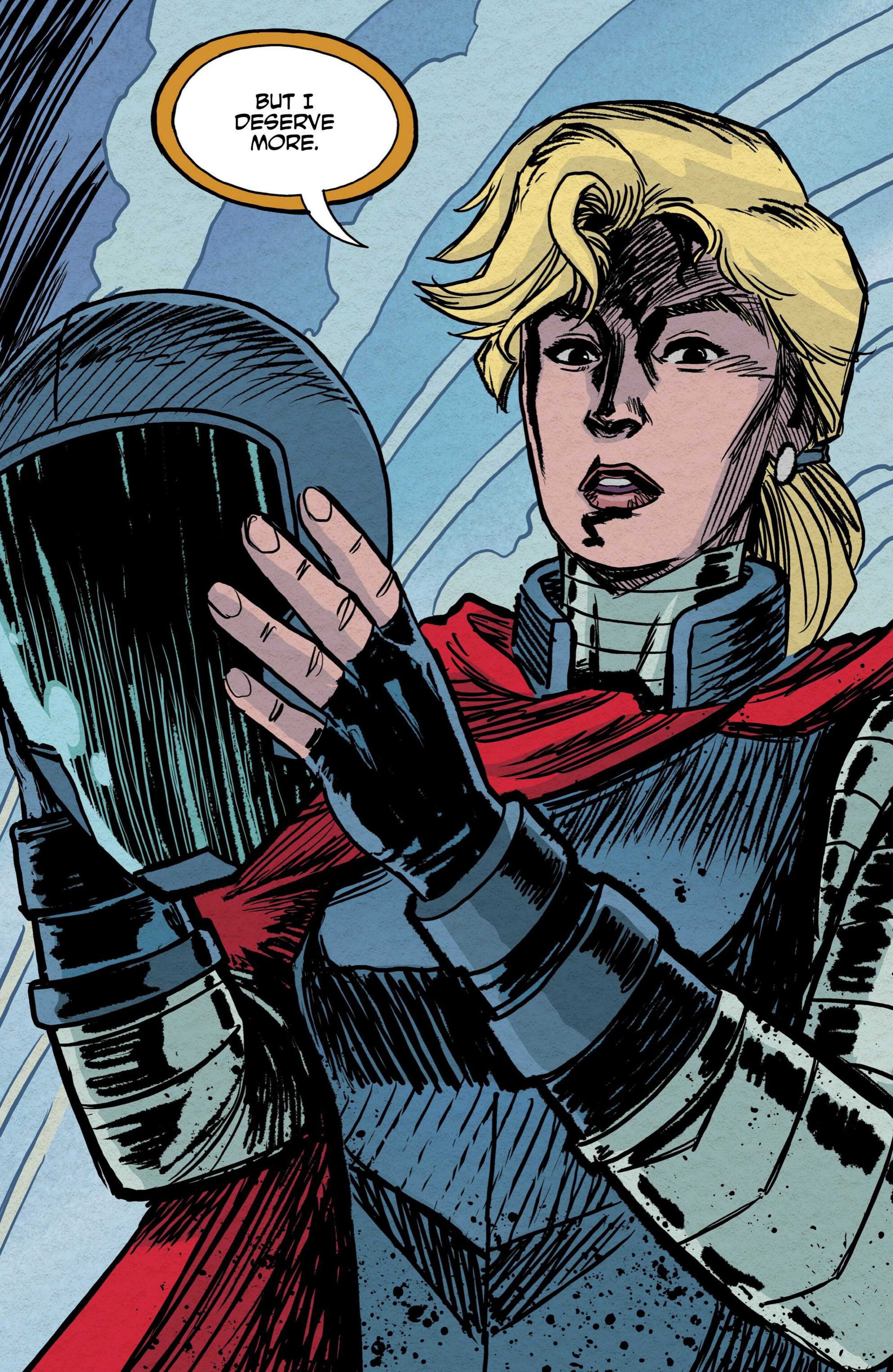
THE LIFE I
THOUGHT WAS
REAL.

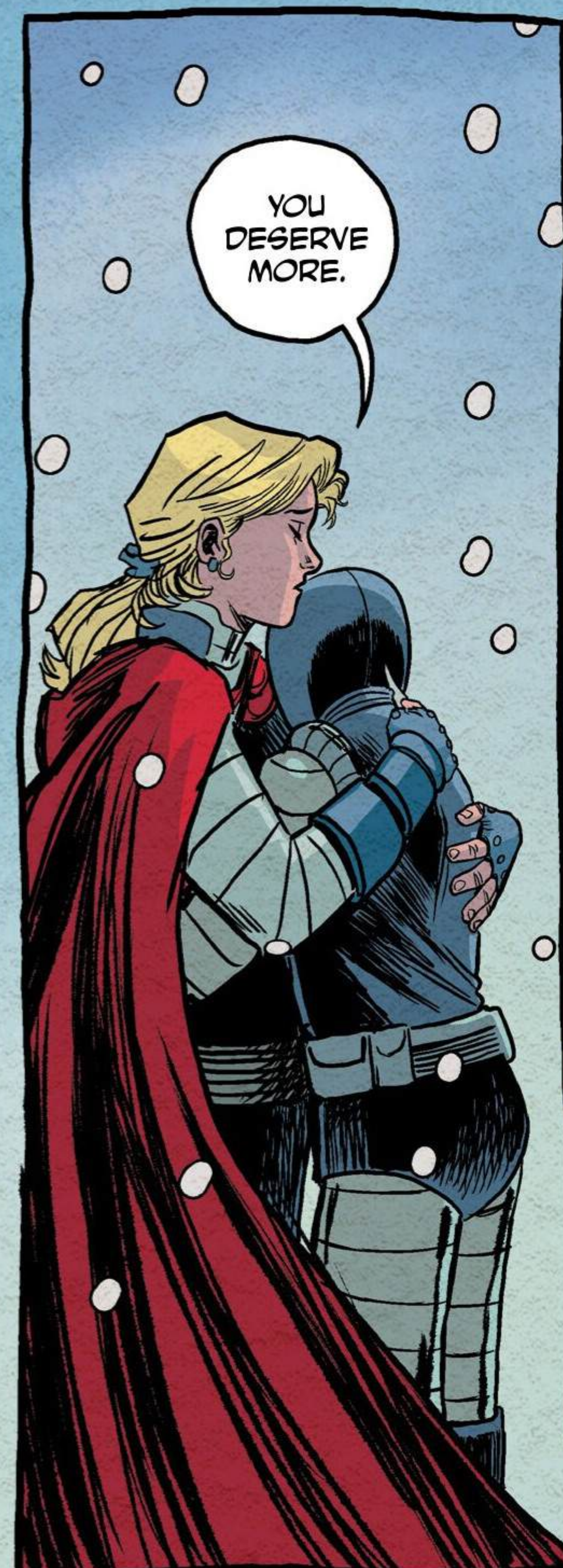
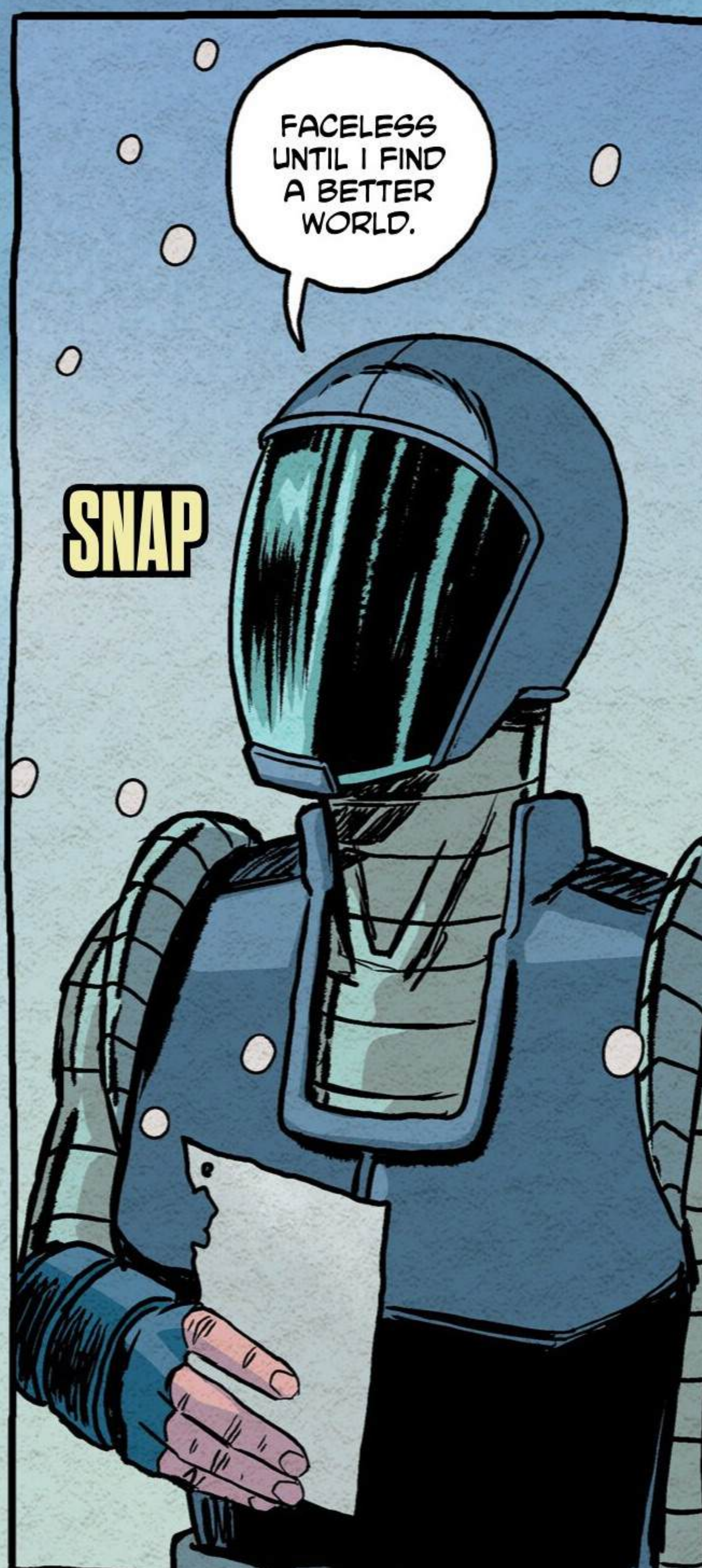
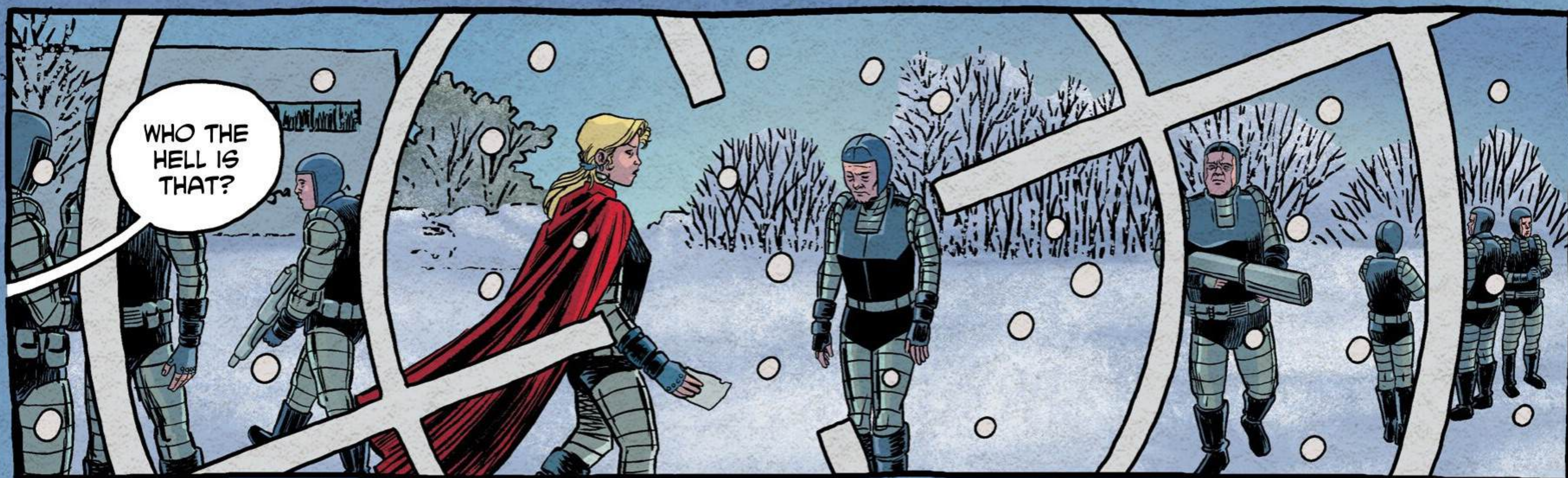


I COULD
HAVE TRIED TO
ACCEPT IT.

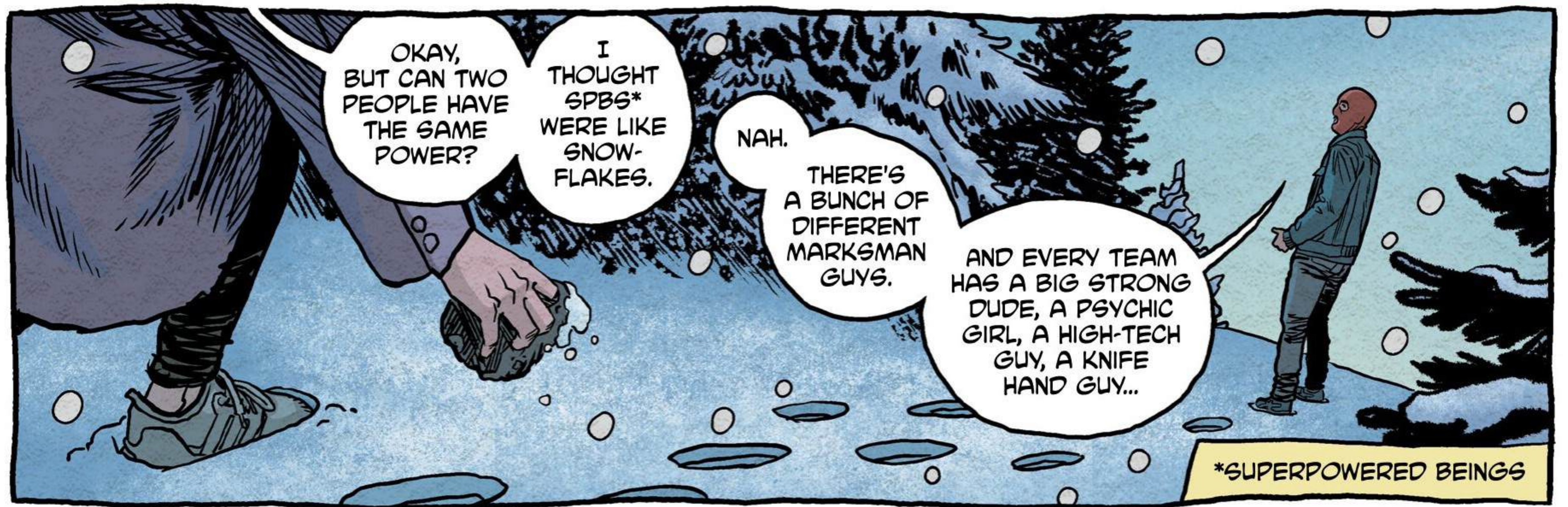
MOVE ON.
MAKE IT
WORK.

BUT I
DESERVE
MORE.









OKAY, BUT CAN TWO PEOPLE HAVE THE SAME POWER?

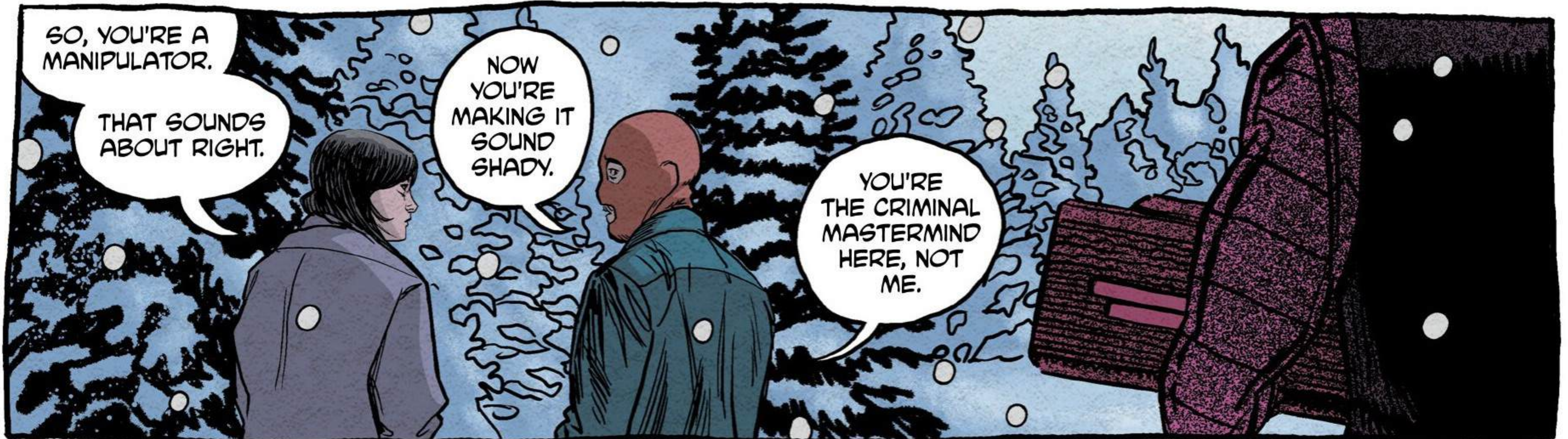
I THOUGHT SPBS* WERE LIKE SNOW-FLAKES.

NAH.

THERE'S A BUNCH OF DIFFERENT MARKSMAN GUYS.

AND EVERY TEAM HAS A BIG STRONG DUDE, A PSYCHIC GIRL, A HIGH-TECH GUY, A KNIFE HAND GUY...

*SUPERPOWERED BEINGS



SO, YOU'RE A MANIPULATOR.

THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.

NOW YOU'RE MAKING IT SOUND SHADY.

YOU'RE THE CRIMINAL MASTERMIND HERE, NOT ME.



LOOK, WE NEED A NEWLY INDUCTED RECRUIT, SO HOWEVER YOUR EVIL POWERS WORK, JACK...



CAN YOU DO THEM ON MY HUSBAND?

INGA?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!



YOU CAN STILL THROW GOOD TOO, RIGHT?



AND SO...

SHIT,
MAN...

IS THIS
CHIEF
BUCHOLZ?

HNNH.



AJ SHERMAN
COMMERCIAL
STORAGE

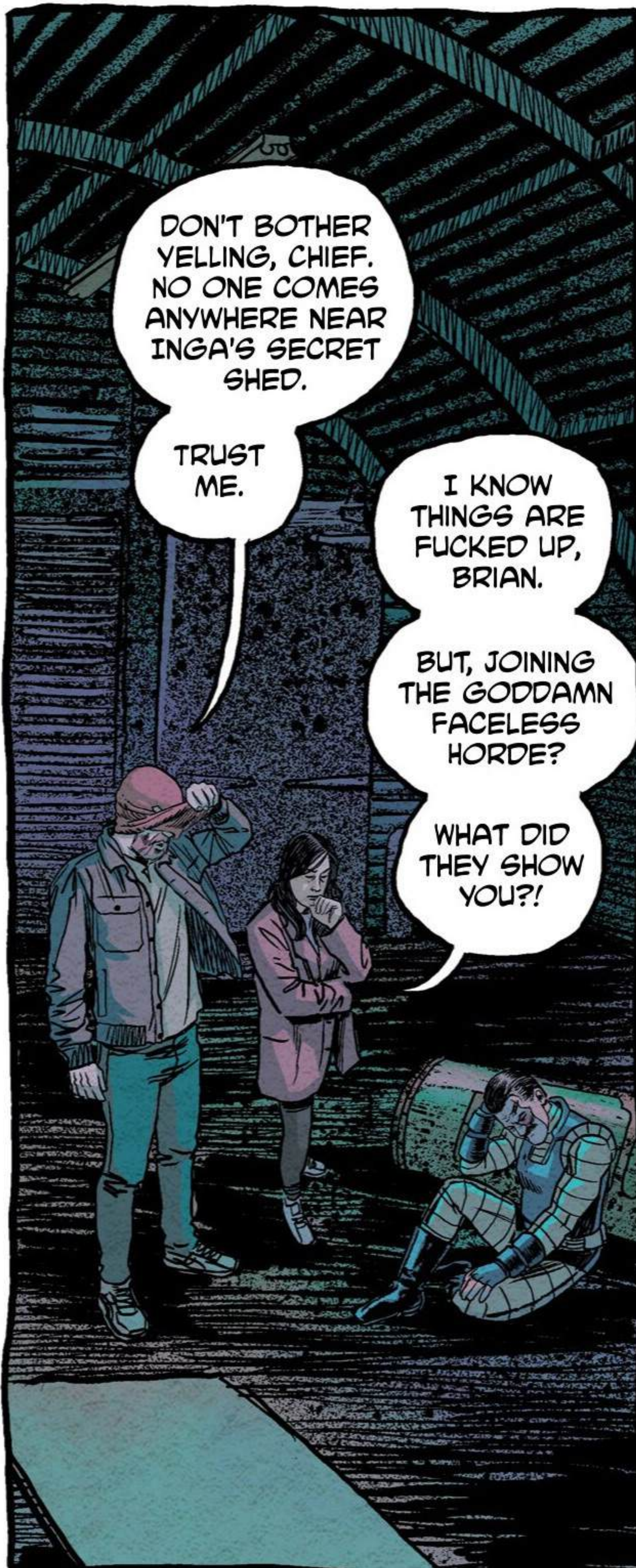
DUDE, I MIGHT
JOIN THAT CULT IF
I COULD GET THIS
SWEET ARMOR.

PLEASE
DON'T.



ALL
RIGHT.
WELL...

I'M GONNA SPLIT
UNLESS YOU NEED ME
TO DRIVE ANY MORE
KNOCKED-OUT COPS
AROUND.



DON'T BOTHER
YELLING, CHIEF.
NO ONE COMES
ANYWHERE NEAR
INGA'S SECRET
SHED.

TRUST
ME.

I KNOW
THINGS ARE
FUCKED UP,
BRIAN.

BUT, JOINING
THE GODDAMN
FACELESS
HORDE?

WHAT DID
THEY SHOW
YOU?!



WHAT WOULD
MAKE YOU, OF
ALL PEOPLE,
JOIN A CULT?

JESUS,
BRIAN...

THINK
OF OUR
KIDS.



I AM
THINKING
OF THEM.

I'M THINKING
OF A VERSION
OF CARMIE AND
CHANNING IN A
BETTER PLACE.

A WORLD
WHERE THEY'RE
LIVING IN FARMING-
TON INSTEAD OF
CHICAGO WITH MY
BROTHER.

WHERE THEIR MOM
DIDN'T TEAR THEIR
FAMILY APART, FUCK
HER SUPERHERO
EX-BOYFRIEND, AND
THEN LET A SEA
HAG LOOSE ON
THEIR TOWN.

THE FACELESS
HORDE IS GOING TO
SHOW ME HOW TO JOIN
THAT CARMELA AND
THAT CHANNING IN THAT
BETTER PLACE.

BECAUSE
THAT'S THE
WAY THINGS
SHOULD BE.

I WAS
A GOOD
MAN.



I DIDN'T
DESERVE
THIS WORLD.

I DIDN'T
DESERVE
YOU, INGA.

I DIDN'T
DESERVE
JACK
XAVER.

NO.

YOU
DIDN'T.



YOU CALLED
IT FROM THE
BEGINNING.

YOU DIDN'T
WANT ME IN
THIS TOWN.

YOU KNEW I'D
SHOW UP AND
BRING ALL KINDS
OF TROUBLE WITH
ME AND I DID.



I DIDN'T GIVE
A SHIT ABOUT
FARMINGTON.
YOU WERE
RIGHT.

AND DESPITE
BEING FROM
SOMEWHERE
ELSE, YOU
CHOSE THIS
PLACE.

YOU CHOSE
TO LOVE
FARMING-
TON.



THIS FARMING-
TON, BRIAN. THE
ONE THAT EXISTS
HERE. **NOW.**

THIS IS
THE ONE THAT
NEEDS YOU.



YOU GOTTA
SNAP OUT OF IT SO
THESE PEOPLE CAN
GO BACK TO THEIR
SHITTY JOBS.

SO THEY CAN
HAVE ONE TOO
MANY BEERS AT
THE BARNYARD
SALOON.



THEY NEED
YOU TO BREAK
UP THEIR DUMB
FIGHTS!

TO GIVE
THEIR KIDS
M.I.P.S!

JUST...
THEY NEED
YOU.



BECAUSE
YOU'RE THE
GOOD GUY
HERE, BRIAN!

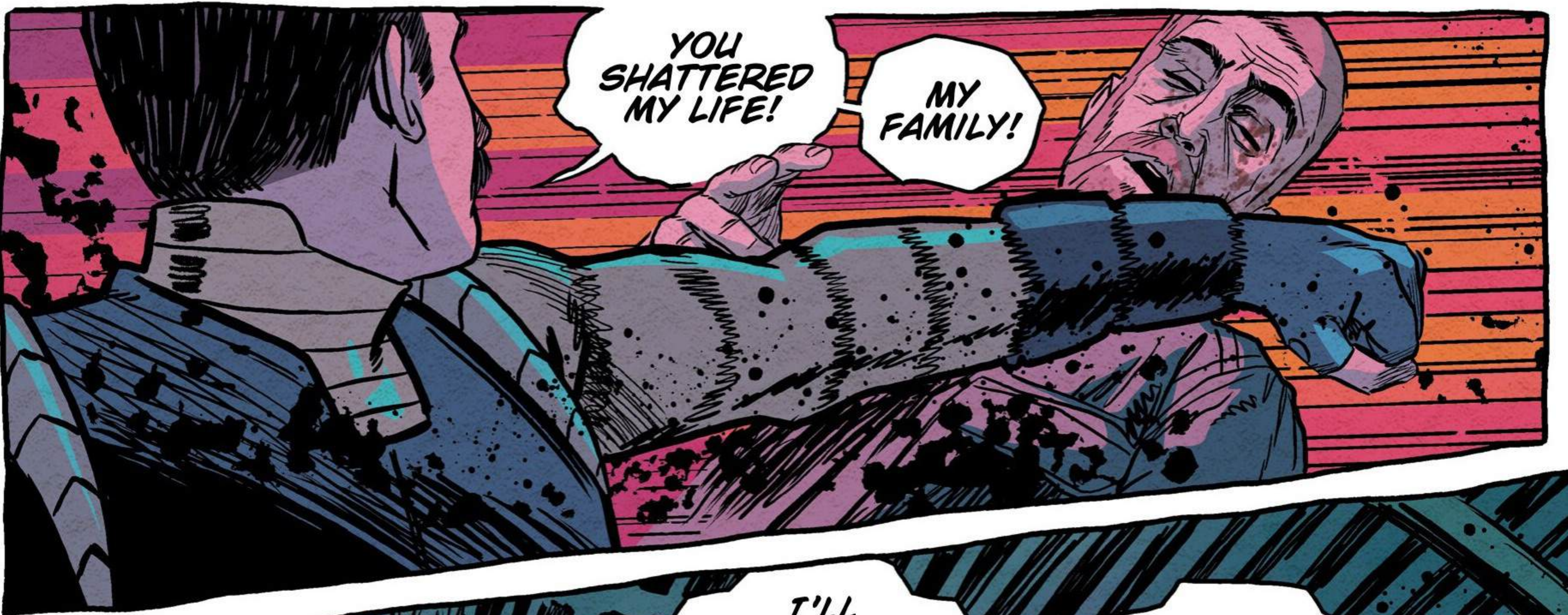
NOT ME!
I'M JUST THE
OUTSIDER
ASSHOLE...

NH.



...WHO
SHATTERED
YOUR
WORLD.

NHHUUH.



THAT'S
WHAT SHE
SHOWS US.

THAT
MAKES US
BELIEVERS.

THE SHATTERING.

IS
THAT A
PERSON?

NO.
IT'S A THING.
A PLACE.

SOME
PEOPLE,
IT FOLLOWS
THEM AROUND.

PEOPLE
LIKE THE
PRICE.

RRF

WHEN
YOU SEE
IT...

IT'S
THIS TRUTH.
THERE'S A
REAL ANSWER
TO YOUR
PROBLEMS.

...IT'S LIKE
LITTLE BREAKS IN
THE WORLD. SHARDS.
AND IN THEM'S OTHER
PLACES. FUTURES.
PRESENTS. PASTS.

PLACES
WHERE THINGS
ARE DIFFERENT
THAN HERE.

SOME-
TIMES WORSE.
MOST TIMES
BETTER.



ALTERNATE
UNIVERSES.
I'VE BEEN
TO ONE.*

FOUGHT
IN A MASSIVE
SUPERHERO
WAR FOR TIME
AND SPACE.

*SEE LOCAL MAN: GOLD



YEAH, WELL,
MAYBE THAT'S
WHAT CAUSED IT.
I DUNNO.

THE THING IS
THOUGH, IT'S
JUST LIKE...
A VIEWER.

TO ACTUALLY
GO THROUGH
A SHARD, YOU
NEED A THING.



THAT'S
WHAT THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR.
*THE MERCY
SEAT.*

IT'S
NOT HERE
ANYMORE.

NO, THE
PRICE SAYS NEON
AND HER CREW
WALKED OFF WITH
AN EMPTY HARD
DRIVE.



EVERYTHING
IN IT WAS OFF-
LOADED SOME-
WHERE ELSE.

THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE LOOKING
FOR. *THE
"VESSEL."*

WHEN THEY
FIND IT, ONE
PERSON LEAVES
TO FIND A BETTER
WORLD FIRST.

A
VOLUNTEER.
JACK...

THE
VOLUNTEER
IS...

IT'S YOUR
MOTHER.



NO.
I'VE SEEN
WHAT...

THE
FACELESS
HORDE...
SHE'S...

THERE'S
NO BETTER
WORLD...

SHE'S
GOING TO
KILL HERSELF.
I CAN'T--

HEY...



HEY!
LOOK AT
ME--

THAT'S
NOT GOING
TO HAPPEN.



WE
CAN STOP
HER.

WE CAN
STOP
THEM.

YOU
AND ME,
TOGETHER...

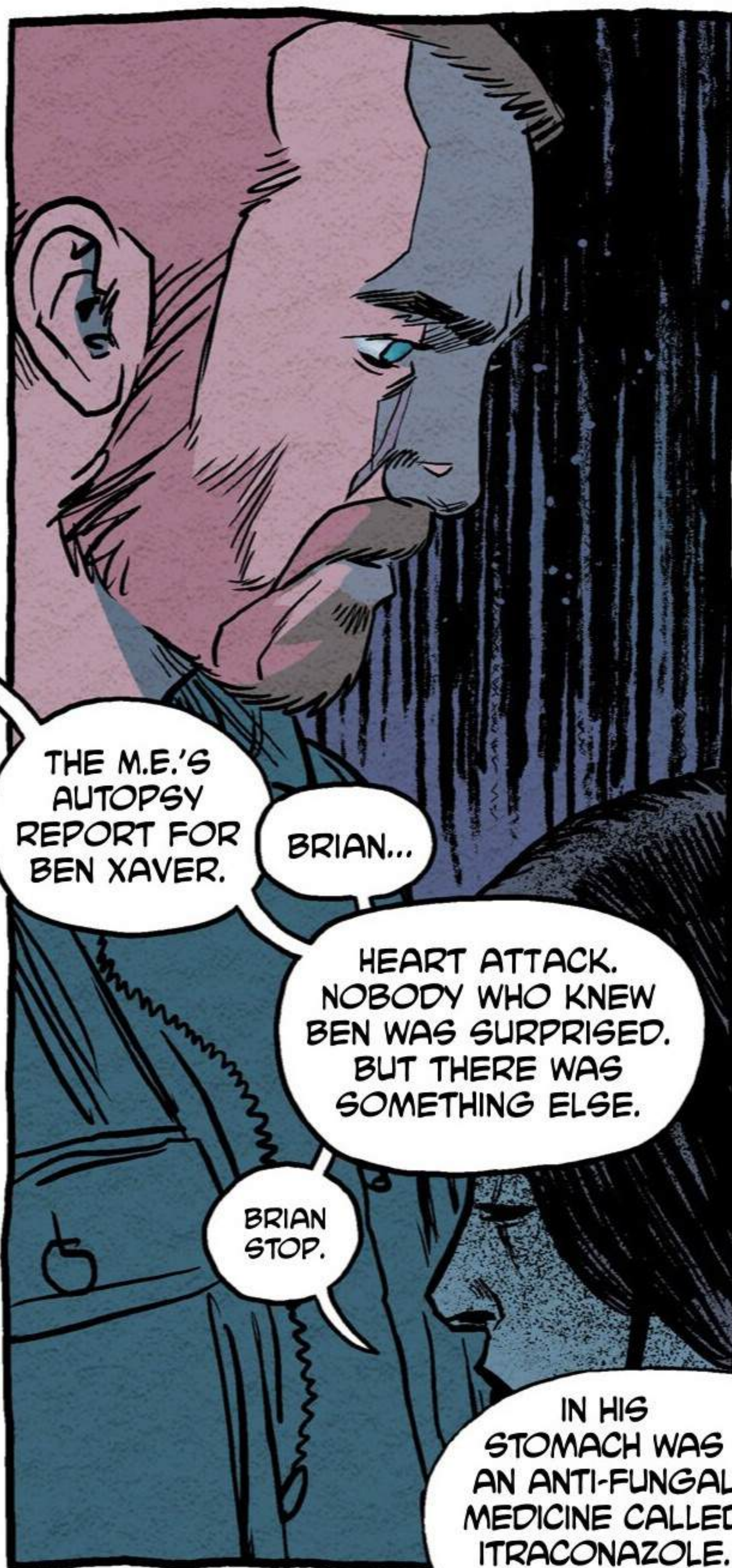


WE CAN
STILL SAVE
FARMINGTON.



Y'KNOW...
AS THE CULT
FOG CLEARS OUTTA
MY BRAIN, I'M
REMEMBERING
SOMETHING.

FROM
BEFORE
...



THE M.E.'S
AUTOPSY
REPORT FOR
BEN XAVER.

BRIAN...

HEART ATTACK.
NOBODY WHO KNEW
BEN WAS SURPRISED.
BUT THERE WAS
SOMETHING ELSE.

BRIAN
STOP.

IN HIS
STOMACH WAS
AN ANTI-FUNGAL
MEDICINE CALLED
ITRACONAZOLE.



ENOUGH TO
CAUSE IMMEDI-
ATE MUSCLE
CONTRACTIONS.

THE THING IS,
BEN DIDN'T HAVE
ANY FUNGUS.
NOT EVEN IN
HIS TOES.

BUT
WHAT HE
DID HAVE?

A BRAN
MUFFIN FROM
AUNTIE INGA'S
BAKERY.

JACK...

I'LL
FUCKING
KILL YOU!







HE TOLD
ME TO GIVE
YOU THIS.



PLEASE BE
CAREFUL.

THOSE
WERE MY
FRIENDS.



SOME OF THEM
AREN'T WITH US
ANYMORE.

PAST.

...DAY TWELVE OF THE VOLCANIC
ERUPTION ON THE TINY, REMOTE
ISLAND OF LO'HI, AT THE VERY END
OF THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

DAMAGE IS WIDESPREAD, AND
RESIDENTS OF THE POVERTY-
STRICKEN VILLAGES, GIVEN
LITTLE OF THE HELP AFFORDED
TO THE BIG ISLANDS, ARE
BEGINNING TO LOSE HOPE.

KAI!

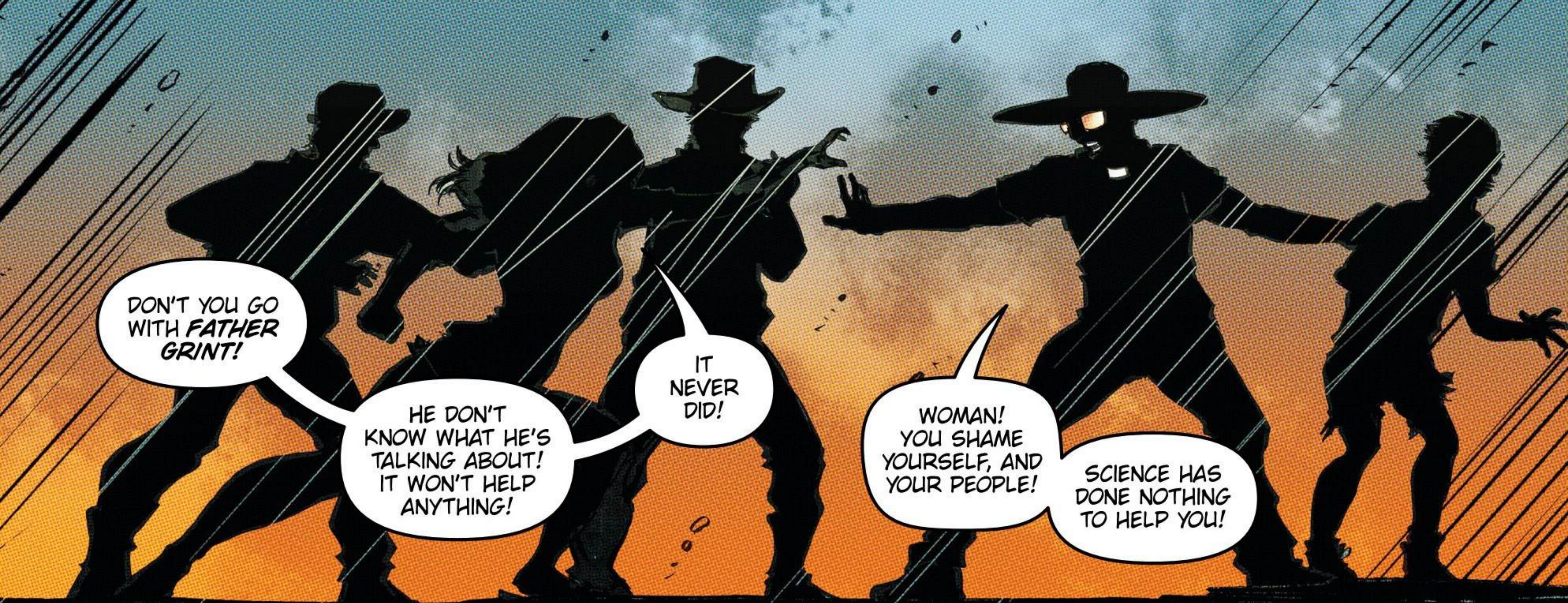
**KAI!
STOP!**

**COME
BACK!!**

MOMMA?

HRMPH.

DON'T
YOU GO,
KAI!



DON'T YOU GO WITH **FATHER GRINT!**

HE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT! IT WON'T HELP ANYTHING!

IT NEVER DID!

WOMAN! YOU SHAME YOURSELF, AND YOUR PEOPLE!

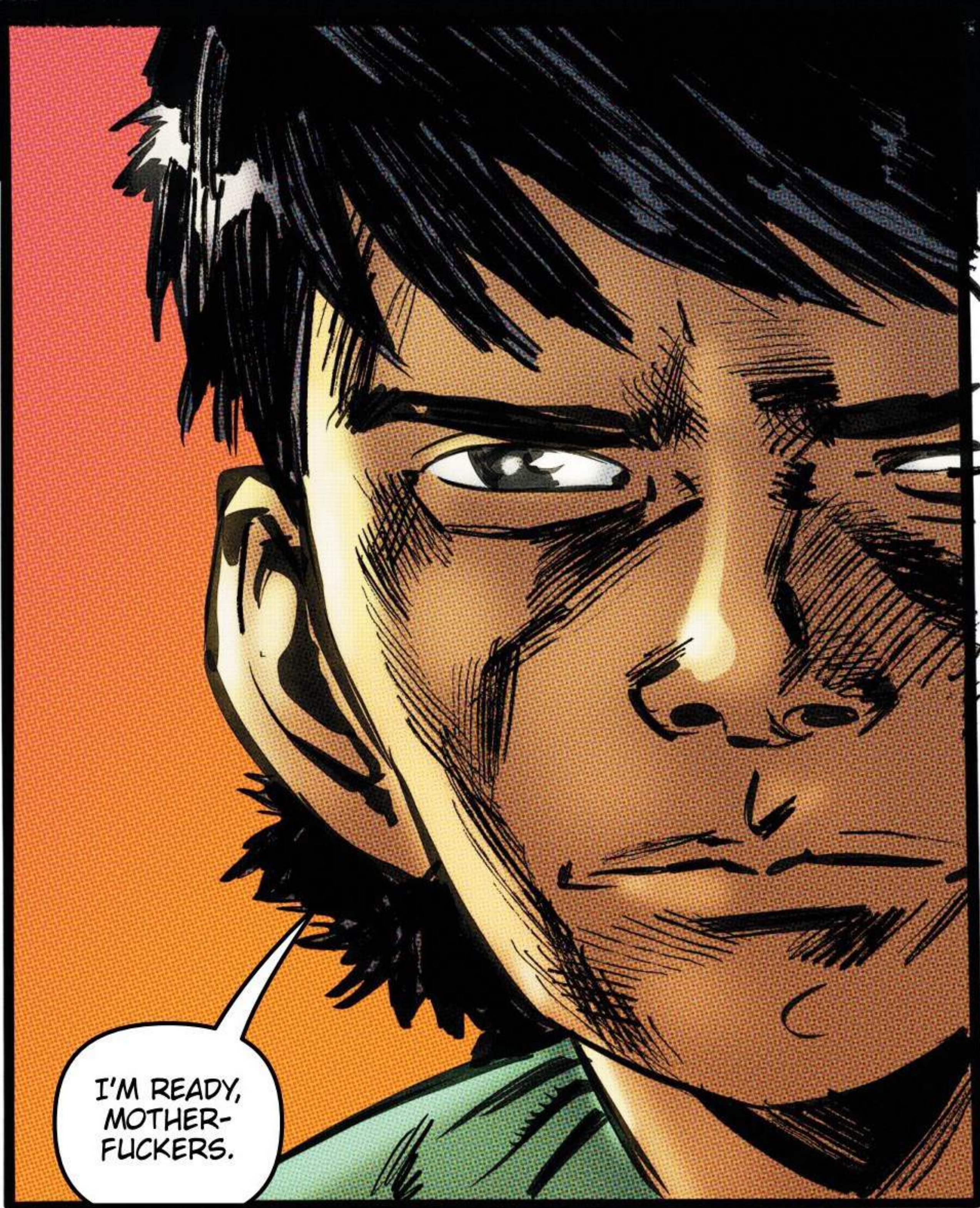
SCIENCE HAS DONE NOTHING TO HELP YOU!



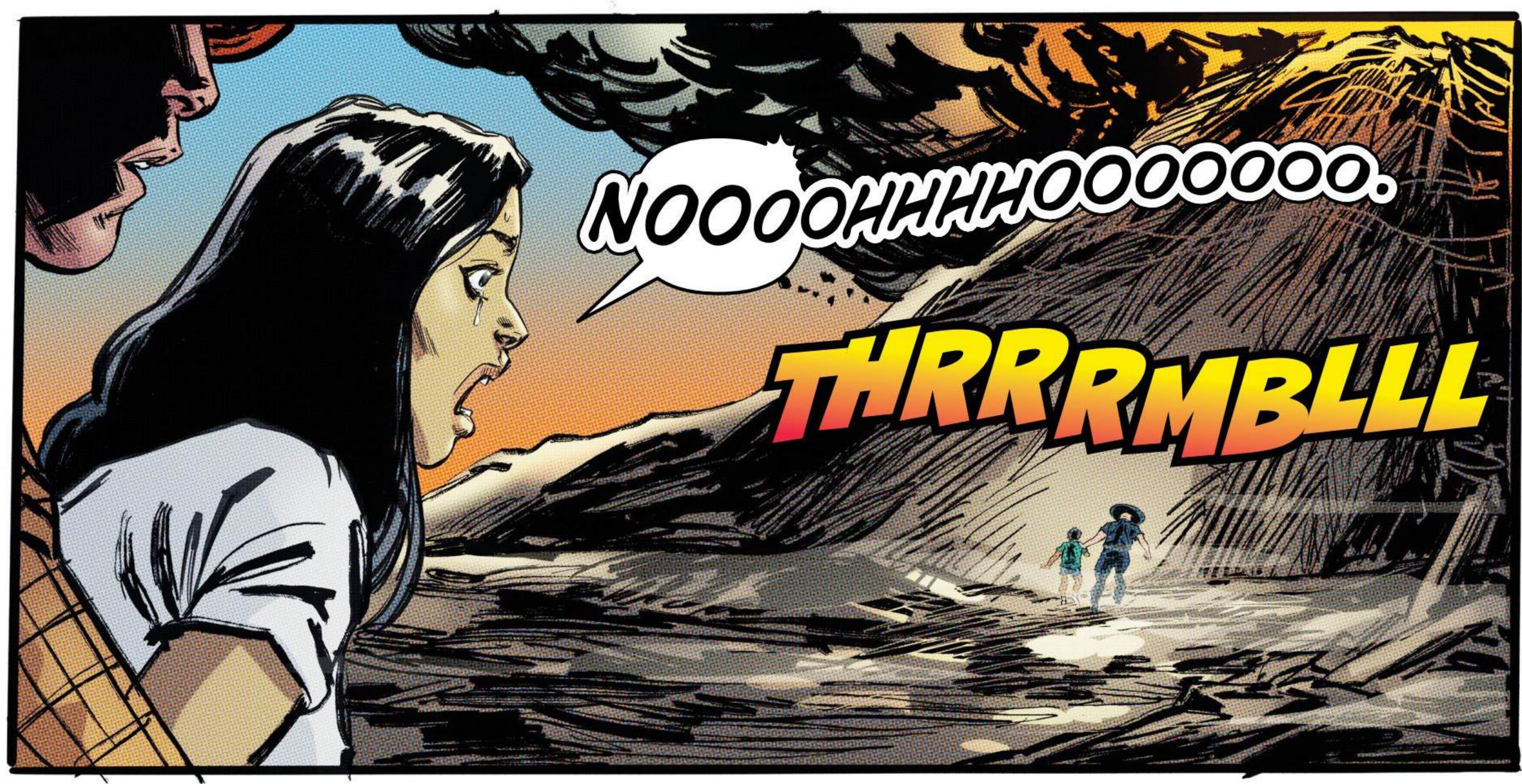
YOUR PEOPLE'S HISTORY SAYS THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS!

AND IF YOU WILL NOT ACCEPT CHRIST, THEN YOU MUST LISTEN TO YOUR GODS!

FOUL-MOUTHED SINNER KAI IS READY, AREN'T YOU, KAI?!



I'M READY, MOTHER-FUCKERS.



NOOOOHHHHOOOOOOO.

THRRMBLLL



THERE,
BOY. YOUR
DESTINY.

FATHER...
WILL I BE
A HERO?

YOU'LL BE
EXACTLY WHAT
THIS ISLAND
NEEDS, KAI.



KSSH

A REMINDER
OF THE
SAVAGERY OF
YOUR GODS...

AND THE
PROMISE OF
JESUS.



LOST.



LOST.

LOST.

HNH?



WE ARE LOST.

WHERE--?
SHOULDN'T I
BE DEAD?

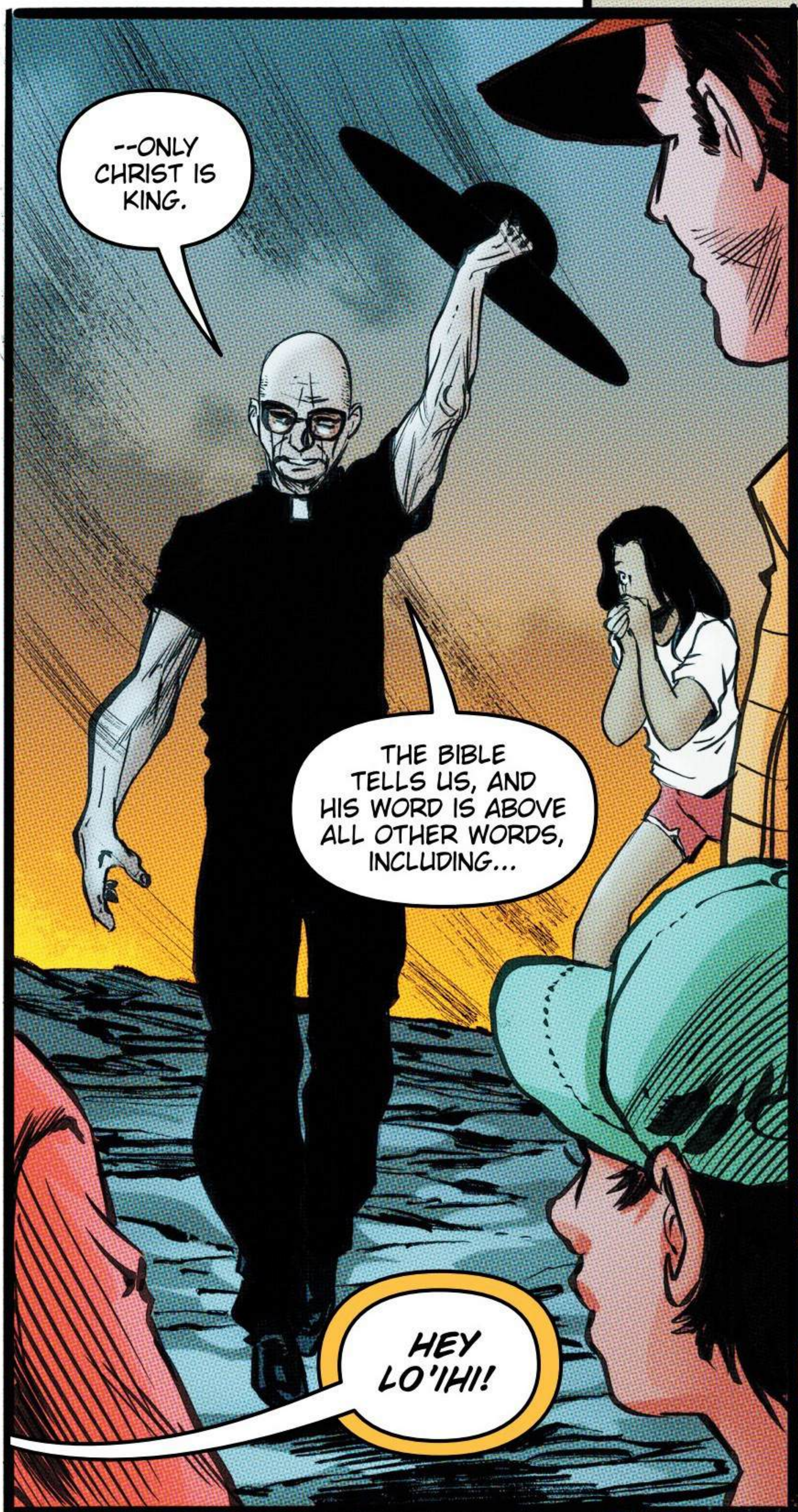
YOU
SHOULD
BE.

YOU
SHOULD BE.

YOU SHOULD BE.

YOU SHOULD BE...
A HERO.

POST
NO
BILL



--ONLY
CHRIST IS
KING.

THE BIBLE
TELLS US, AND
HIS WORD IS ABOVE
ALL OTHER WORDS,
INCLUDING...

HEY
LO'IHI!



ALOHA,
MOTHER-
FUCKERS!

KAI?!



WHAT--?

LATER.

Nooo!

MAY SATAN
CURSE YOU
AND DROWN
THIS SPECK
IN FIRE!!

WILL HE
ACTUALLY
GO TO JAIL,
MOMMA?

ENDANGERMENT
OF A MINOR WITH A
LOT OF WITNESSES.
ATTEMPTED
MURDER....

...I'D CALL IT
AN OPEN AND
SHUT CASE.

ALL RIGHT, I
ANSWERED YOUR
QUESTION.

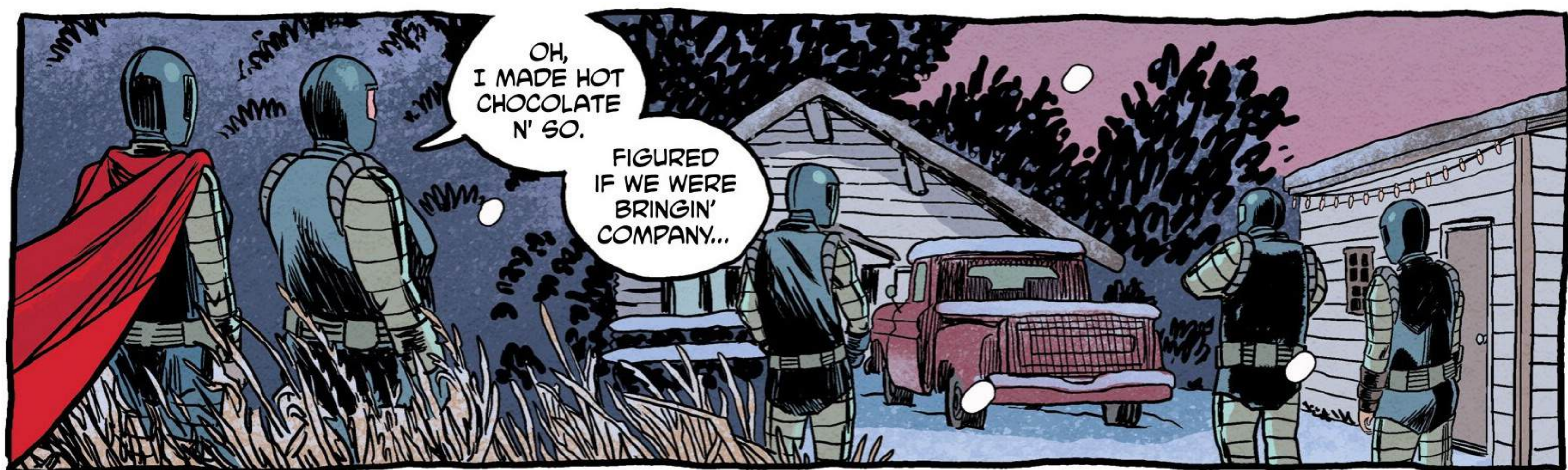
NOW,
"BIG ISLAND,"
IF YOU COULD
ANSWER ONE
OF MINE...

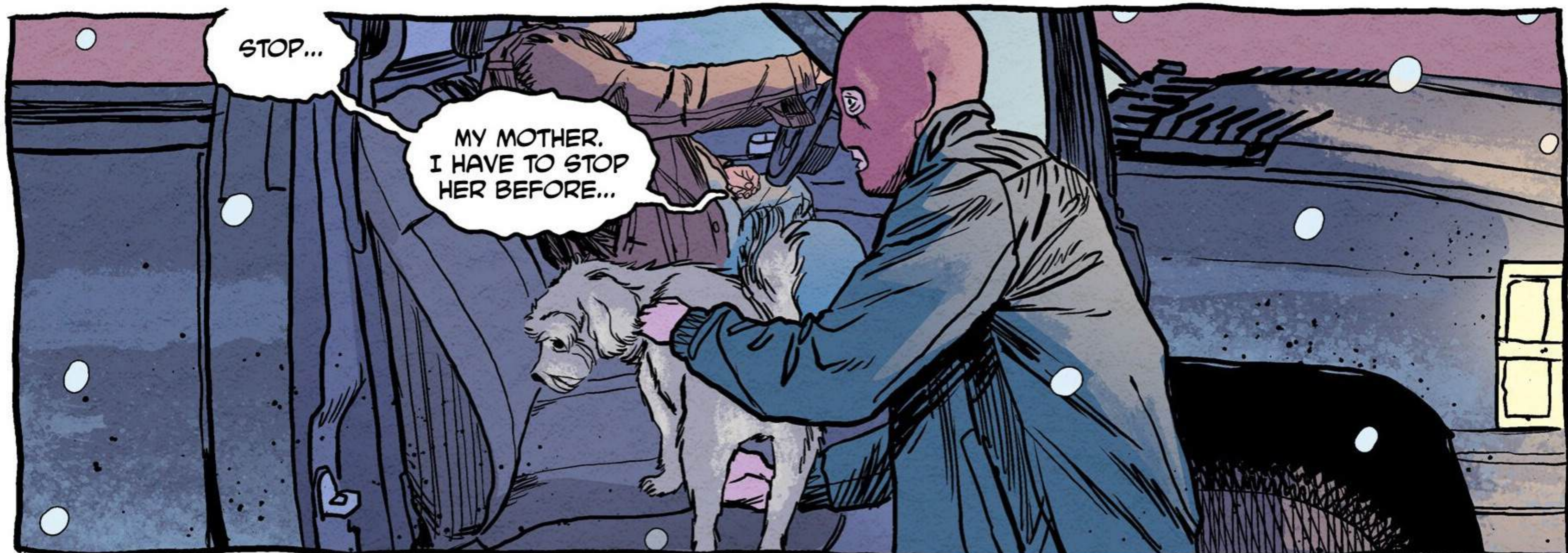
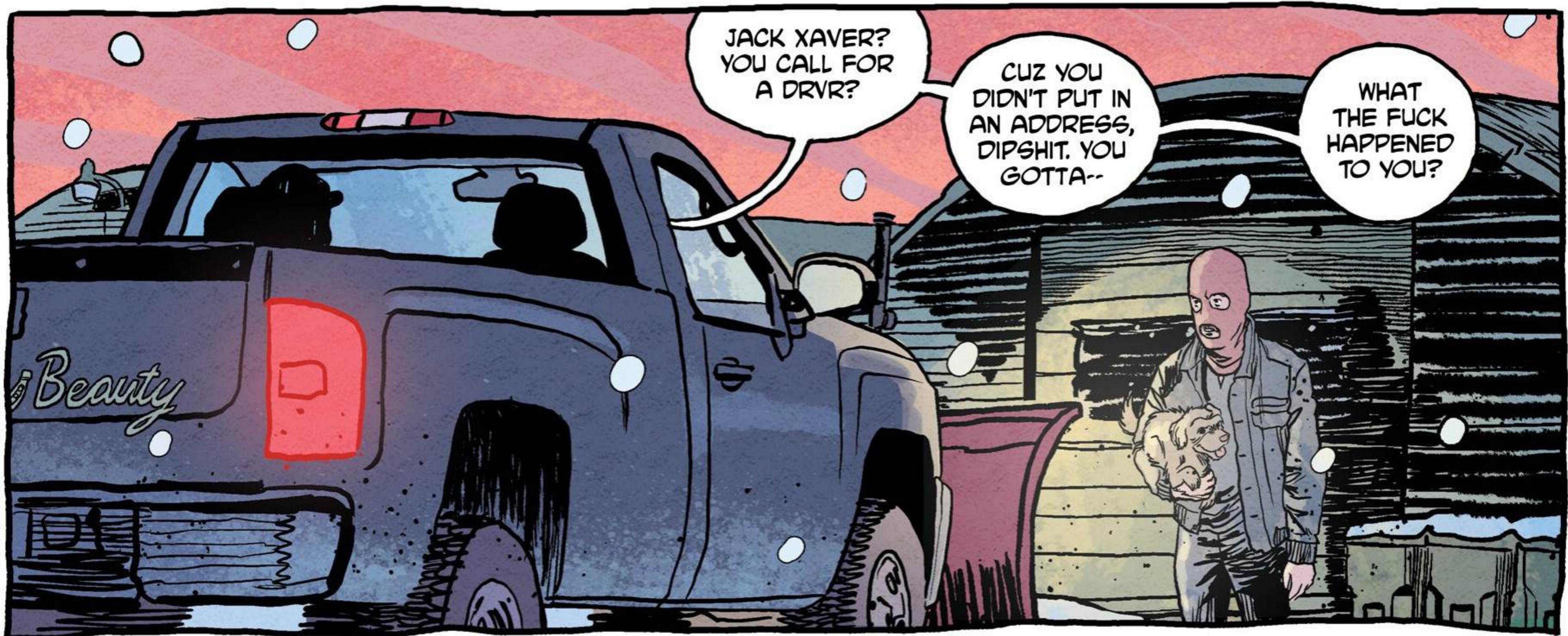
WHAT
DID YOUR
SACRIFICE
SHOW YOU?

**NEXT
ISSUE SECRETS REVEALED!**

Chapter 13







BEFORE.

...KILL
YOU!!

YOU
KILLED MY
DAD!?

YOU
KILLED
FOURTH
GEN!

GHK

GKK

WHAT
THE FUCK
DID YOU...

RFF!

RFFF!!

RFFF!

JACK.

STOP.

HRRRK

YOUR
MOTHER.

YOU HAVE
TO STOP HER
BEFORE THE
SACRIFICE.

NO!
SHE
KILLED
MY--

THEY'RE
ALREADY AT THE
FARM, JACK.
YOU DO NOT
HAVE TIME.

AND THIS ONE
ISN'T WORTH
KILLING.



MY MOTHER...

MY...



WH--

KOFF KOFF

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LET HIM FINISH IF YOU HATE ME SO MUCH?



YOU'RE RIGHT, INGA.

I DO FUCKING HATE YOU.



BUT THE FACELESS HORDE HAS ALL THOSE PEOPLE TURNED INTO MINDLESS DEVOTEES.

BECAUSE THEY SAW BETTER WORLDS INSIDE THE SHATTERING.



WE HAVE TO OFFER FARMINGTON SOMETHING BETTER.

AND I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS...

BUT I THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT IS.

NOW.

I
THOUGHT
I HAD THIS
FIGURED
OUT.

I HAD A
TEAM, LIKE
THE OLD
DAYS WITH
THIRD GEN.

BUT NOW
IT'S JUST ME
AGAINST ALL
OF THEM.

THE
FACELESS
HORDE HAS
FARMINGTON.
THEY HAVE
MY MOM.

IN THE OLD
DAYS WHEN I WAS A
SUPERHERO, Y'KNOW,
IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS
HAPPENED, I GUESS I'D
GET MAD, RIGHT?

IF I WAS
PUSHED TO MY
LIMIT, HAD EVERY-
THING TAKEN AWAY
WITH NOTHING LEFT
TO LOSE, I'D MAKE
THEM ALL PAY.

I'D GET A
BUNCH OF BIG
FUCKING GUNS
AND JUST...

BUT I
CAN'T EVEN...
I'M NOT READY.
I DON'T HAVE ANY
GUNS OR ANY...

DUDE,
C'MON...

...THIS IS
WISCONSIN.

KLATCH



WE GOT
GUNS
HERE.

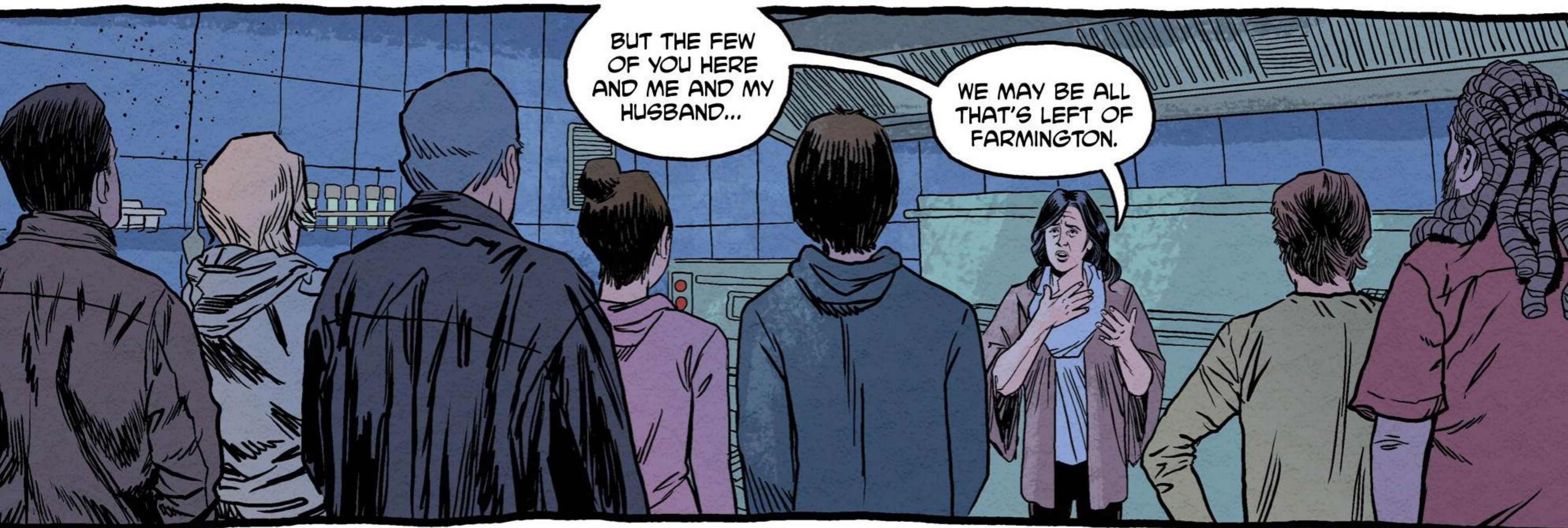
MC Beauty

WYOMING





I KNOW NONE OF YOU ARE PARTICULARLY HAPPY TO SEE ME.



BUT THE FEW OF YOU HERE AND ME AND MY HUSBAND...

WE MAY BE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF FARMINGTON.



EVERYONE ELSE IN TOWN-- YOUR FAMILIES, YOUR FRIENDS.

YOUR KIDS' TEACHERS, YOUR SWORN ENEMIES...

THEY'VE ALL FALLEN INTO SOMETHING AND THEY'RE GOING TO KEEP FALLING.

YOU HAVE TO HAVE SEEN IT.



THIS IS SUPERVILLAIN STUFF. AND FOR BETTER OR WORSE...

I'VE GOT SOME EXPERIENCE WITH SUPER-VILLAINS.



WHY THE FUCK WOULD WE EVER TRUST YOU, "AUNTIE INGA"?



YOU
SHOULDN'T
TRUST HER.
I SURE DON'T.

BUT A **REAL**
SUPERHERO
GAVE ME THIS
BOX AND...



...MISS INGA'S
THE ONLY ONE
HERE THAT KNOWS
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT.

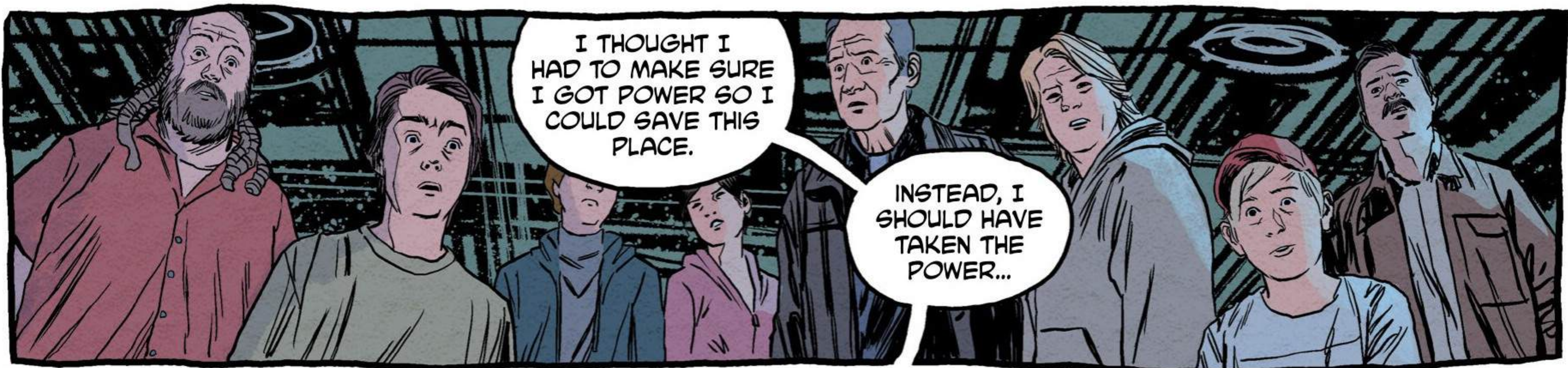


I HURT
FARMINGTON.
I KNOW THAT.

I RAN FROM YOU
ALL RATHER THAN
FACE YOU. BUT WHILE
I WAS OUT THERE
RUNNING, I THOUGHT
ABOUT EVERYTHING
I DID WRONG.

I DID
A LOT
WRONG.

BUT
MY MAIN
MISTAKE
WAS...

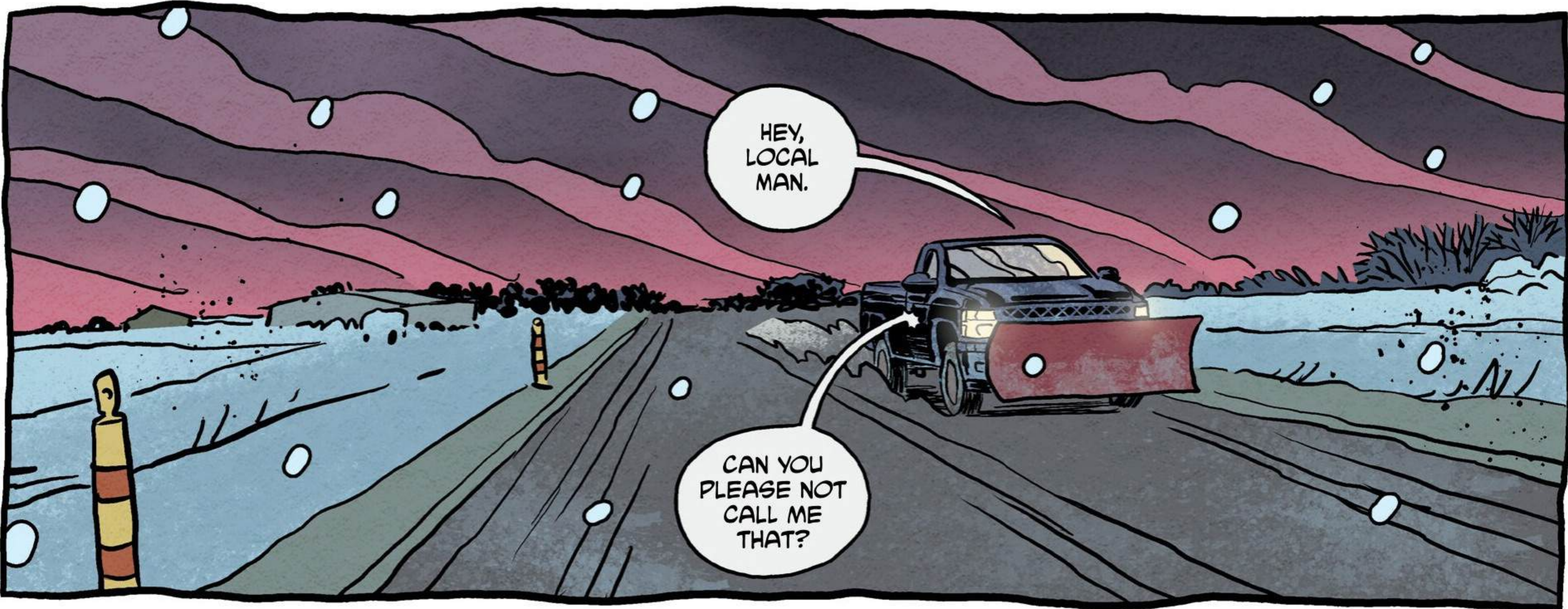


I THOUGHT I
HAD TO MAKE SURE
I GOT POWER SO I
COULD SAVE THIS
PLACE.

INSTEAD, I
SHOULD HAVE
TAKEN THE
POWER...



...AND
SHARED
IT.



HEY,
LOCAL
MAN.

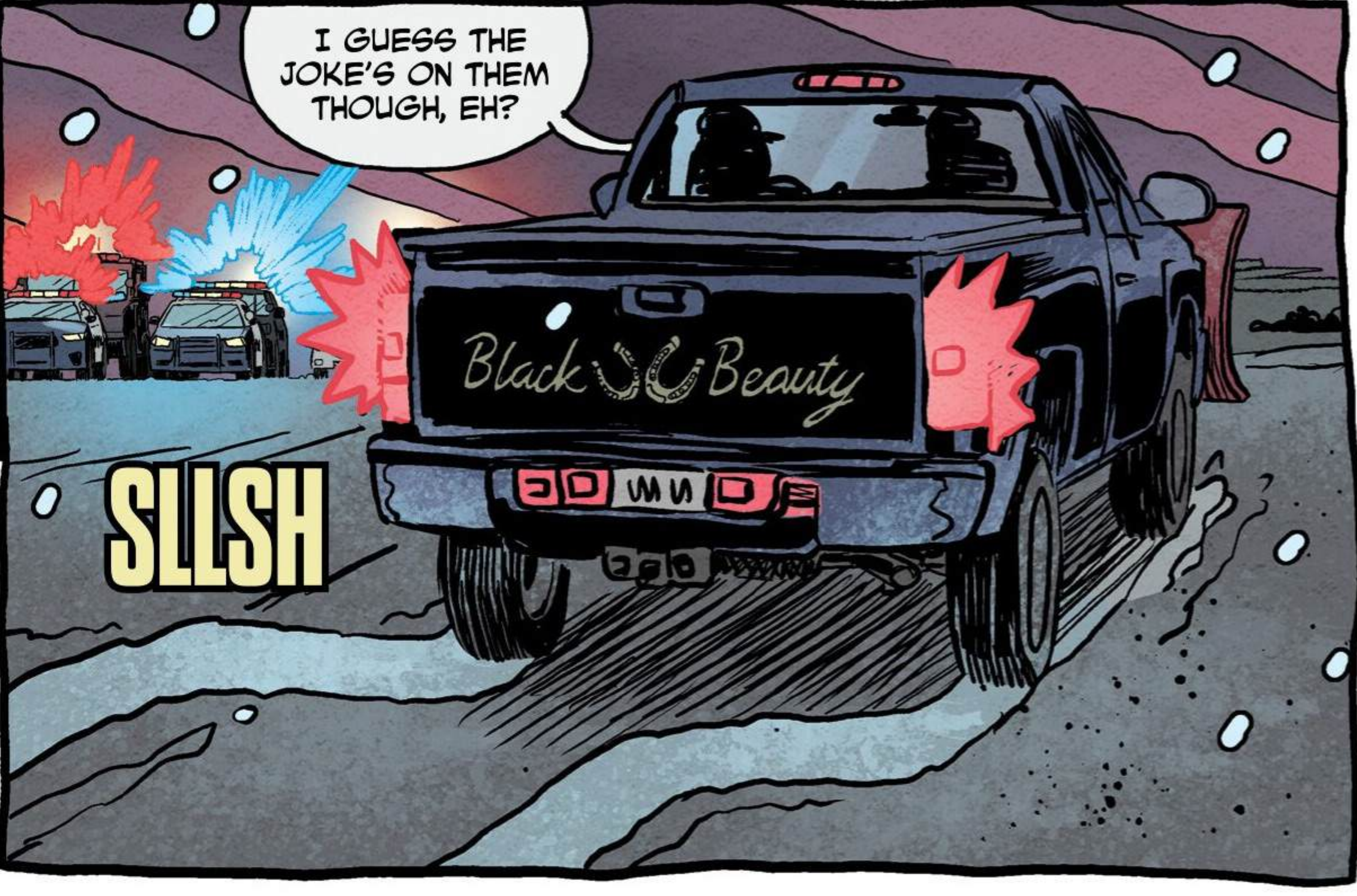
CAN YOU
PLEASE NOT
CALL ME
THAT?



SORRY, I'M
JUST IMAGINING
TOMORROW'S
HEADLINE.



"LOCAL MAN BRINGS
EVERY FUCKIN' COP IN
SOUTH CENTRAL WISCON-
SIN DOWN ON HIS ASS."



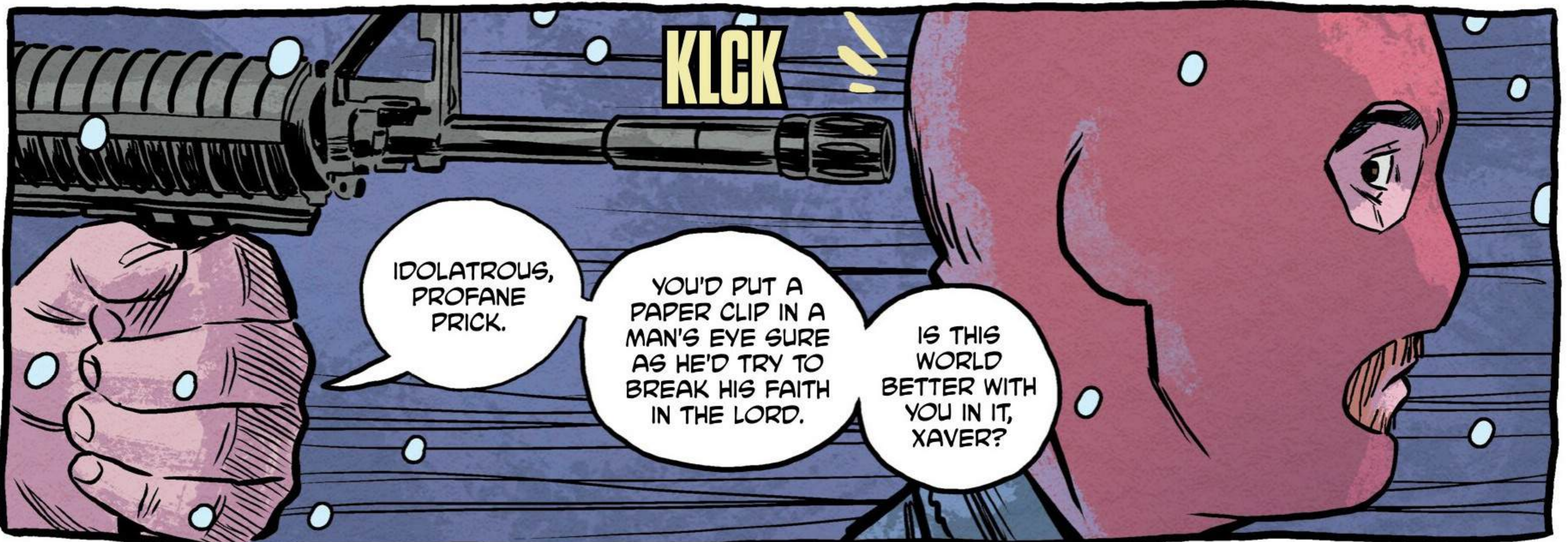
I GUESS THE
JOKE'S ON THEM
THOUGH, EH?

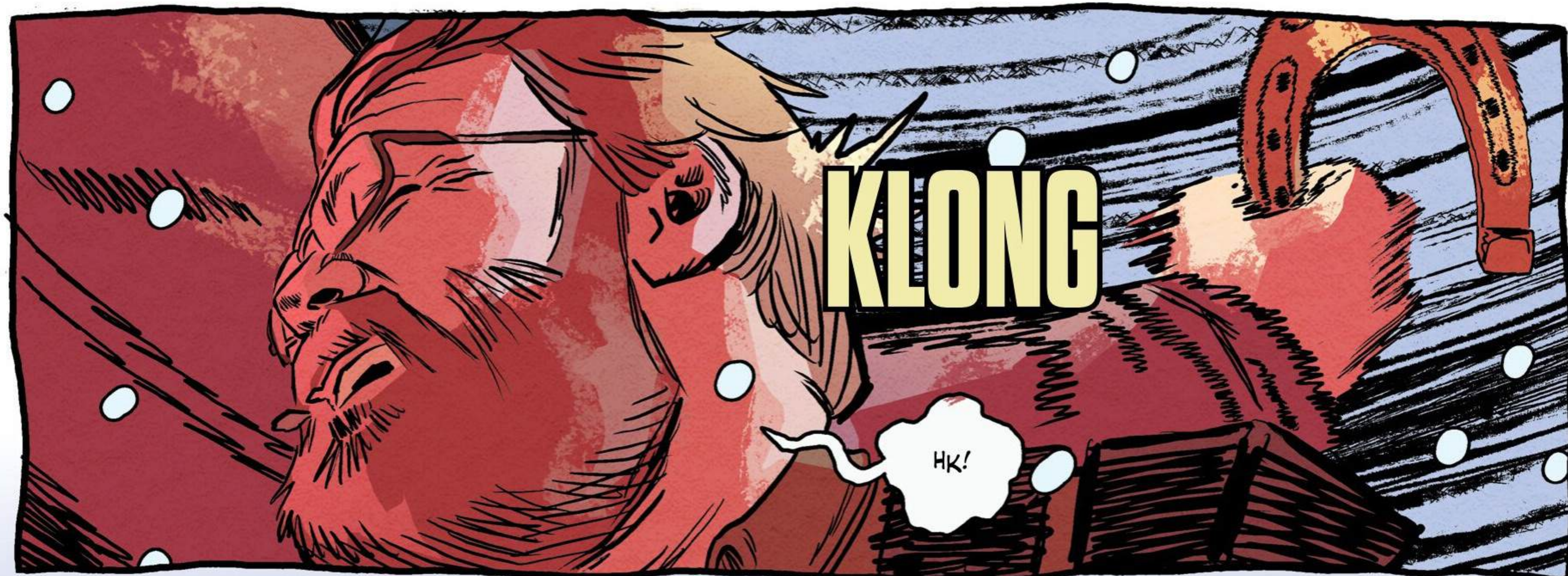
SLLSH



I MEAN, YOUR
SUPERPOWER IS
THAT YOU DON'T
MISS, RIGHT?

SPLSH







WHEN I WENT TO SLEEP, MY LOVE WAS HOLDING ME. AND WHEN I AWOK, MY LIFE WAS IN PIECES. HE WAS GONE.

THE HOLE WHERE HE HAD BEEN WAS PAINTED OVER. EVERYONE FORGOT HIM. FORGOT HIS TEAM. THAT THIS WORLD HAD ONCE BEEN BRIGHTER.

EVERYONE BUT ME.



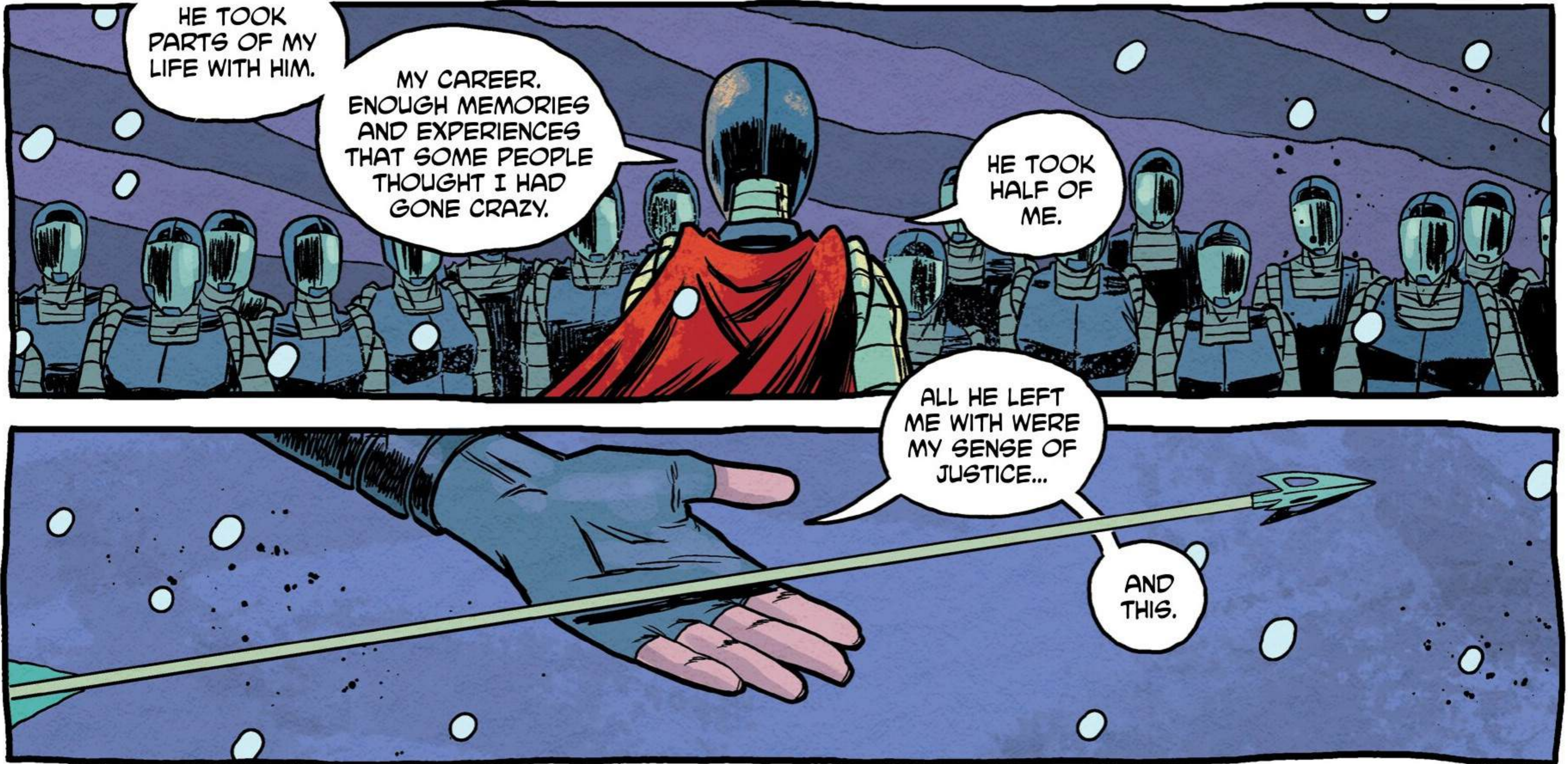
"FOR YEARS I HUNTED. I CHASED WHISPERS. I SEARCHED FOR MEANING. UNTIL I FINALLY BROKE THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE."

"I SAW THE SHATTERING."

"ENTROPY'S EVENT HORIZON."

"I SAW MY LOVE RIPPED FROM THIS UNIVERSE TO A MORE AWESOME WORLD."

SEE: SHATTERED IMAGE #1-4



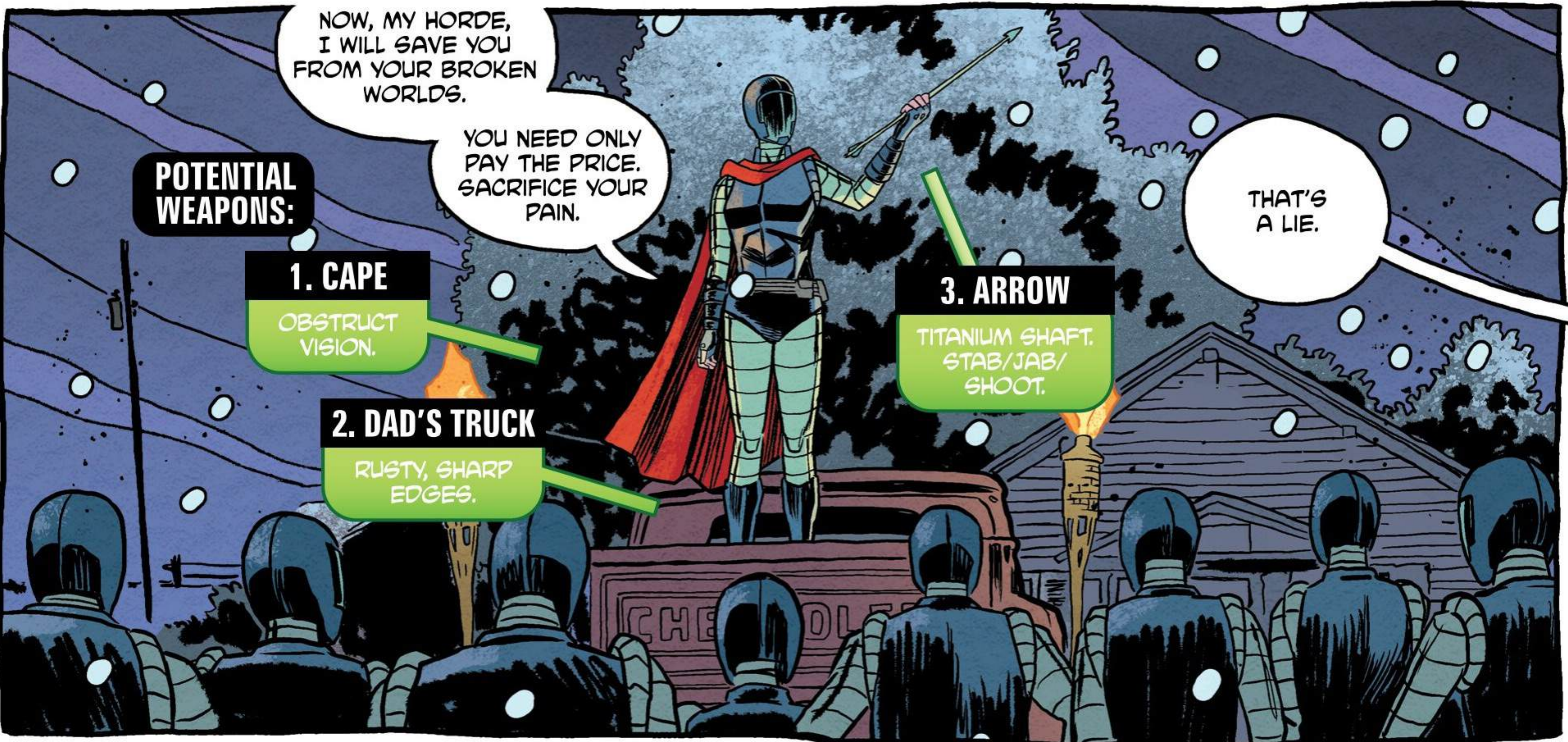
HE TOOK PARTS OF MY LIFE WITH HIM.

MY CAREER. ENOUGH MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES THAT SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT I HAD GONE CRAZY.

HE TOOK HALF OF ME.

ALL HE LEFT ME WITH WERE MY SENSE OF JUSTICE...

AND THIS.



NOW, MY HORDE, I WILL SAVE YOU FROM YOUR BROKEN WORLDS.

YOU NEED ONLY PAY THE PRICE. SACRIFICE YOUR PAIN.

POTENTIAL WEAPONS:

1. CAPE

OBSTRUCT VISION.

2. DAD'S TRUCK

RUSTY, SHARP EDGES.

3. ARROW

TITANIUM SHAFT. STAB/JAB/SHOOT.

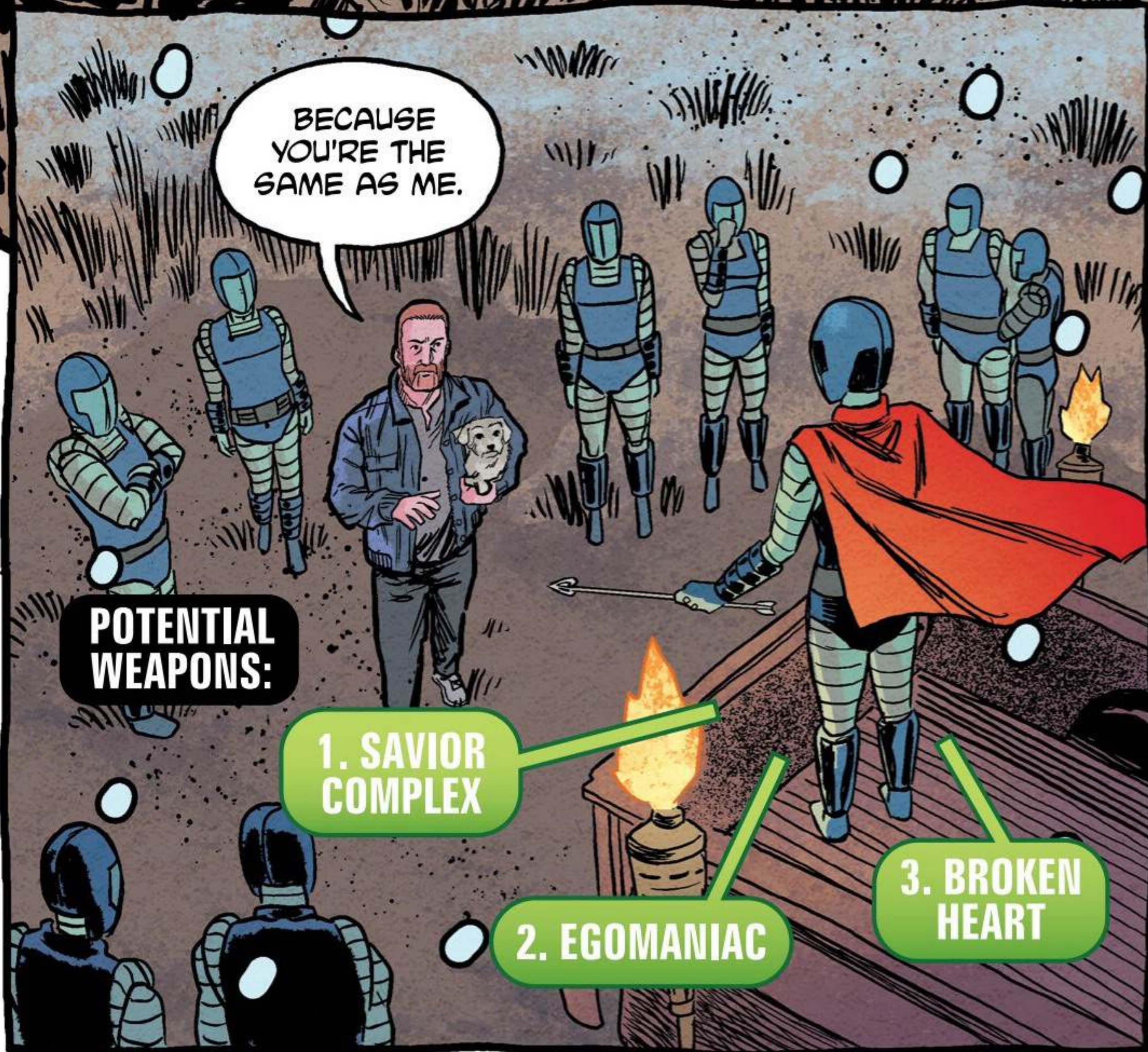
THAT'S A LIE.



THIS ISN'T ABOUT THEM.

IT'S ABOUT YOU.

I KNOW...



BECAUSE YOU'RE THE SAME AS ME.

POTENTIAL WEAPONS:

1. SAVIOR COMPLEX

2. EGOMANIAC

3. BROKEN HEART

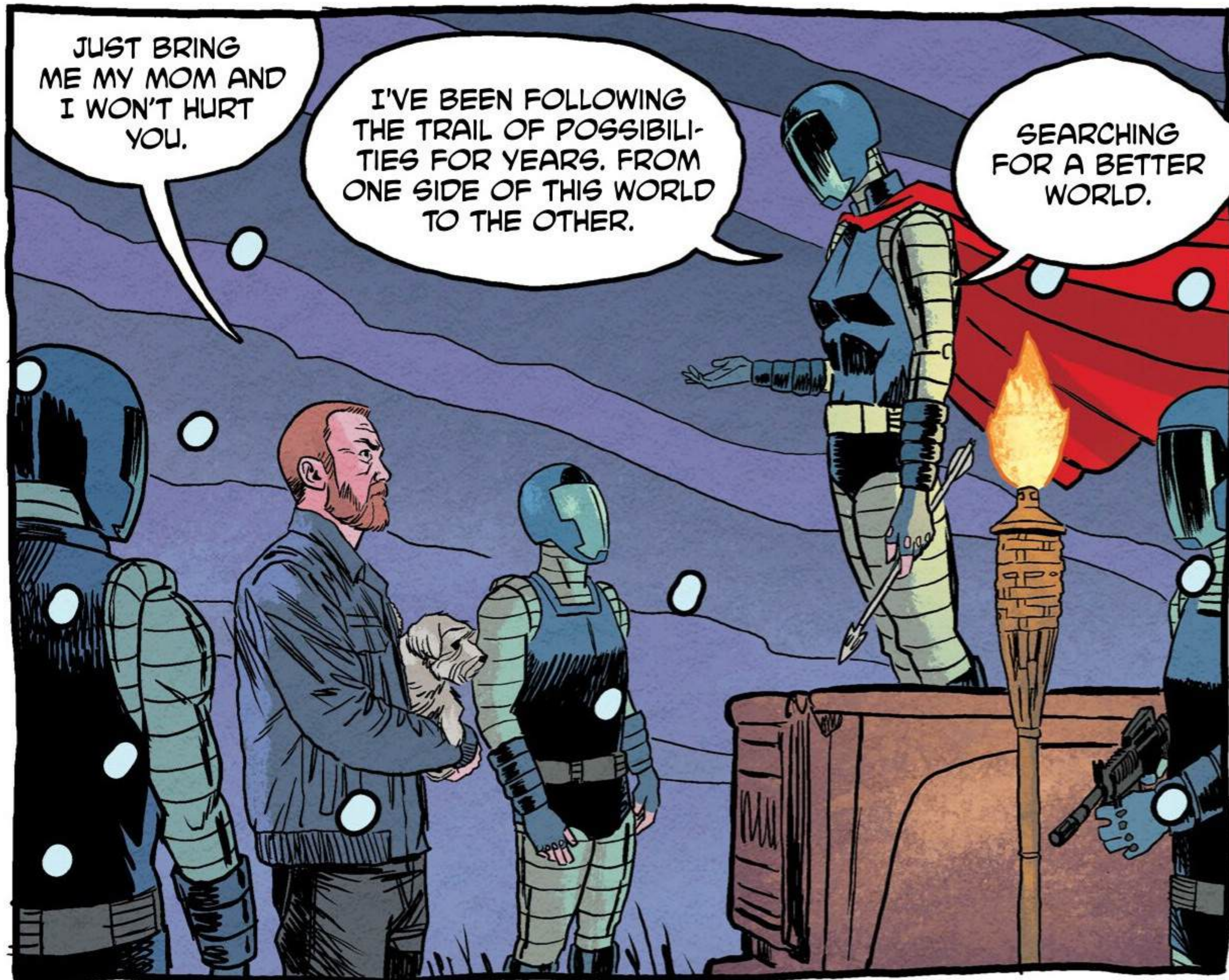


JACK XAVER, AT LAST.

IT'S TRUE. WE SHARE AN UNUSUAL ABILITY.

YOU USE YOURS TO AIM WEAPONS OF WAR.

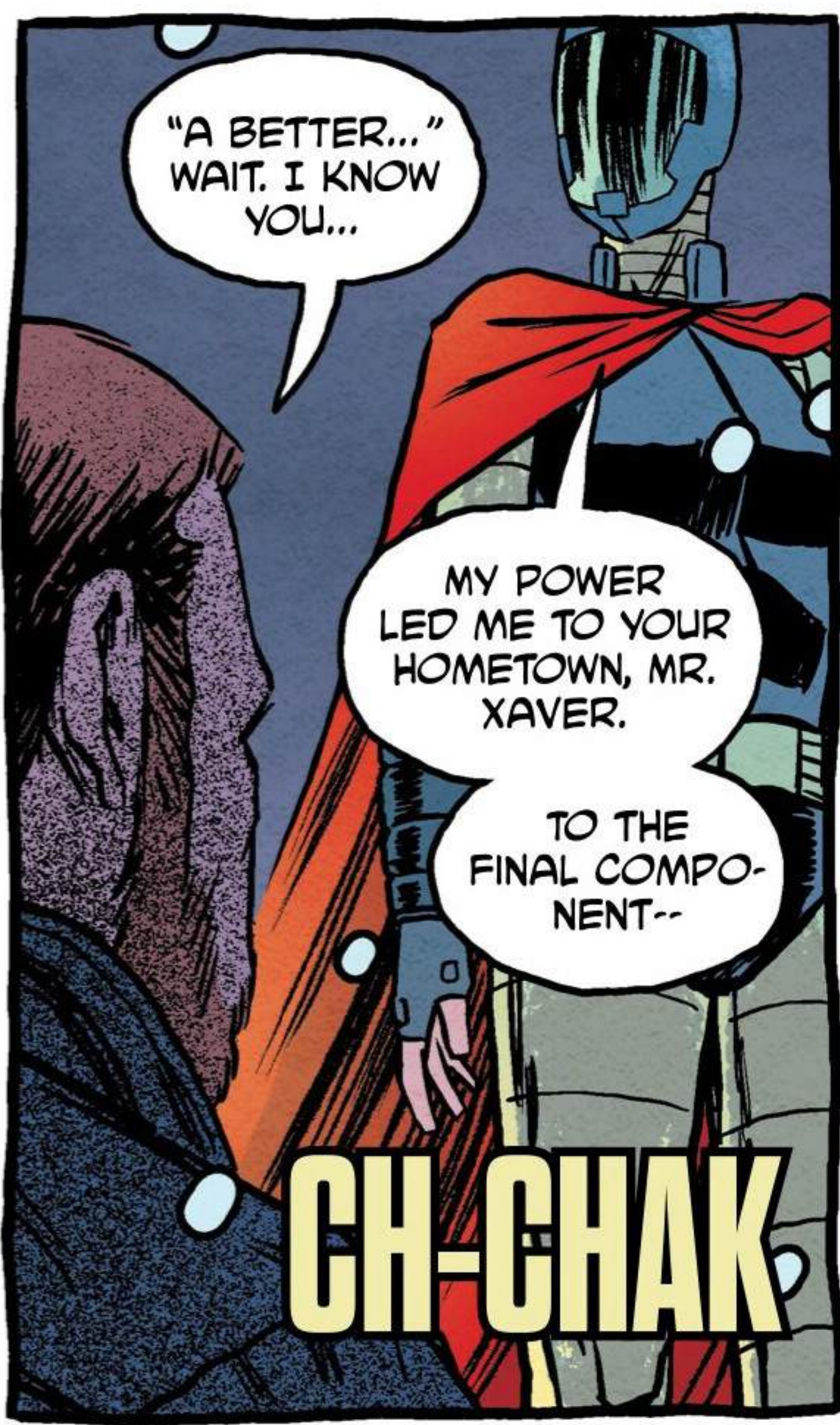
I USED MINE TO SEE THE POTENTIAL IN THIS SHATTERED UNIVERSE. HOW TO UNLOCK THE SHARDS.



JUST BRING ME MY MOM AND I WON'T HURT YOU.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF POSSIBILITIES FOR YEARS. FROM ONE SIDE OF THIS WORLD TO THE OTHER.

SEARCHING FOR A BETTER WORLD.

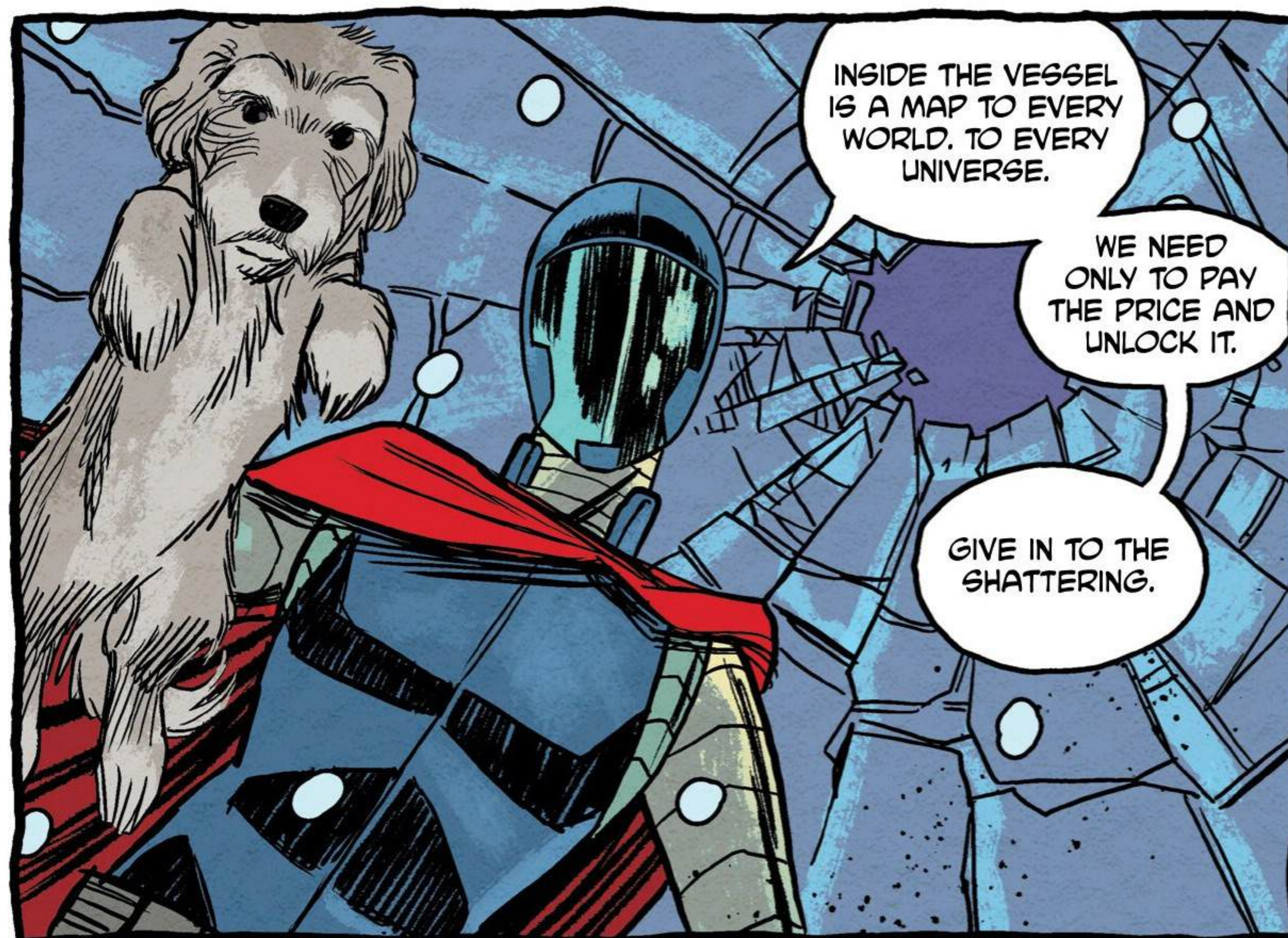
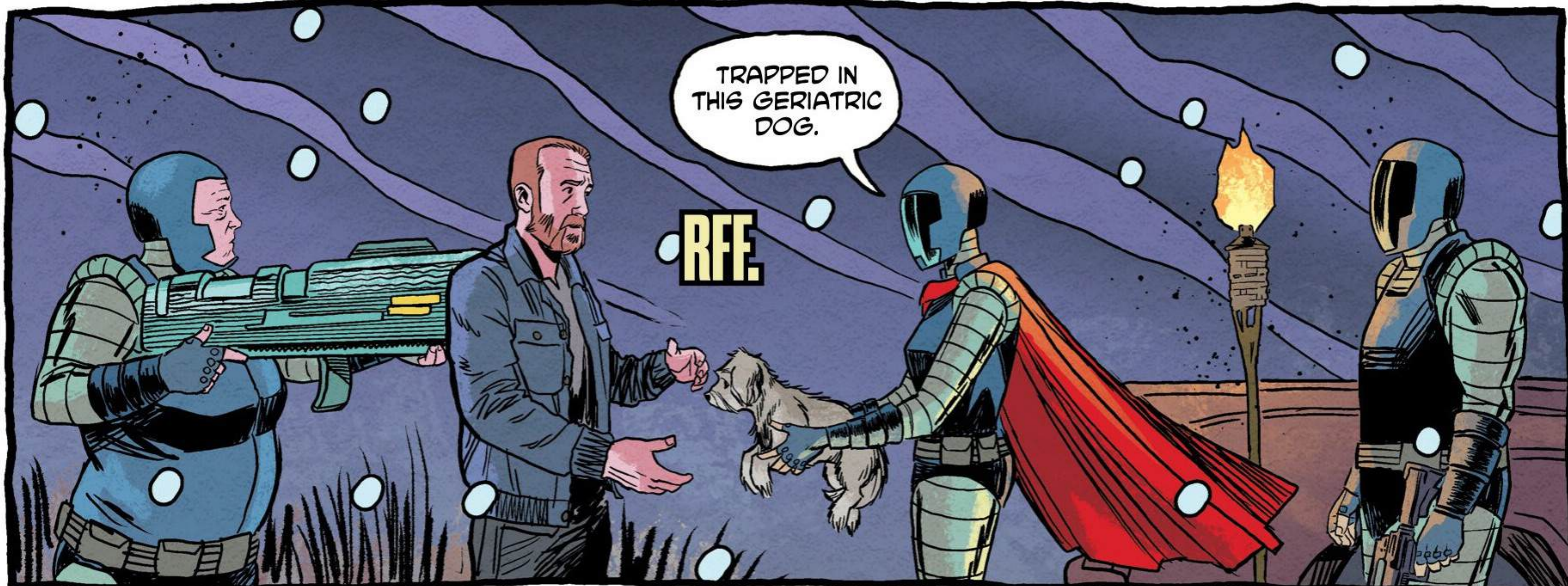


"A BETTER..." WAIT. I KNOW YOU...

MY POWER LED ME TO YOUR HOMETOWN, MR. XAVER.

TO THE FINAL COMPONENT--

CH-CHAK







YOU'RE
SUPERHEROES
NOW!

ACT
LIKE IT!!



I'm
sooper
for real!

THOOM



OH MY
HEAVENS,
I'M CYBER.

I'M
CYBER!!

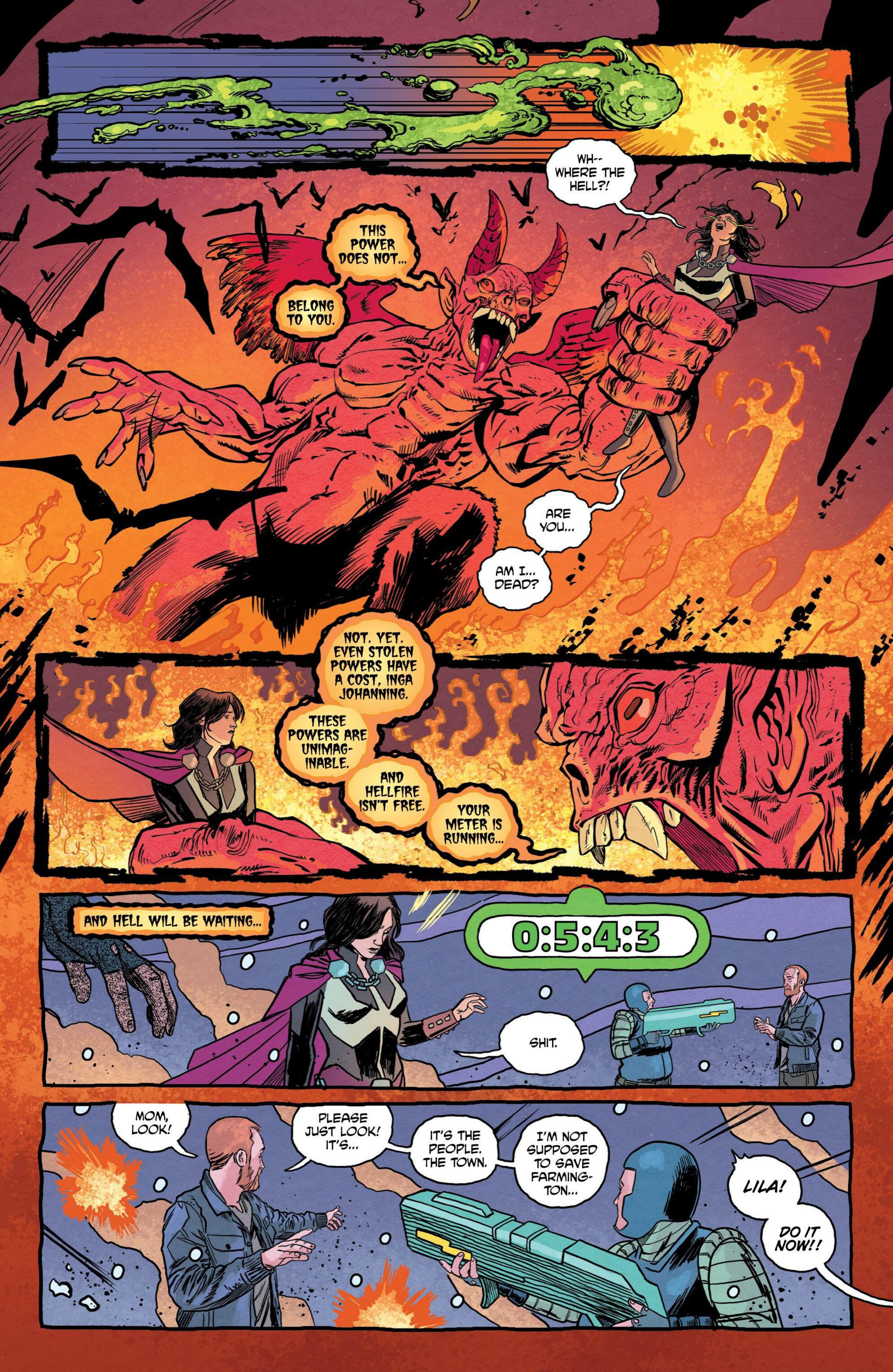
FZAPPP



WE ONLY
GET ONE SHOT
AT THIS!

THIS IS FOR
EVERYTHING!
FOR FARMINGT--

BLIPP



WH--
WHERE THE
HELL?!

THIS
POWER
DOES NOT...

BELONG
TO YOU.

ARE
YOU...

AM I...
DEAD?

NOT. YET.
EVEN STOLEN
POWERS HAVE
A COST, INGA
JOHANNING.

THESE
POWERS ARE
UNIMAG-
INABLE.

AND
HELLFIRE
ISN'T FREE.

YOUR
METER IS
RUNNING...

AND HELL WILL BE WAITING...

0:5:4:3

SHIT.

MOM,
LOOK!

PLEASE
JUST LOOK!
IT'S...

IT'S THE
PEOPLE.
THE TOWN.

I'M NOT
SUPPOSED
TO SAVE
FARMING-
TON...

LILA!

DO IT
NOW!!



...THEY'RE
SAVING
US.

MOM!
FARMING-
TON IS--

LILA, WE
DON'T HAVE
TIME FOR
THIS!

JACK?

MOM!

WHEN...
DID YOU
GET HOME?

IF YOU
WON'T MAKE
YOUR SACRI-
FICE...

THEN YOU
WILL *BE* THE
SACRIFICE.

SKLUTCH

HNN

KATHOOM

RAAAAAH!

HNF

KRRSSSH

HNN.

I...

I
HEAR
YOU.



THE
YOUNG.

A HERO.
HERO.

THE
WILD.

THE
SUPREME.

HEROES.

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY.

GIRLFRIEND.

MY LOVE.

BABY...
I FOUND
YOU.

I KNEW
IF I...

I KNEW WE
DESERVED A
BETTER
WORLD.

WE
DESER-
VED...

SHELLY!

WHAT
THE--

FUCK
WHAT YOU
DESERVE.

CRASH!!!



NO
FUCK YOU,
CROSS-
JACK!

YOU'RE EXACTLY
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THIS WORLD.
LOOK AT
YOURSELF!

YOU ALMOST
JUST LET YOUR
MOTHER MURDER YOU.
BECAUSE, "OH, I'M
SO WORTHLESS."

"OH, I'M SO
SAD. I HATE
MYSELF! LIFE'S
SO HARD!"

SUPERHEROES
WERE **MEN** IN
MY WORLD.

NOT LITTLE
PUSSIES
LIKE YOU.

YOU KNOW
WHAT!? LIFE
IS HARD.

BUT YOU DON'T
GET TO OPT OUT!
YOU DON'T GET TO
JUST FUCKING KILL
PEOPLE!

YOU
KILLED MY...
MY...

BECAUSE...

BECAUSE
YOU **BELIEVE** YOU
DESERVE SOME-
THING THAT YOU
USED TO HAVE!



YOU DON'T GET
EXTRA POINTS FOR
BEING A FUCKING
TRUE BELIEVER, YOU
PSYCHO!

YOU'RE NOT
LOOKING FOR A
BETTER WORLD.
YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR THE PAST.

NO.
THIS ISN'T--

I SPENT
YEARS LIVING
IN THE PAST.

AND LADY,
I'VE GOT BAD
NEWS FOR
YOU...

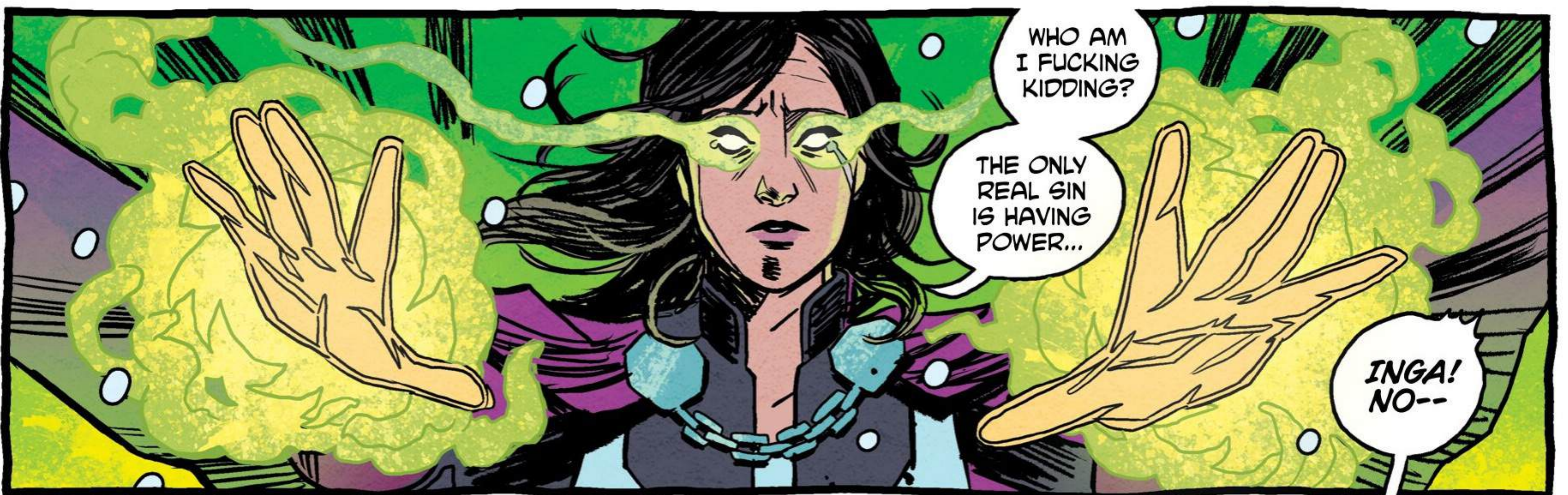
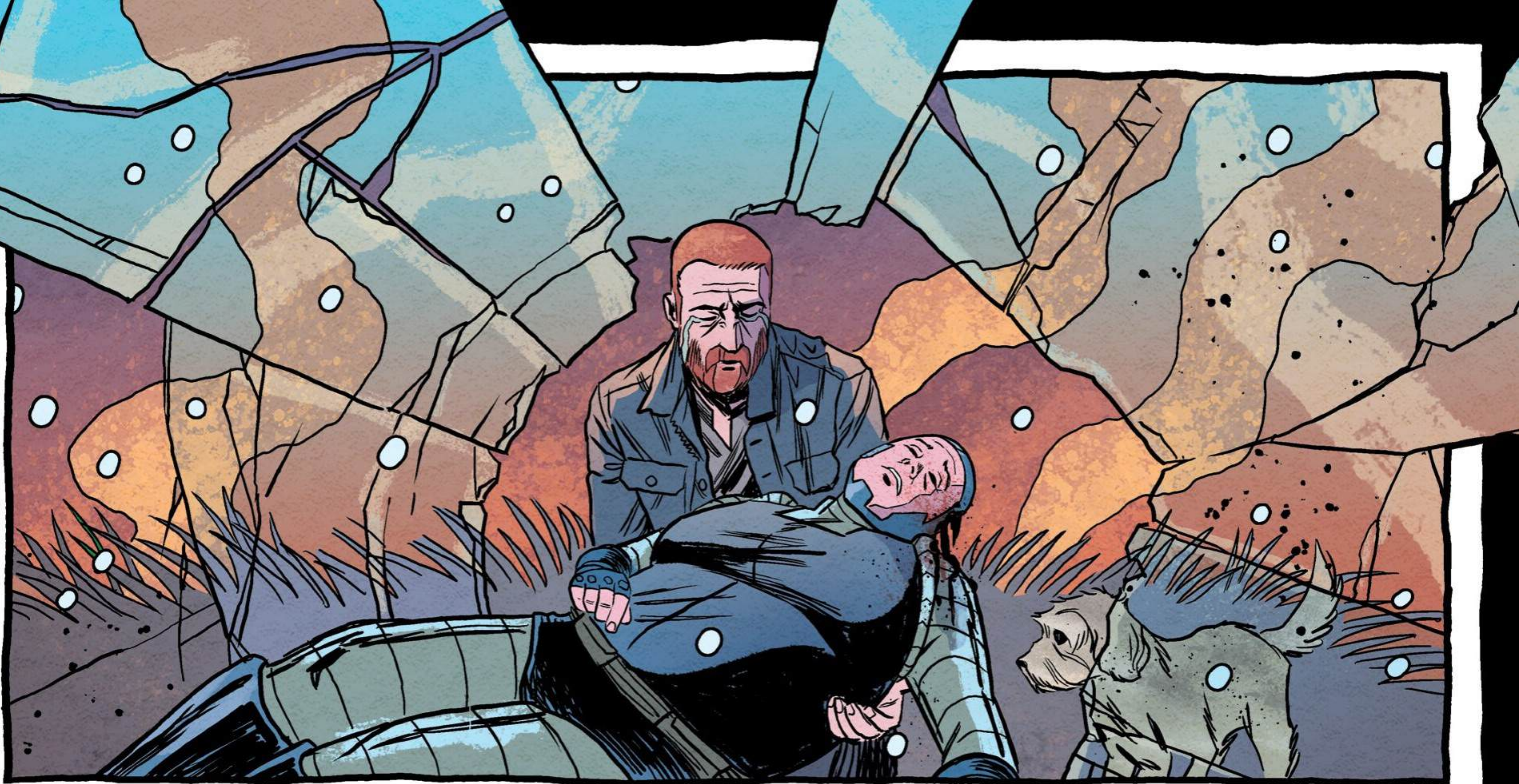
"THE PAST ISN'T THERE ANYMORE."



SLAM!

NO! NO!!
LET ME
OUT!

PEPPER.
TAKE US--



0:0:0:0

"...AND NOT USING IT."





SUMMER.

WELL,
WHEREVER IT
IS, I'M PRETTY
SURE THIS
ISN'T IT.

UGH!
STOP!

I'LL JUST ASK
SOMEONE FOR
DIRECTIONS,
OKAY?

HEY.
SORRY TO
BOTHER
YOU.

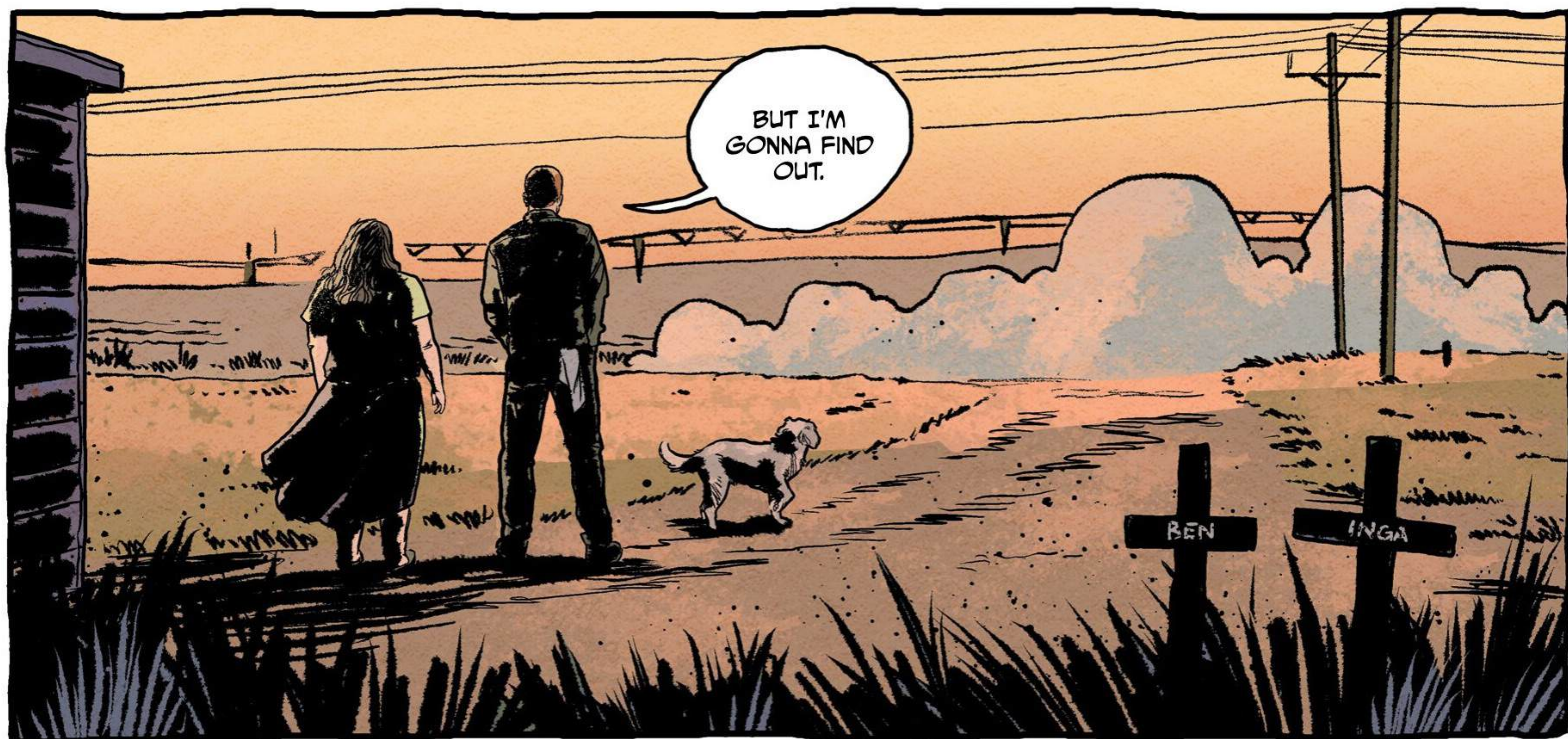
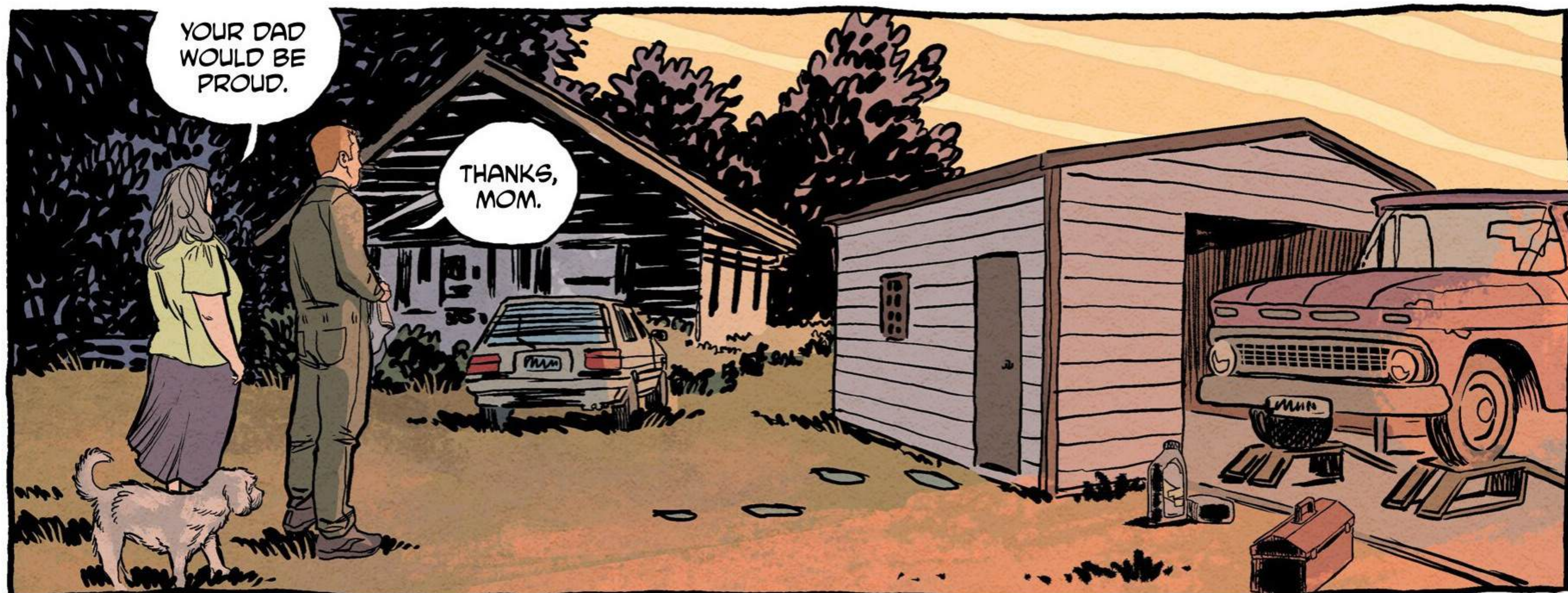
WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
DOWNTOWN?

THERE'S
A BAKERY
LIQUIDATION
SALE...

MY HUSBAND
IS GETTING
ANNOYED
WITH ME.

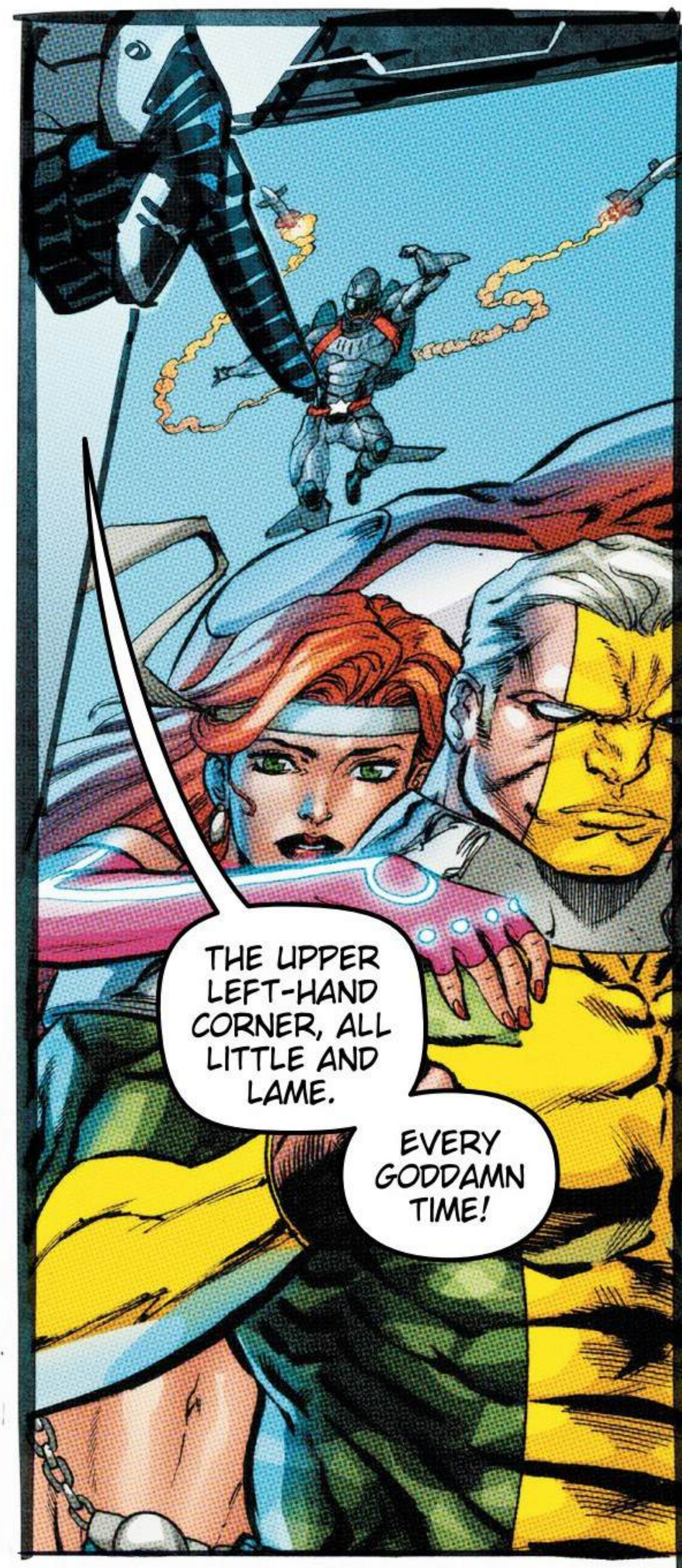
CAN YOU
HELP US
OUT?

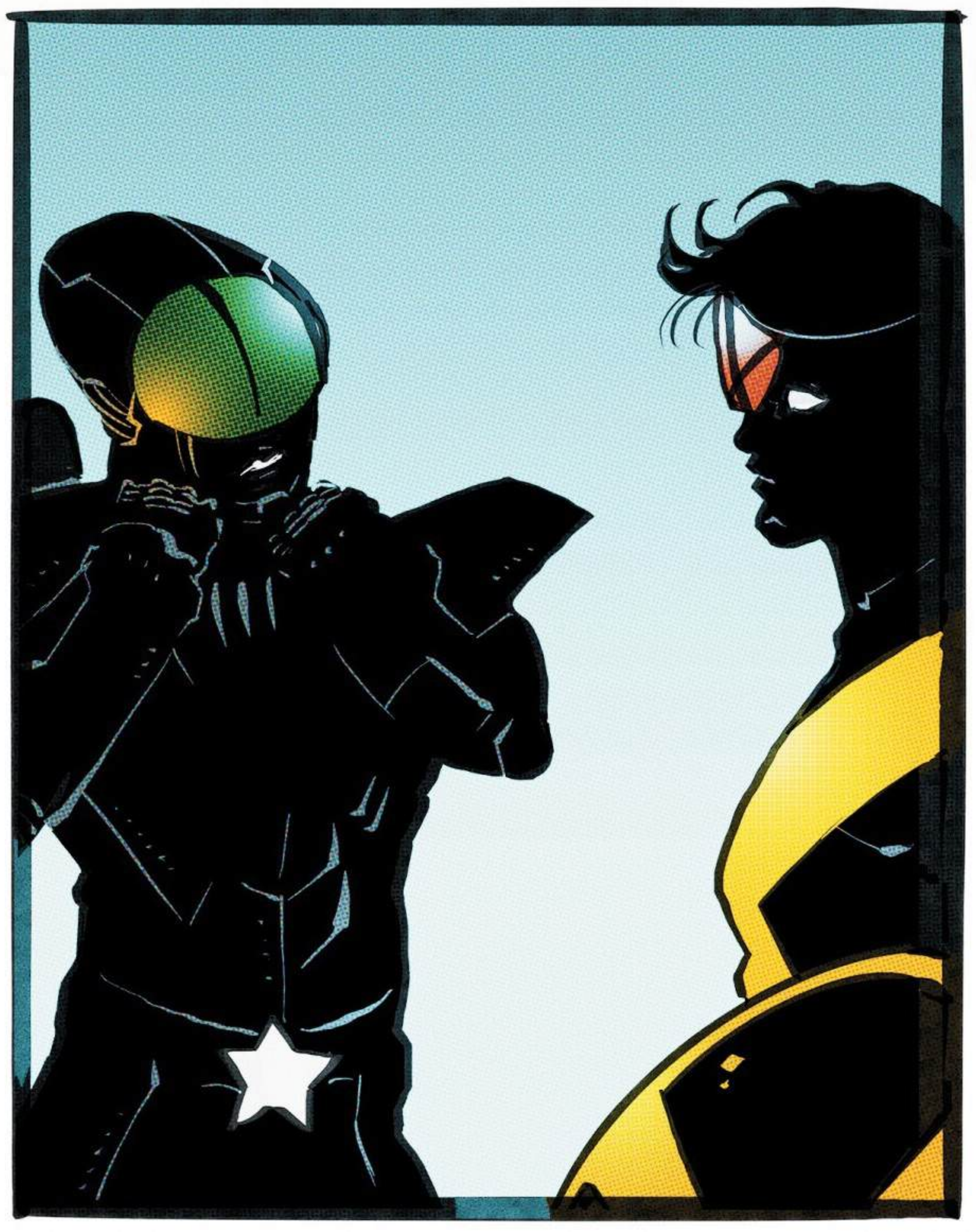
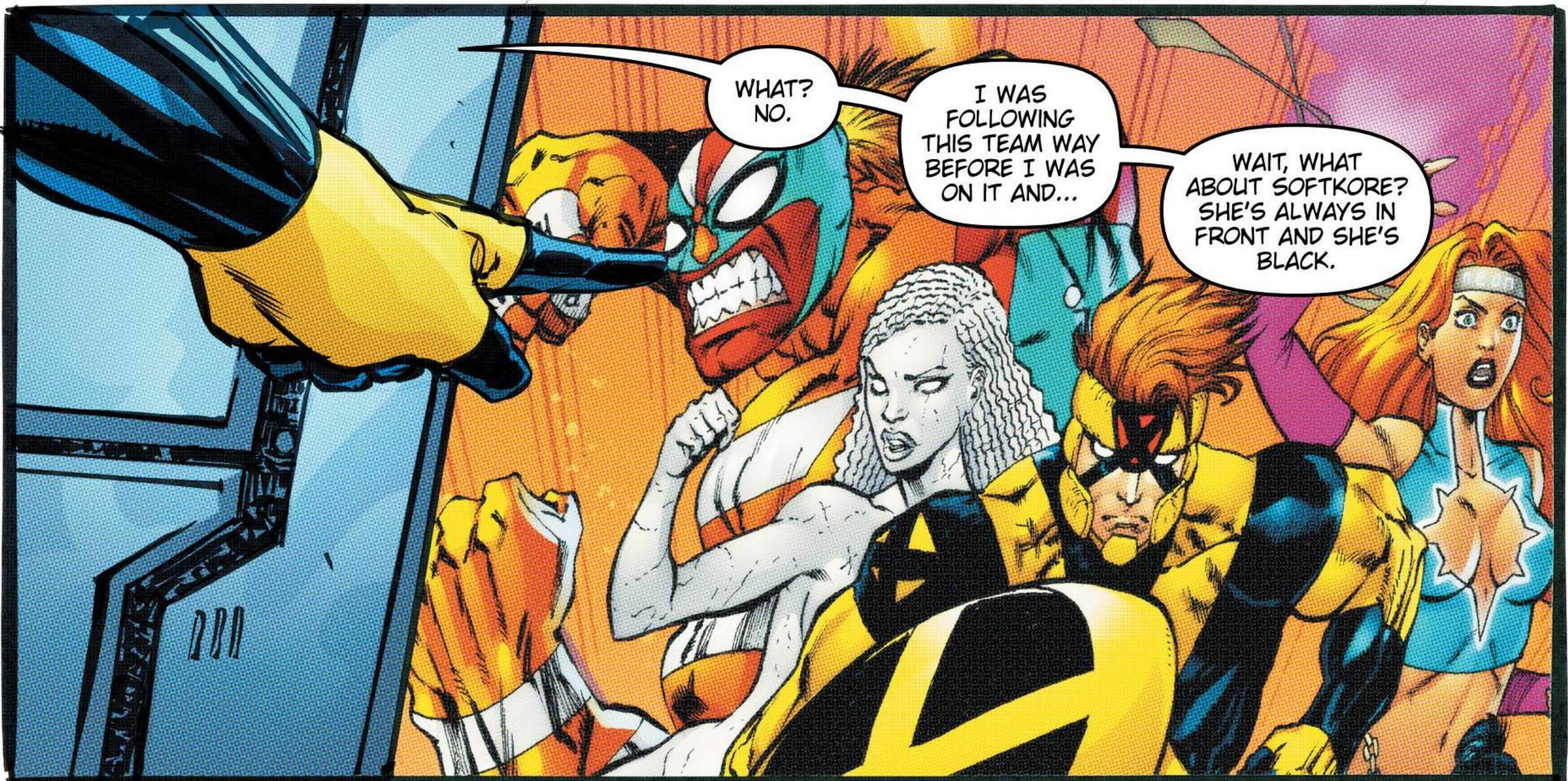
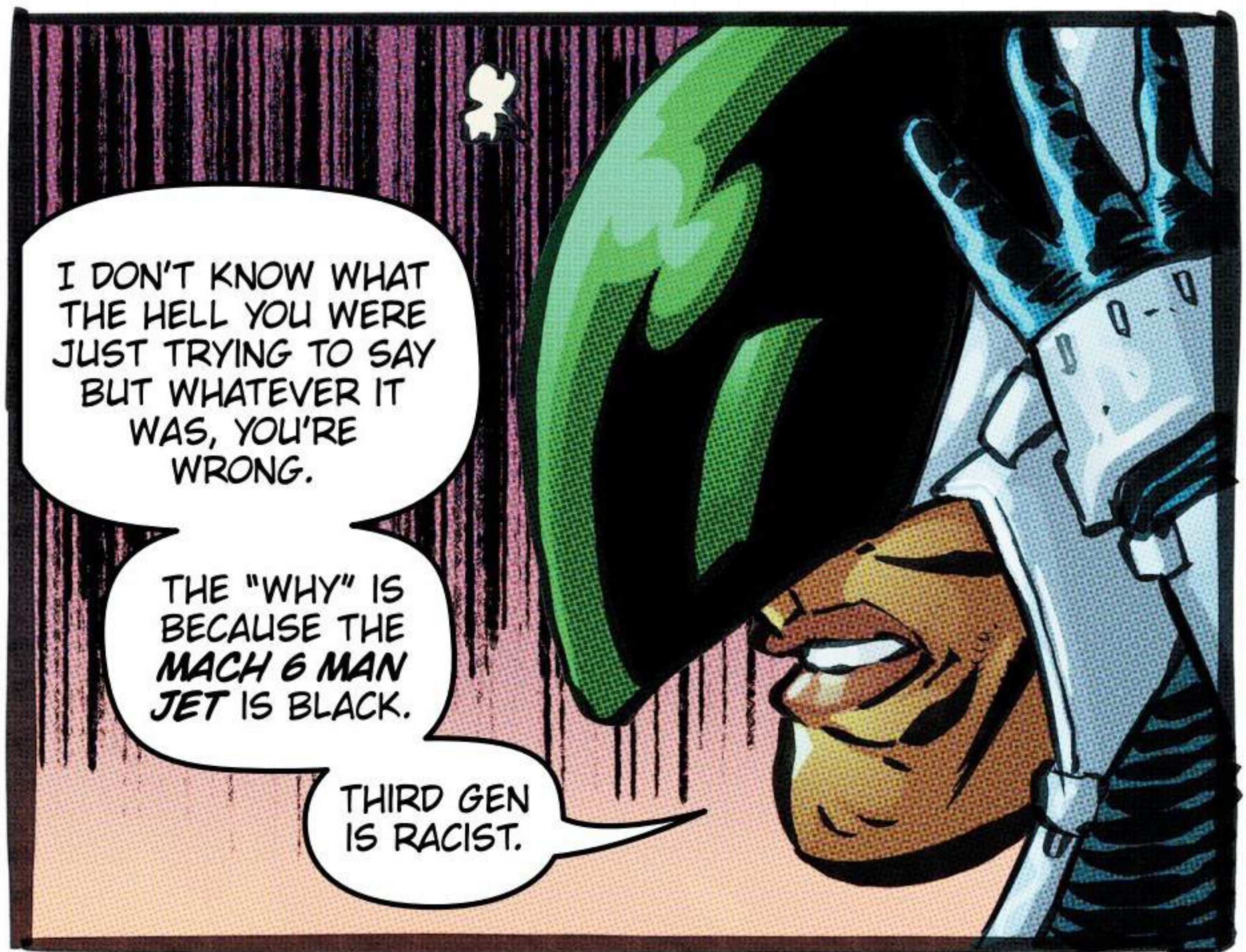
OH.
SURE.





**THIRD GEN HEADQUARTERS,
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA.**







HOLD UP!
CHANGE OF
PLANS!

HEY, MR.
CHAN--

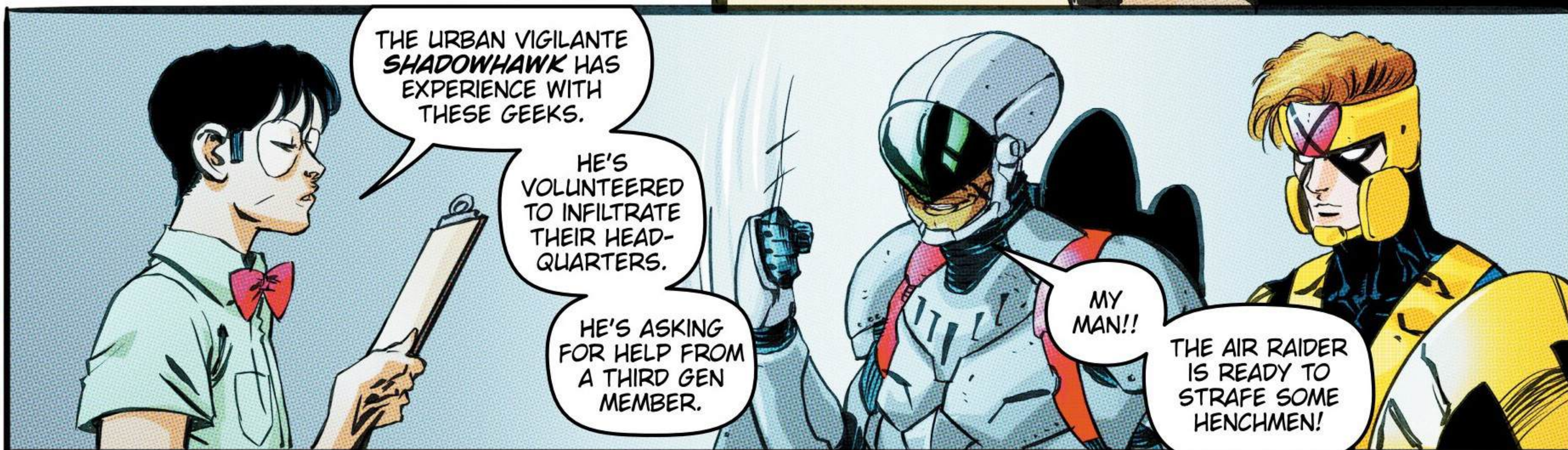
THE SIXTH
EXTINCTION RUN
IS SCRAMBLED!

WE'VE GOT
SOMETHING
BETTER.

MORPHEUS
OR... ORPHEUS?
WHATEVER IT IS,
THEY'RE AT IT
AGAIN.

THEY STOLE A TOP
SECRET GENETIC SAMPLE
FROM THE D.O.D.* THAT
CONTAINS DNA SAMPLES
FROM EVERY KNOWN
ACTIVE SUPERHUMAN.

*DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE



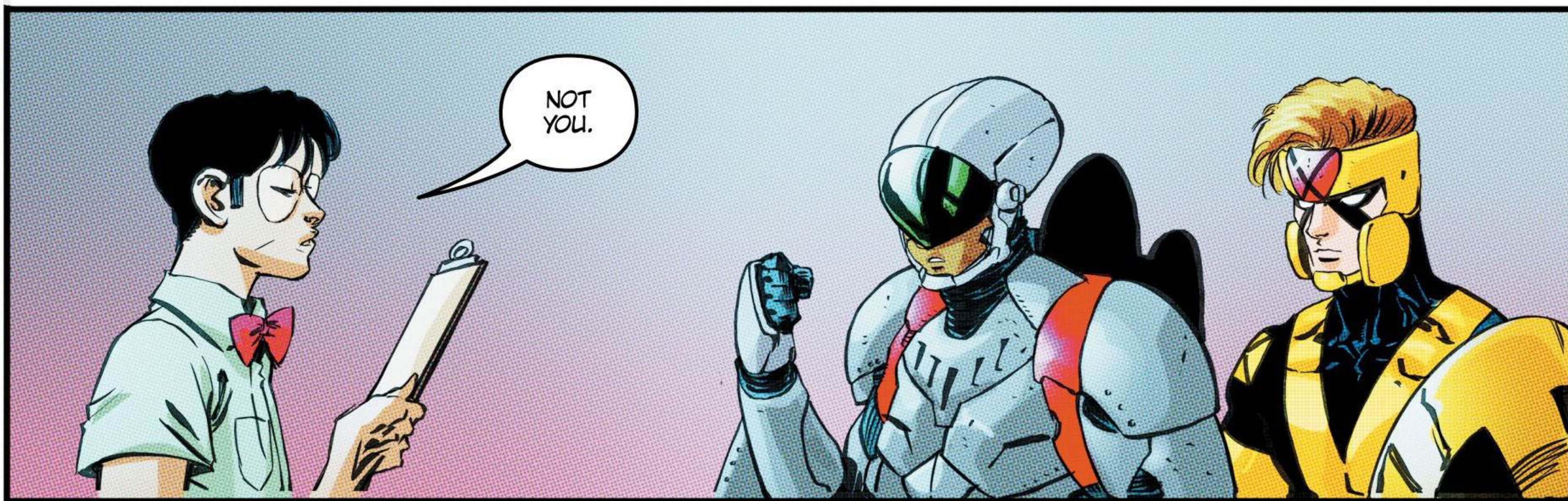
THE URBAN VIGILANTE
SHADOWHAWK HAS
EXPERIENCE WITH
THESE GEEKS.

HE'S
VOLUNTEERED
TO INFILTRATE
THEIR HEAD-
QUARTERS.

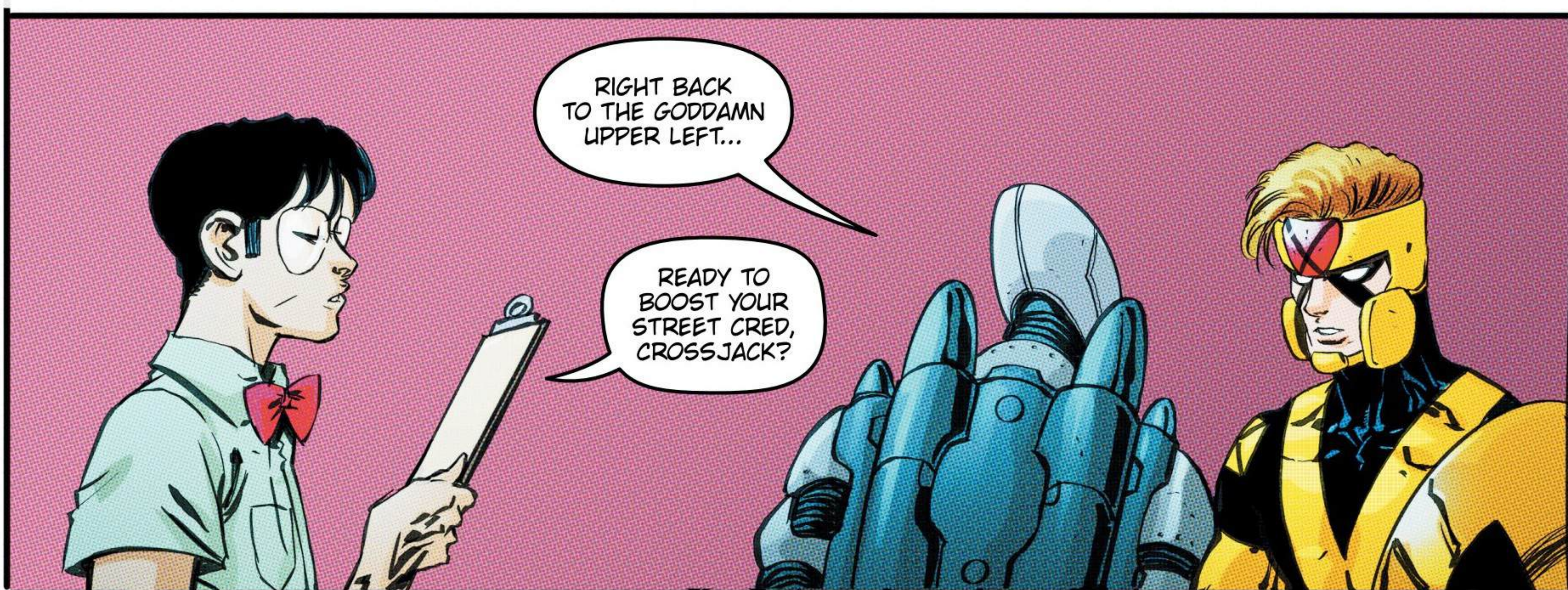
HE'S ASKING
FOR HELP FROM
A THIRD GEN
MEMBER.

MY
MAN!!

THE AIR RAIDER
IS READY TO
STRAFE SOME
HENCHMEN!



NOT
YOU.



RIGHT BACK
TO THE GODDAMN
UPPER LEFT...

READY TO
BOOST YOUR
STREET CRED,
CROSSJACK?

NEAR THE AUSTRIAN/SWISS BORDER.



**LET'S
DO IT!**

TO BE CONTINUED...



Chapter 25

AMP! 24
SCLLY

HELL'S GATE PENITENTIARY.

RURAL OHIO.

INMATE 41992 OF
SECTOR A--REPORT
TO FRONT GATE.

SEE YA WHEN
I SEES YA,
KID.

GOOD
LUCK ON THE
OUTSIDE.

DON'T DO
NOTHIN' I
WOULD.

ONE
BODYSUIT,
SPANDEX.

ONE PAIR,
SWEAT-
PANTS.

PAIR OF
VANS, SIZE
7½.

CONTROL, RELEASING 41992.

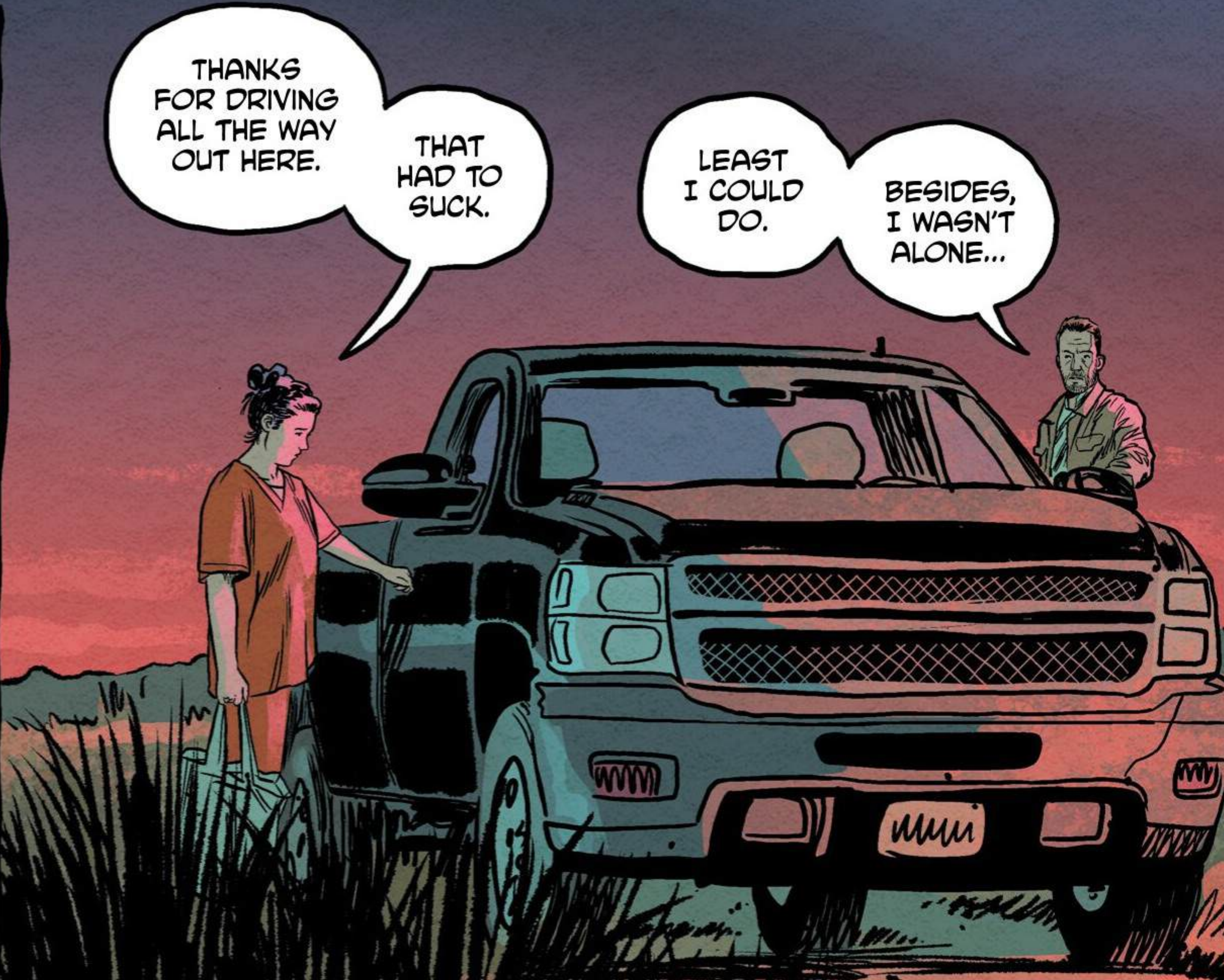
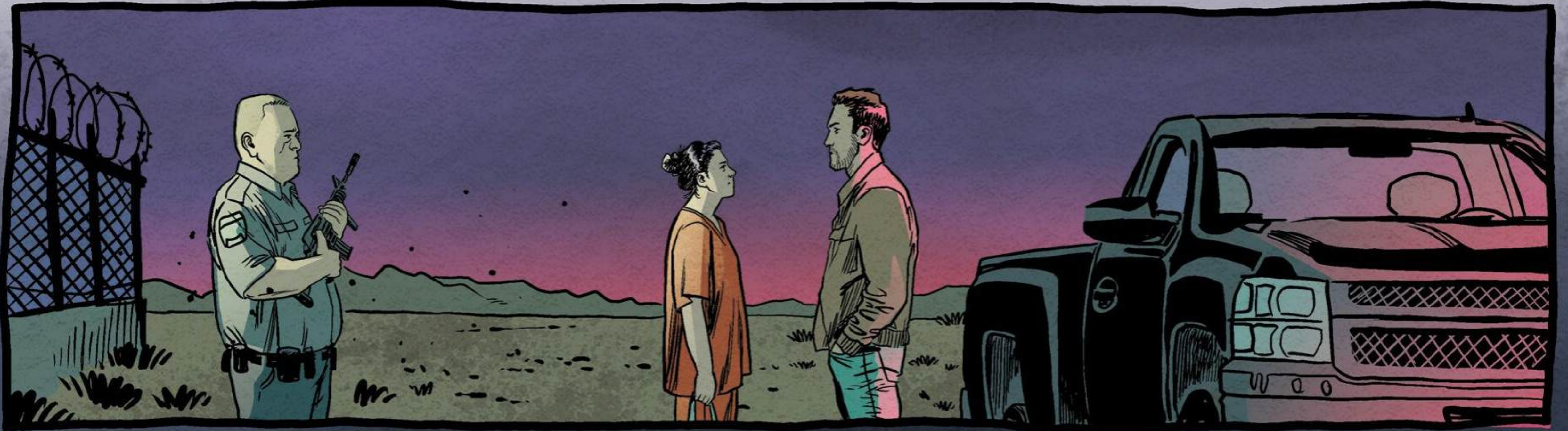
BAAAAANNNNNT

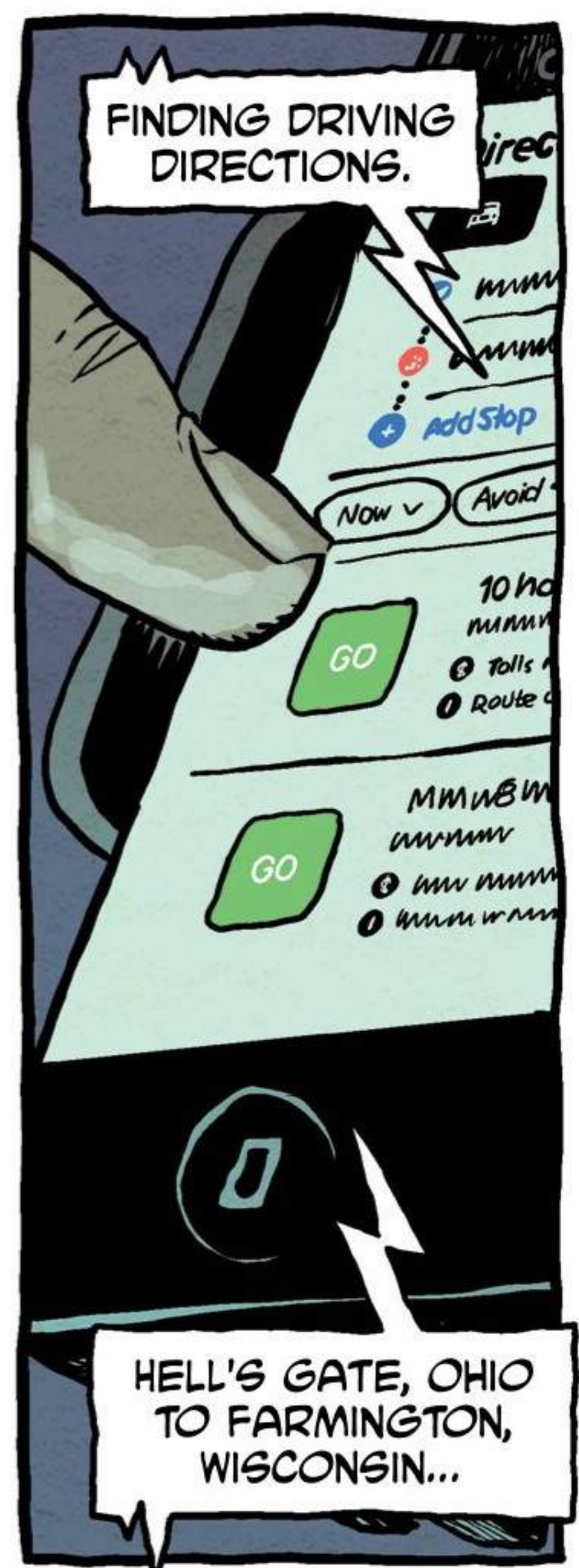
PRISON AREA

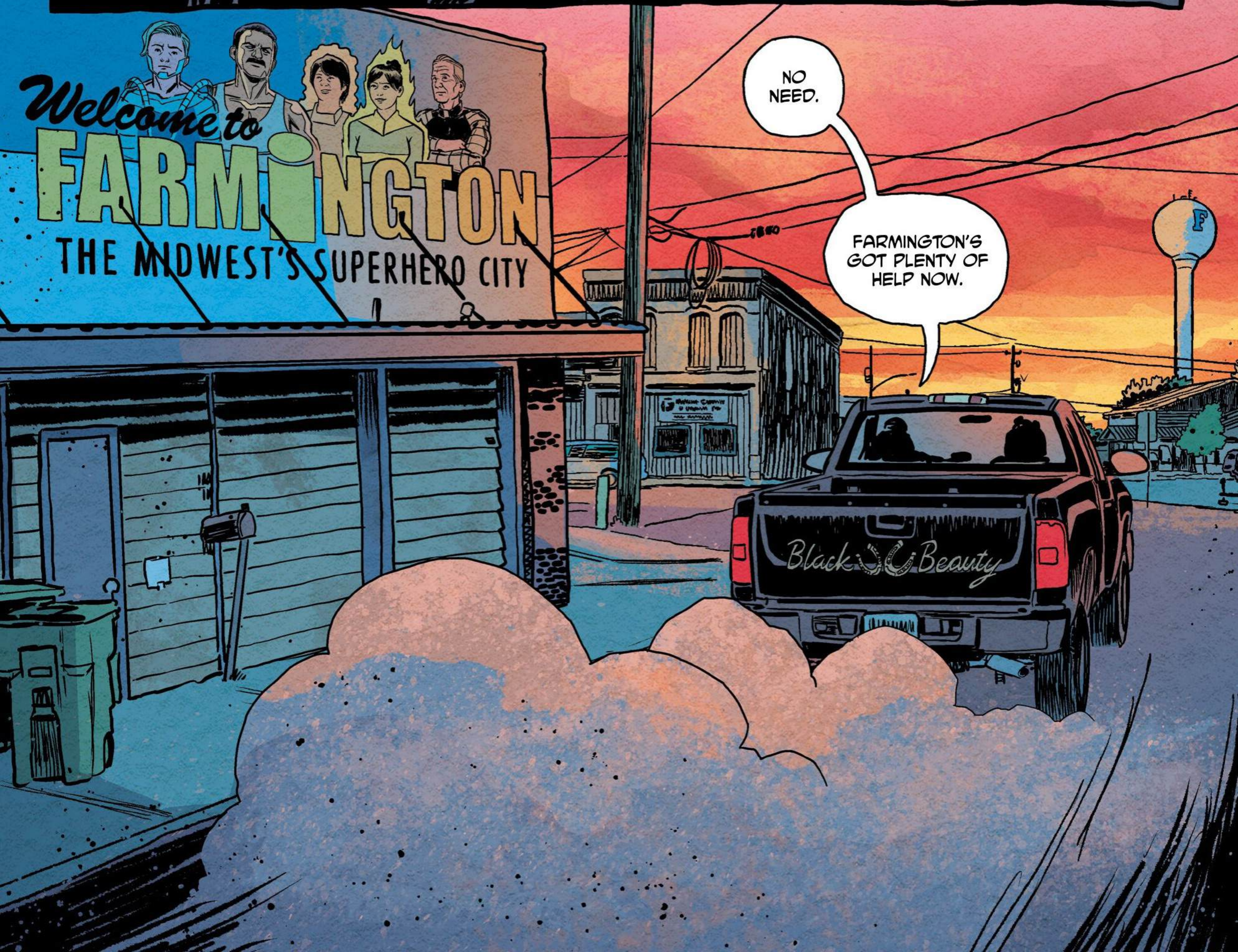
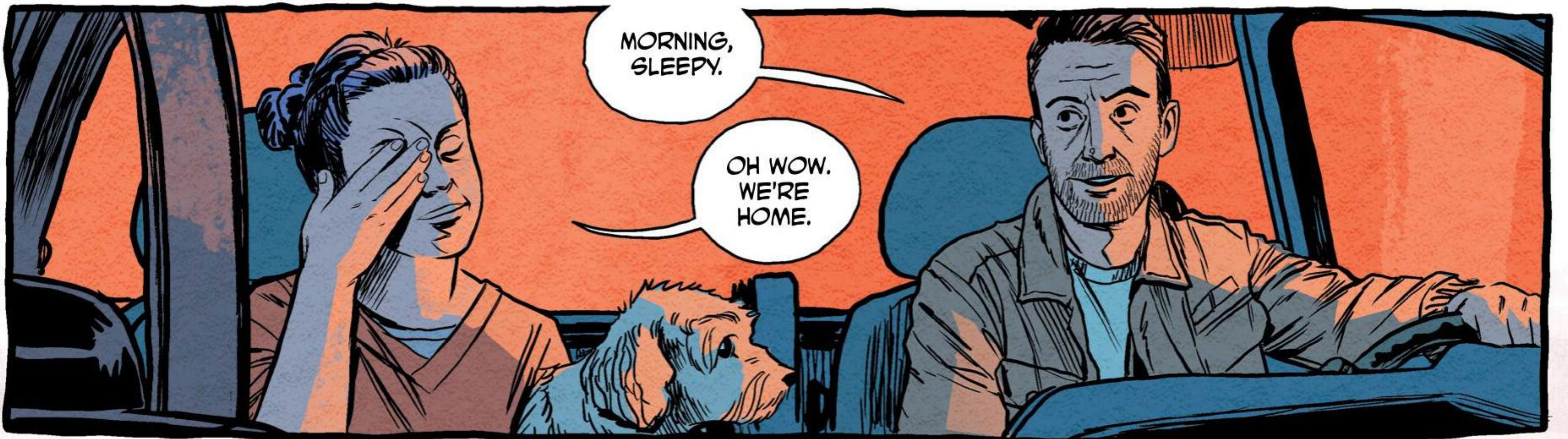
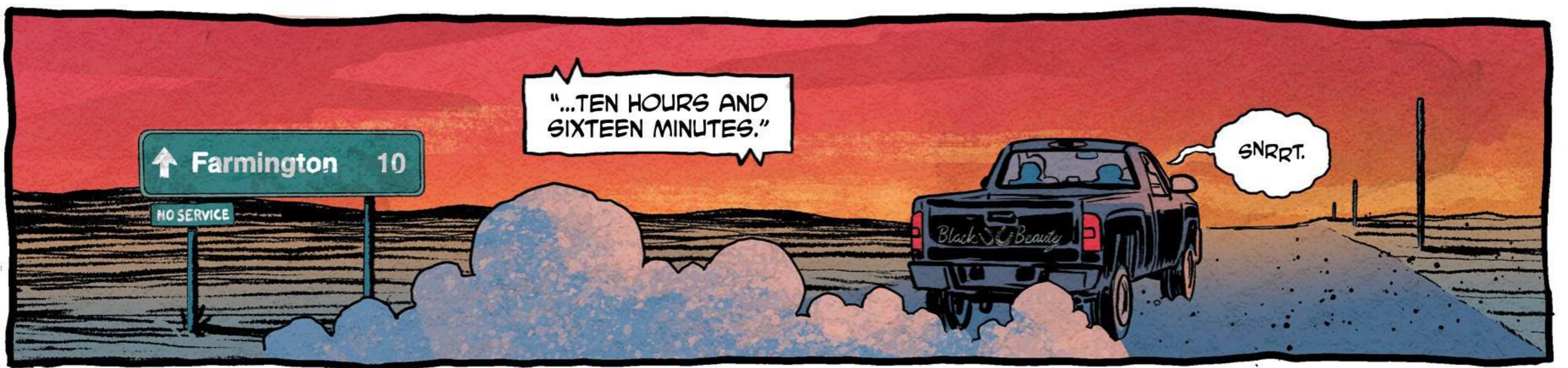
DO NOT PICK UP
HITCHHIKERS

ONLY TWELVE
MONTHS FOR THE
DEATH OF A
FORMER VICE
PRESIDENT?

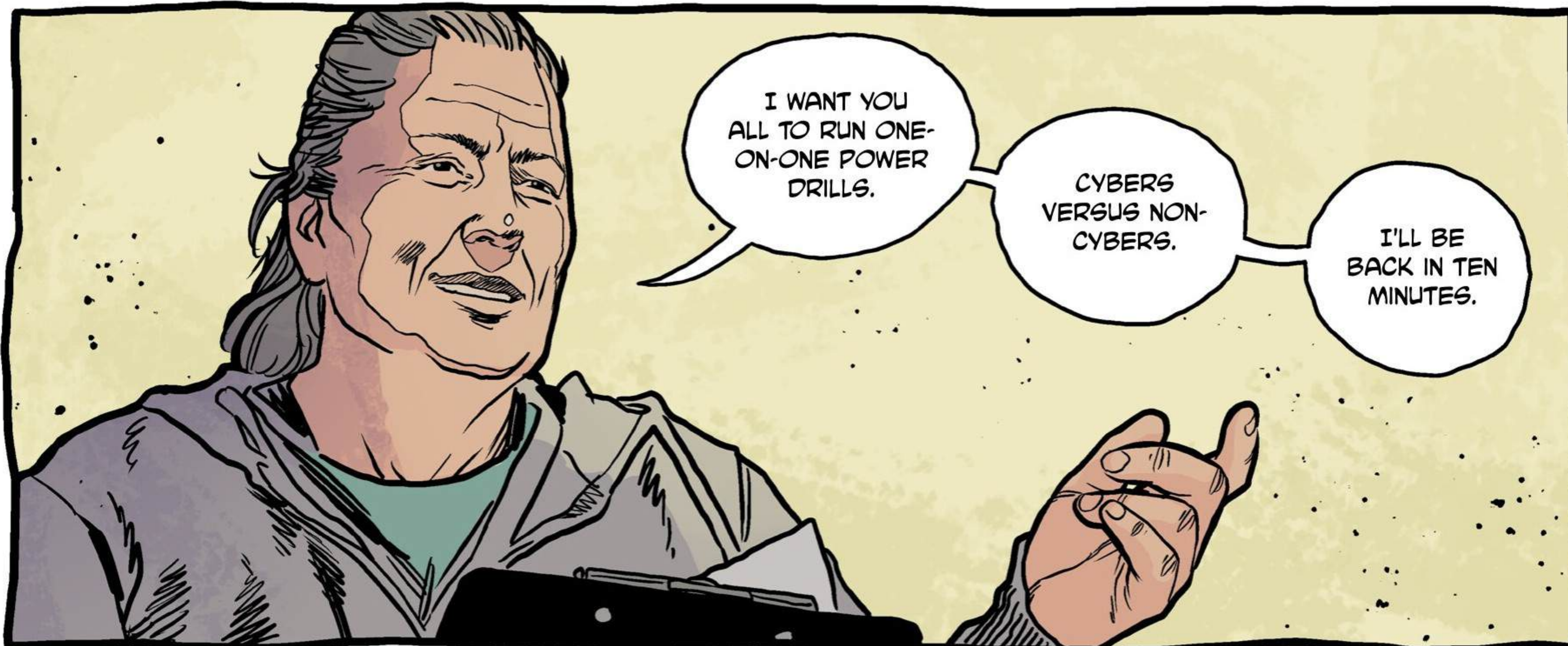
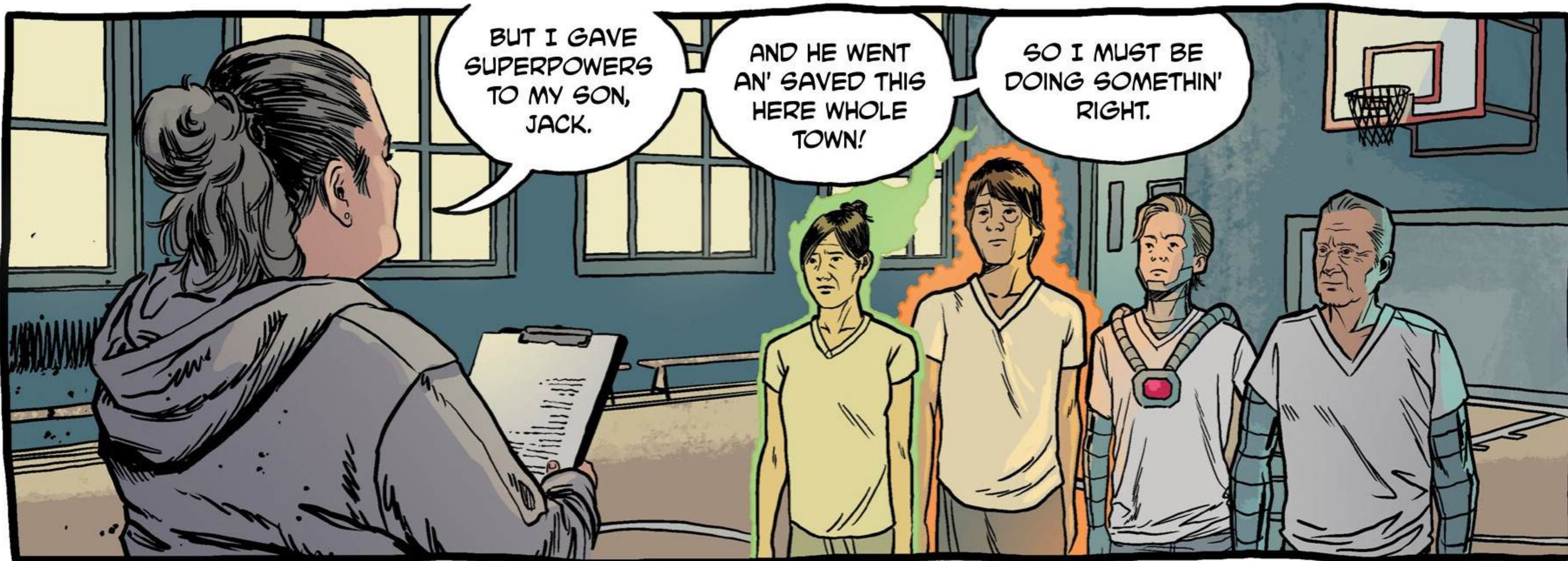
DANGER
ELECTRIC
FENCE

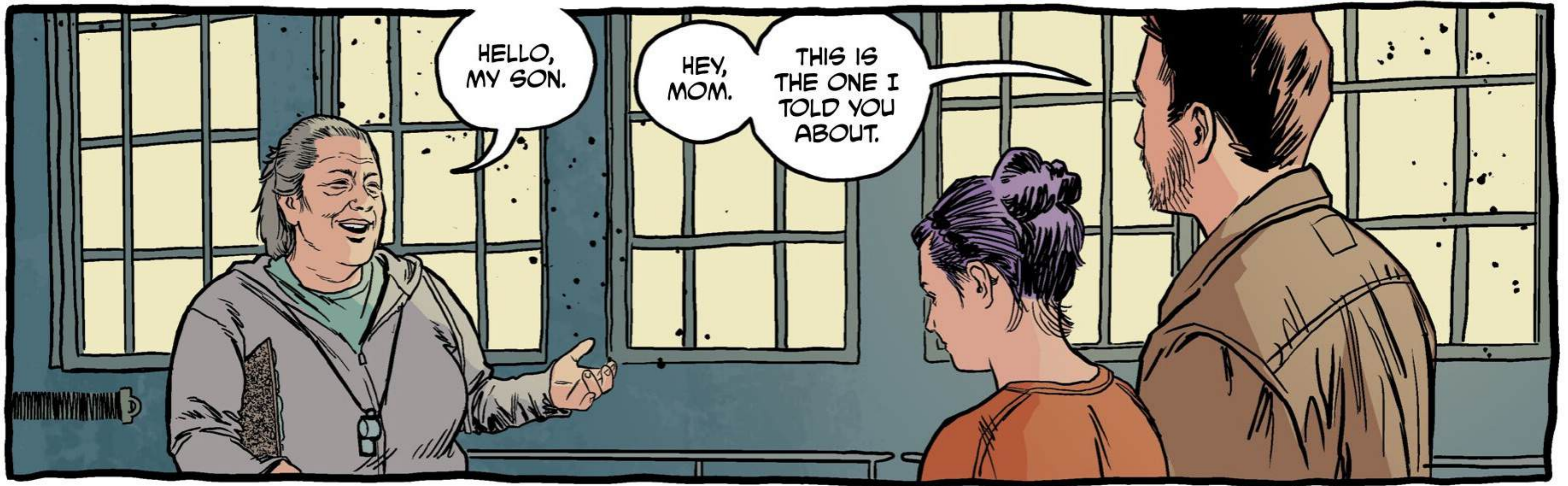














THANKS AGAIN FOR LETTING ME BUM YOUR TRUCK.

ALL GOOD, DUDE.
YOU DON'T NEED IT TO VISIT YOUR LADY?



NAH. SHE'S TAKING THE KID OVER TO SEE HER EX.

I'M JUST GONNA DO SOME WORK AT HOME TONIGHT.

JUST SO YA KNOW, I'M GONNA CHECK BLACK BEAUTY FOR SCRATCHES.



EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU GOTTA WATCH YOUR GIRL IF YOU LEAVE HER ALONE WITH LOCAL MAN.

C'MON, YOU KNOW IT'S NOT LIKE THAT ANYMORE...



"...I'VE CHANGED."



ERICA--

GOOD NEWS,
COUNTRY BOY:
**THIRD GEN
IS BACK.**

AND THEY
WANT YOU
BACK
TOO.

PUT AWAY
YOUR ARTS AND
CRAFTS AND
GRAB YOUR
SHIELD.

YOU CAN
CHANGE IN
THE GENJET.

ERICA,
I DON'T...

EVERY-
THING'S
DIFFERENT
NOW.

I'VE GOT
A WHOLE LIFE
HERE. I'VE
GOT...

What am I
supposed to be?

"SO, WE'RE JUST
JUMPING INTO THIS?"

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

YOU SOUND
SURPRISED,
CROSSJACK.

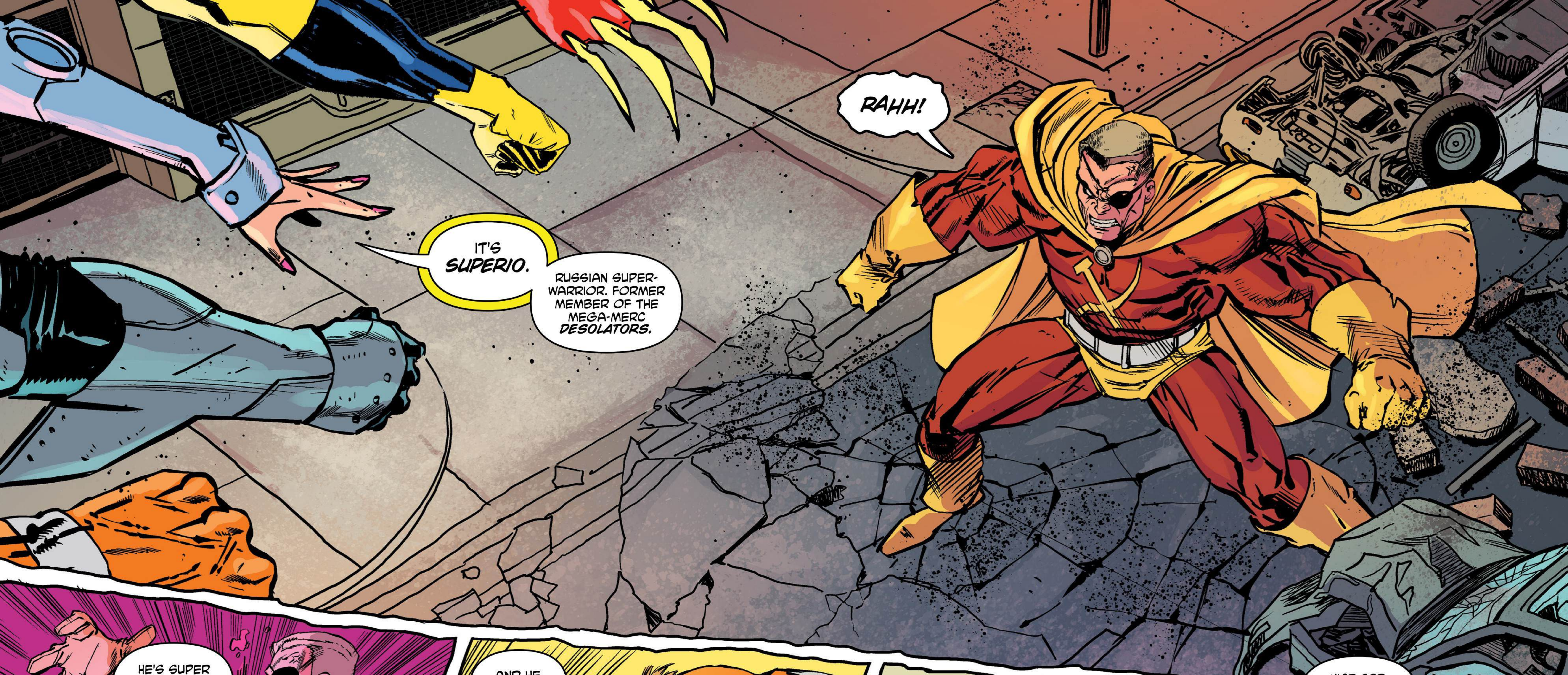
AFTER BEING
DECOMMISSIONED
FOR ALL THAT TIME,
WE'RE AMPED
AS FUCK.

FIRED
UP.



BESIDES,
WHAT MORE DO
YOU REALLY NEED
TO KNOW?



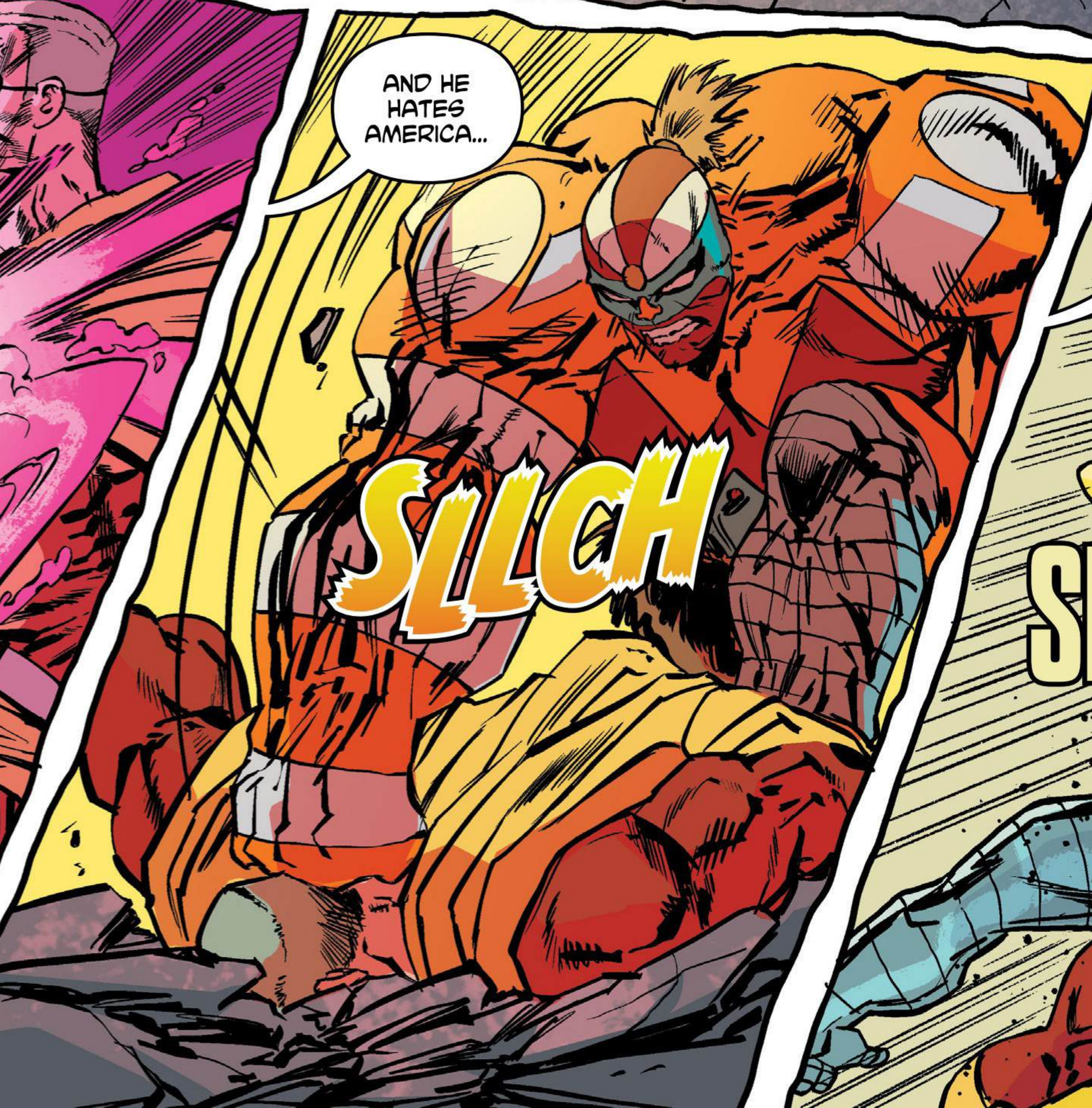


IT'S
SUPERIO.

RUSSIAN SUPER-
WARRIOR. FORMER
MEMBER OF THE
MEGA-MERC
DESOLATORS.



HE'S SUPER
STRONG, NIGH
INDESTRUCTI-
BLE...



AND HE
HATES
AMERICA...

SLUCH



SO HE
NEEDS TO
BE BROUGHT
DOWN HARD!

SPANG

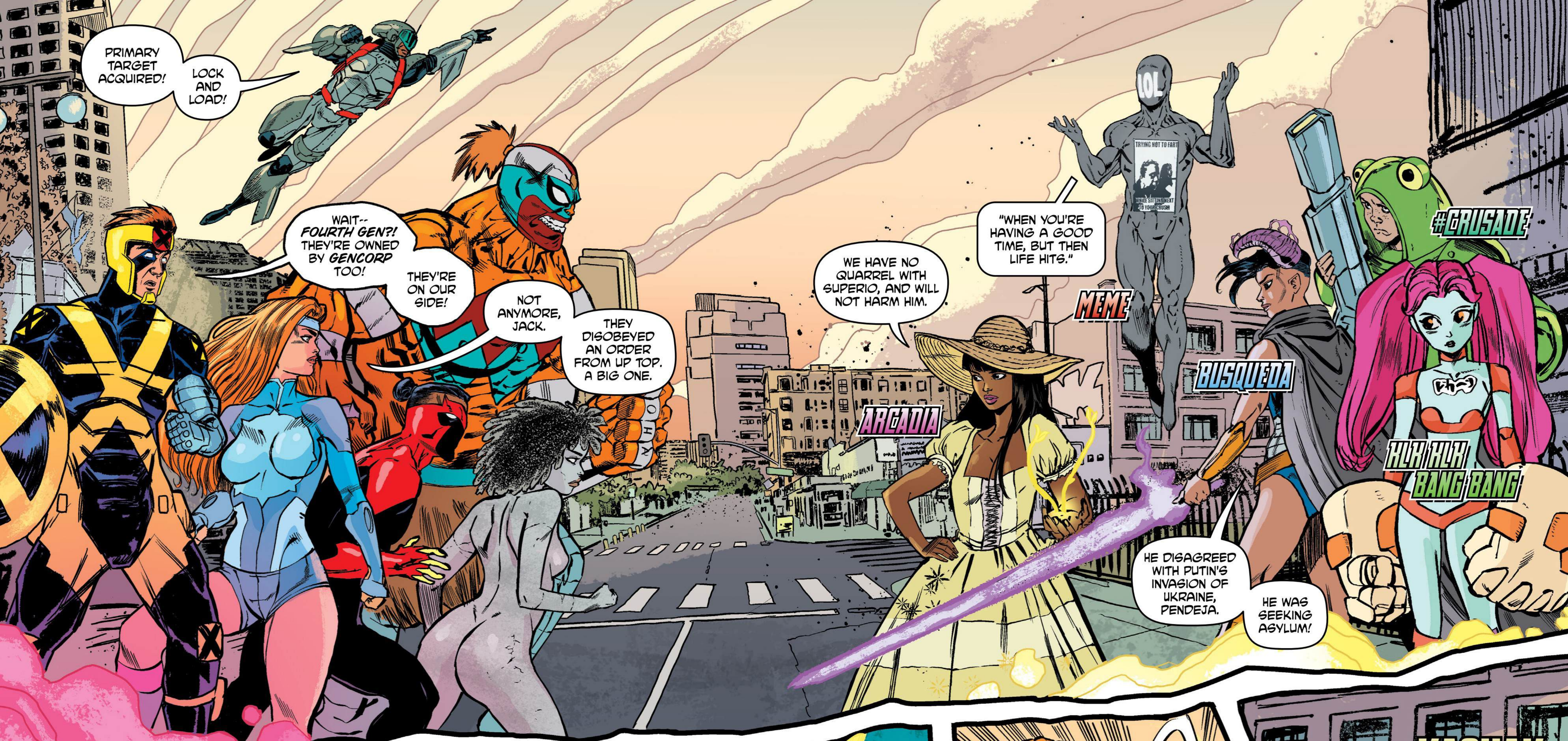
HOO-
AH!



NICE JOB,
THIRD GEN.
HOPE YOU'RE
LOOSENED UP.

BECAUSE
SUPERIO WAS
ONLY A SECOND-
ARY TARGET.

I'VE GOT
RADAR EYES
ON PRIMARY
NOW.



PRIMARY
TARGET
ACQUIRED!

LOCK
AND
LOAD!

WAIT--
FOURTH GEN?!
THEY'RE OWNED
BY GENCORP
TOO!

THEY'RE
ON OUR
SIDE!

NOT
ANYMORE,
JACK.

THEY
DISOBEYED
AN ORDER
FROM UP TOP.
A BIG ONE.

WE HAVE NO
QUARREL WITH
SUPERIO, AND WILL
NOT HARM HIM.

"WHEN YOU'RE
HAVING A GOOD
TIME, BUT THEN
LIFE HITS."

HE DISAGREED
WITH PUTIN'S
INVASION OF
UKRAINE,
PENDEJA.

HE WAS
SEEKING
ASYLUM!

#CRUSADE

BUSQUEDA

HLH/HLH
BANG BANG

ARCADIA

MEME



AMERICA
DOESN'T TAKE
IN SUPER-COM-
MIES.

SHZNNN

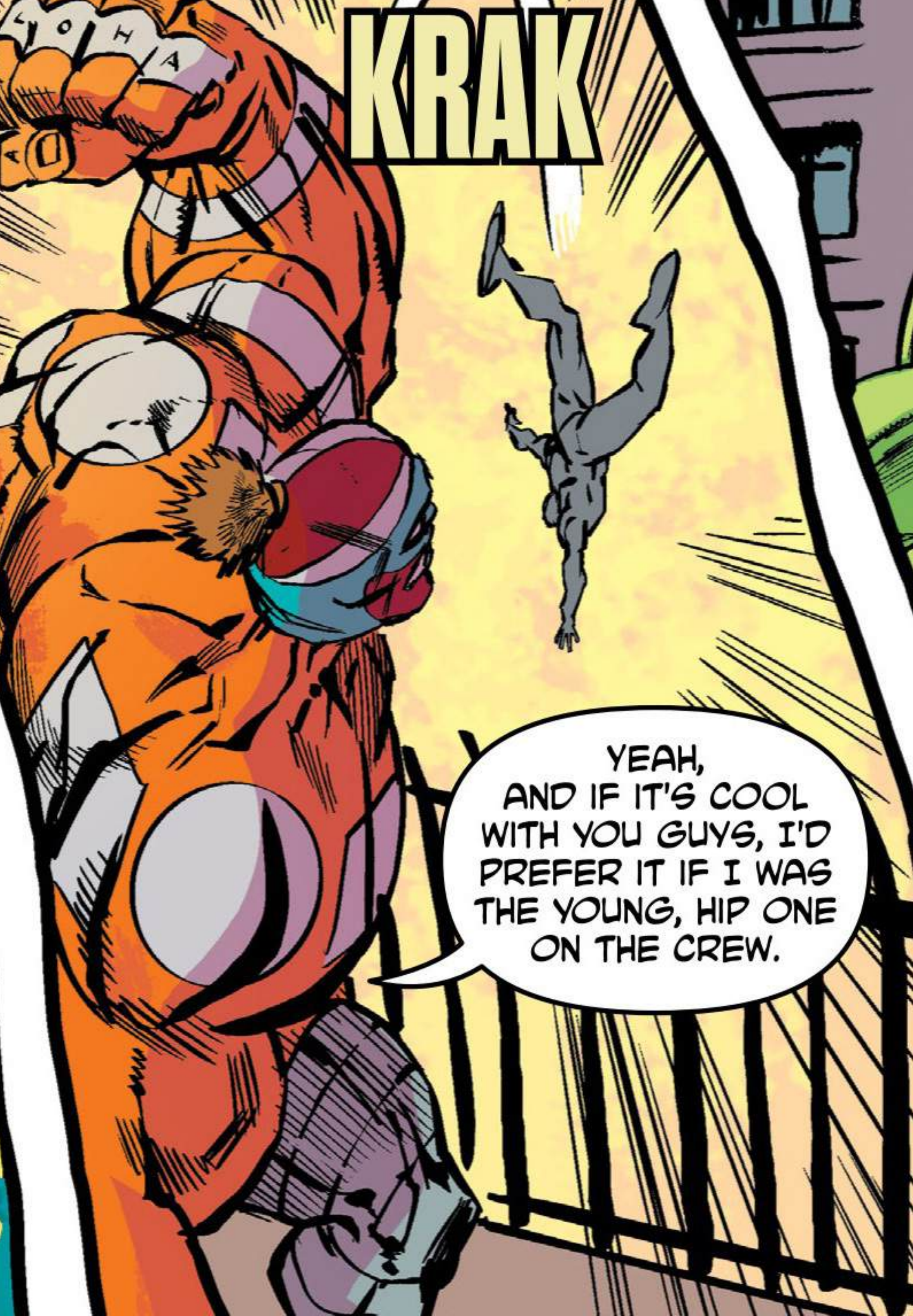


NOW
FUCKING DIE,
YOU KNOCK-
OFFS.

SLLSH



YOU PUNKS
SHOULD BE
EMBARRASSED.



KRAK

YEAH,
AND IF IT'S COOL
WITH YOU GUYS, I'D
PREFER IT IF I WAS
THE YOUNG, HIP ONE
ON THE CREW.



KACHAK

RAAAAH!
TO HELL WITH
THESE BETA-
BITCHES!



THIS
FUCKHEAD
KILLED CAMO
CRUSADER!

#TRUTH!

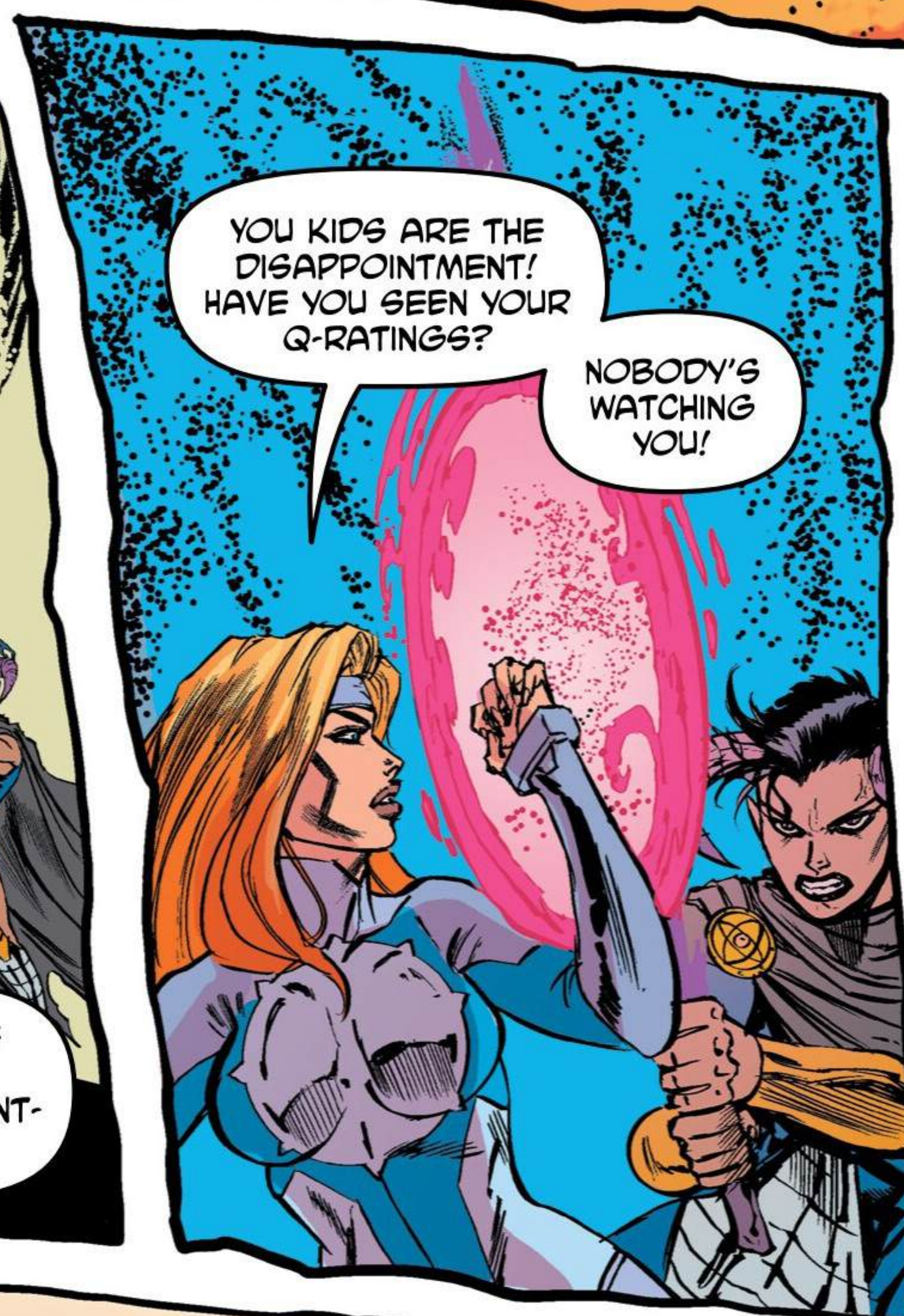
BRAAAAAAP



CROSSJACK TOOK
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
HIS ACTIONS. NOW
LIE DOWN AND
TAKE YOURS.

I LOOKED
UP TO YOU,
NEON.

YOU'RE
SUCH A
DISAPPOINT-
MENT.



YOU KIDS ARE THE
DISAPPOINTMENT!
HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR
Q-RATINGS?

NOBODY'S
WATCHING
YOU!



SORRY,
HONEY.

YOU JUST
DON'T HAVE
THE STUFF.



GLOBALIST
ELITE BIG-
BUSINESS
SHITBAGS.

FUCKIN'
PINK-HAIR
FEMINAZIS.



POK

GHT--

...VIEWERS MAY RECALL LAST YEAR WHEN VETERAN SUPER TEAM THIRD GEN WAS DECOMMISSIONED AMIDST CONTROVERSY SURROUNDING THEIR HANDLING OF THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, *THE CAMO CRUSADER*.



WELL, NOW IT'S THE GEN-Z UPSTART *FOURTH GEN* TEAM THAT'S BEEN DECOMMISSIONED AND SENT TO HELL'S GATE PENITENTIARY, PENDING TRIAL FOR ALLEGEDLY HELPING AN OMEGA-LEVEL FOREIGN OPERATIVE ESCAPE FEDERAL CUSTODY...



TERRORISTS! COMMIES! A BUNCH OF NON-GENDER-CONFORMING WEIRDOS! FINALLY THESE CREEPS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OFF THEIR PINKO WARPATH AGAINST DECENT SOCIETY! I MEAN, IS IT PERSONAL?



GODDAMN RIGHT, IT'S PERSONAL! THOSE FOURTH GEN PUNKS TRIED TO CONNECT ME TO AN ALIEN DISINFORMATION CAMPAIGN! THEY WOULD'VE BURNED DOWN MY COMPOUND! WHAT DO I NEED THE *BLOODLESS EMPIRE* FOR? I GOT HORMONE SUPPLEMENTS TO SELL!



SURE, THE KIDS HAD SOME GOOD IDEAS. BUT STYLE-WISE? WHO EVER HEARD OF A FROG COMMANDO? AND WHAT EVEN IS "COTTAGE CORE"? IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU THAT YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON THE CLASSICS.



SPEAKING OF, HAVE YOU SEEN *CROSSJACK* LATELY?

HE'S BACK IN THE BIG LEAGUES AND LOOKING TASTIER THAN EVER.





I CAN WORK
REMOTELY FOR
A WHILE.

I MEAN,
THAT'S WHAT
THE GENJETS
ARE FOR.



BUT WE MIGHT
WANT TO CONSIDER
MOVING TO BE
CLOSER TO L.A.

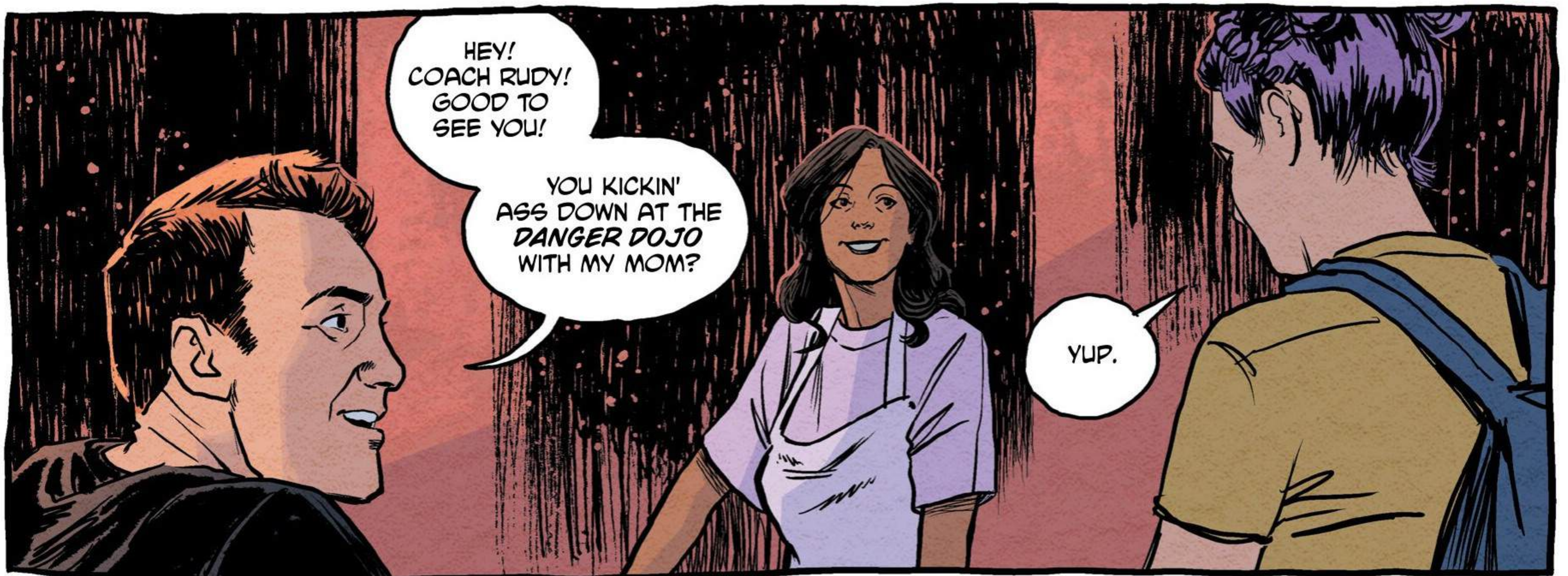
A SUBURB
MAYBE? JUST
FOR THE
SCHOOLS.

EW.

I DO
CITIES OR I
DO COUNTRY.

NONE OF
THAT PATHETIC
IN-BETWEEN
SHIT.

ONE
MORNING
RÁPIDO,
PLEASE.



HEY!
COACH RUDY!
GOOD TO
SEE YOU!

YOU KICKIN'
ASS DOWN AT THE
DANGER DOJO
WITH MY MOM?

YUP.



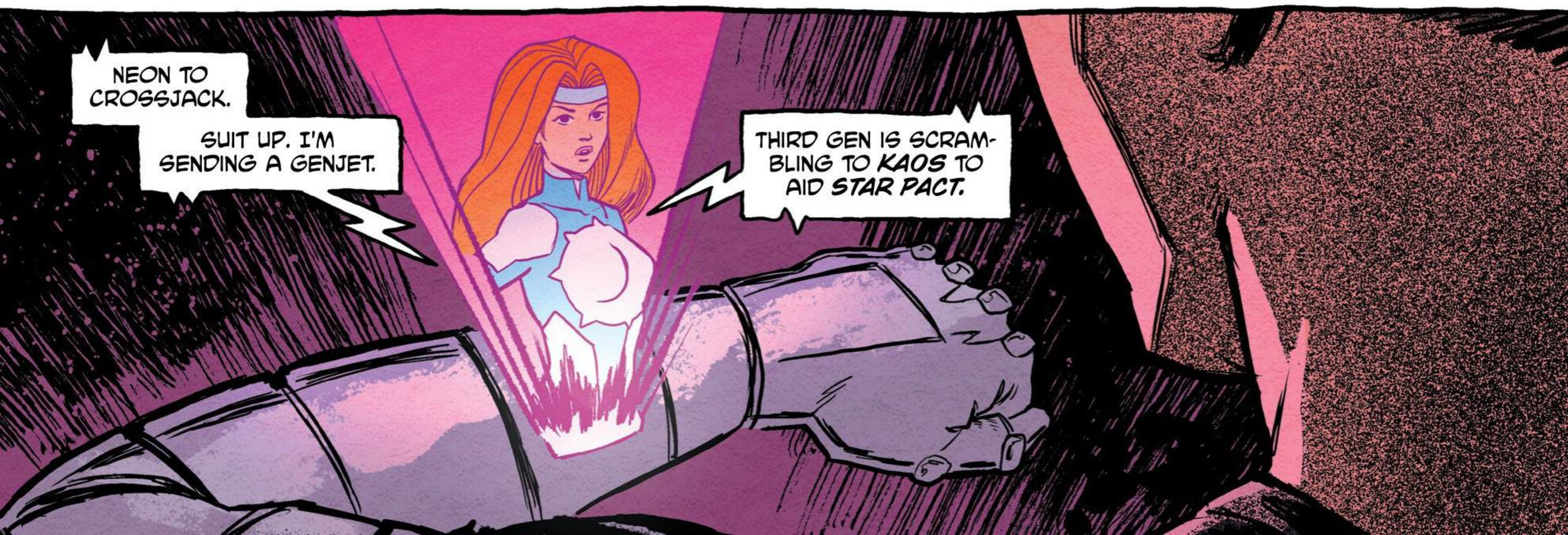
THANKS,
MS. PRADO.

UH...



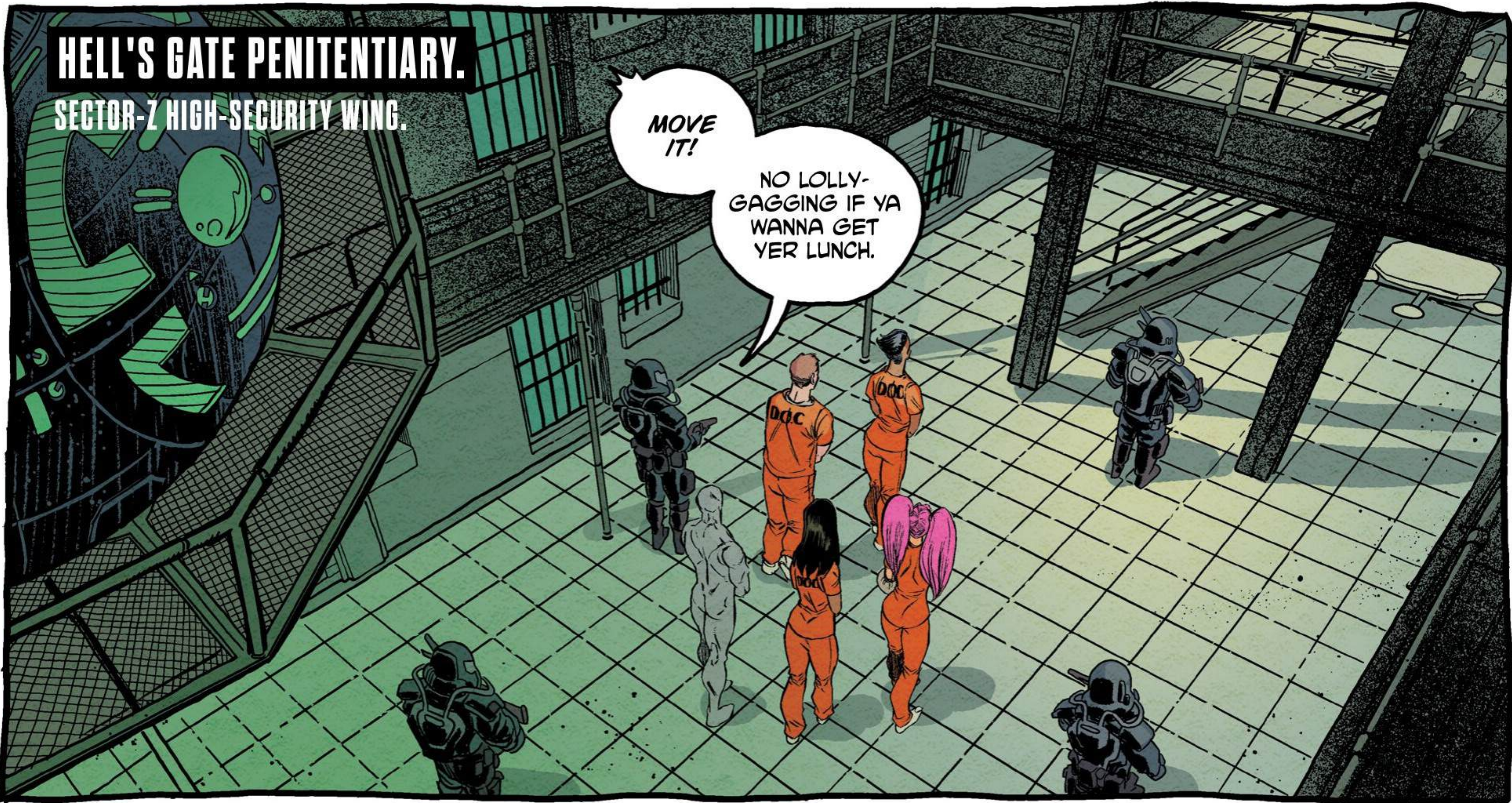
HEY,
ARE WE
COOL?

RUDY?





HELL'S GATE PENITENTIARY.
SECTOR-Z HIGH-SECURITY WING.



MOVE IT!

NO LOLLY-GAGGING IF YA WANNA GET YER LUNCH.



HEY, I'M CRACKIN' UP IN HERE!

LEMME OUT, I'M CLAUSTROPHOBIC!

C'MON FELLAS, HAVE A HEART!



LOOK, MY TOOTHFUL CHAPS.

I BET THEIR DREAMS ARE STILL BRIGHT.

WE SHOULD FIX THAT.



私たちはここで死ぬつもりです

IT'S OKAY, KKK. WE'RE ALL HERE.

WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER.



BWEEOPP BWEEOP

"SERIOUSLY, THIS IS ME SURPRISED."

SECURITY BREACH!

NOBODY GETS OUTTA THE GATE!

"THAT MEANS SOME-ONE'S GETTIN' IN!"

BWEEOP

BWEEOP

HOLYSHIT-
HOLYSHITHOLY-
HOLYSHIT-
SHIT.

WHAT
ARE WE
DOING?!

LOCK-
DOWN ON
SECTOR 2!

CLOSE
ALL BLAST
GATES!

SHMMMMMMMM

DON'T
WORRY,
SLICK 2.0.

BWEEOP

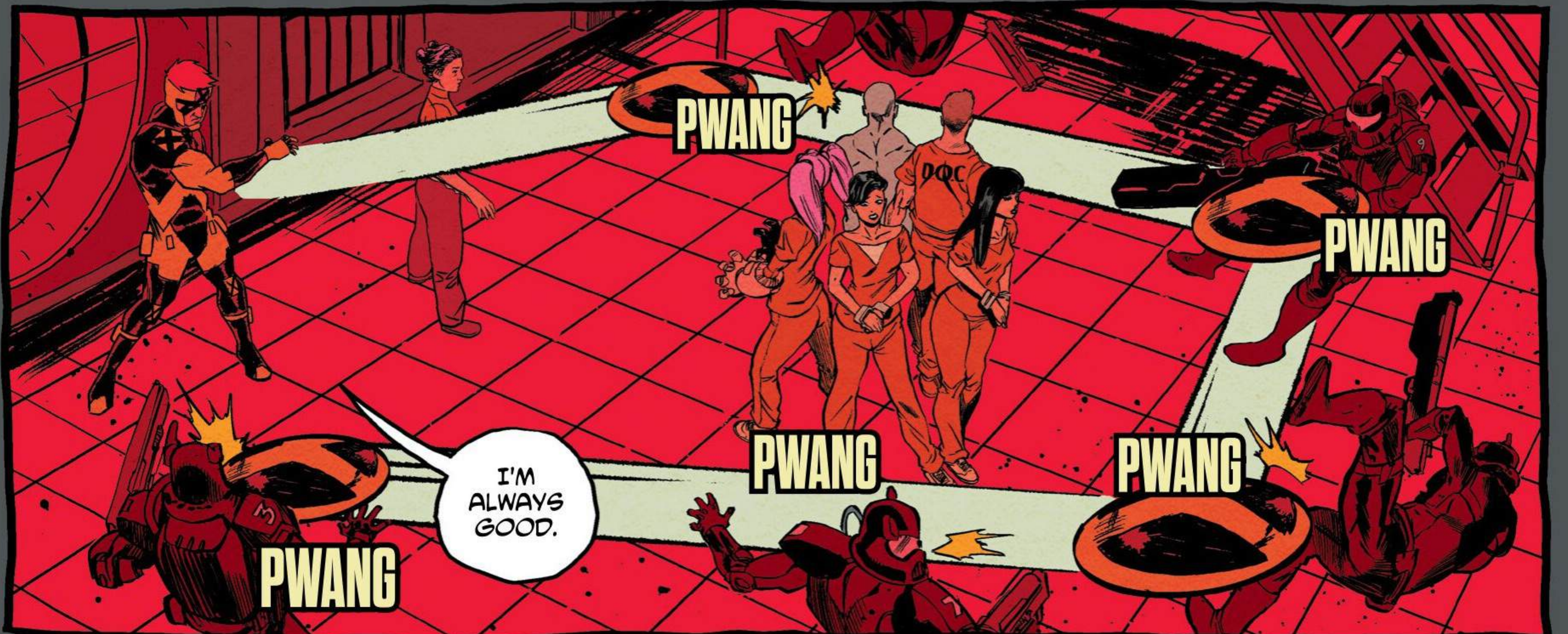
BWEEOP

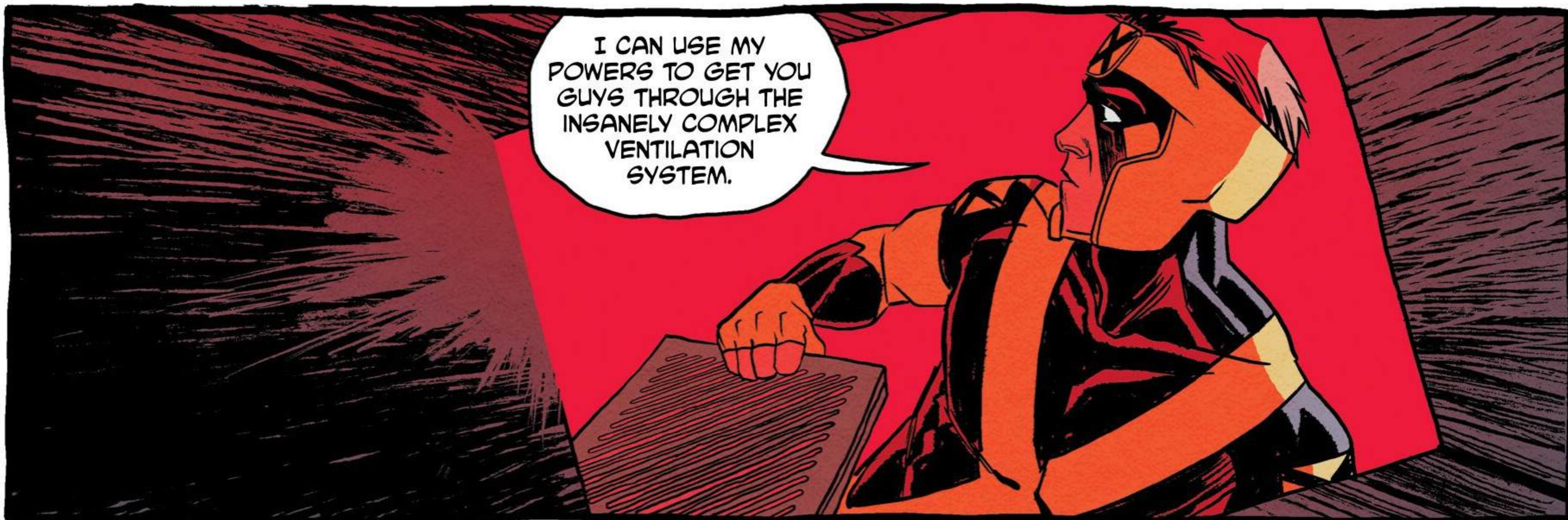
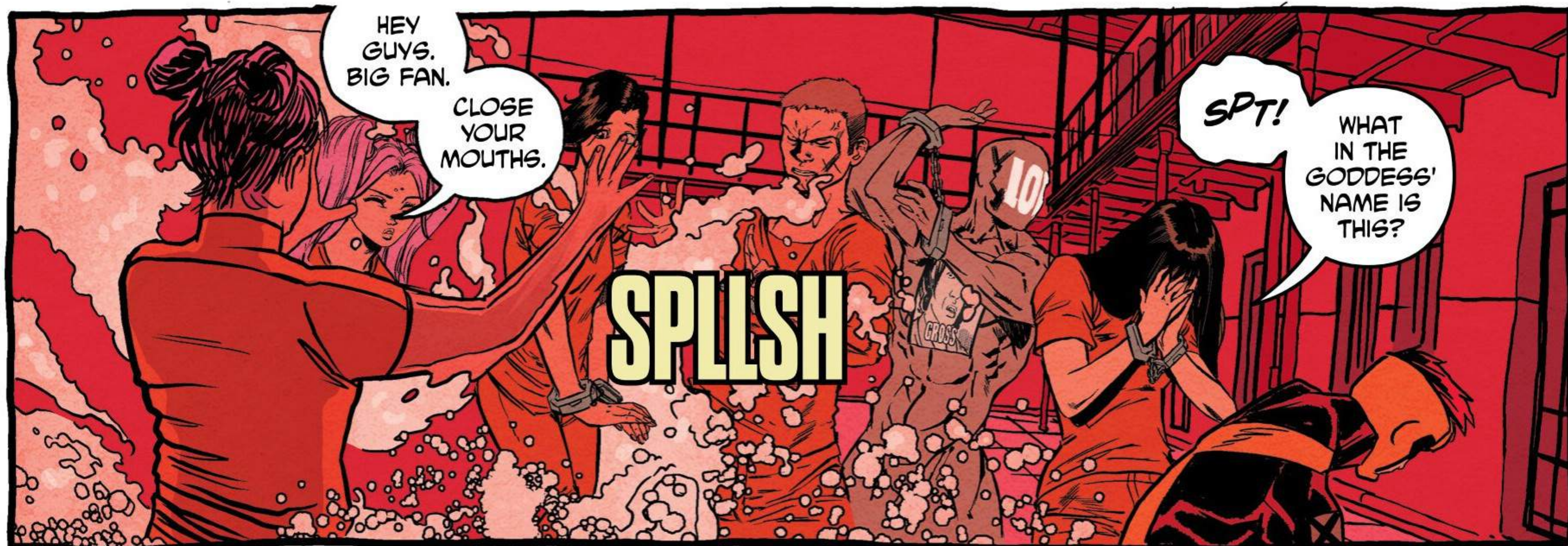
PWANG

IF THERE'S
ONE THING THIRD
GEN TRAINED
ME FOR...

...IT'S
INFILTRATION
MISSIONS.

SLSSSSSSSSSH







...WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

YOU GET
FIRED BY
CAMO
CRUSADER.

YOU CRAWL
BACK TO
WISCONSIN.

YOU KILL
MY FUCKING
HUSBAND.

I'VE GIVEN
YOU SO MANY
CHANCES.

YOU JUST
USED UP THE
LAST ONE.



YOU USED TO
FIGHT AGAINST
THE SYSTEM,
ERICA. NOW YOU
ARE THE
SYSTEM.

YOU GAVE UP
EVERYTHING YOU
USED TO STAND
FOR. BECAUSE
WHAT?



I REALLY
CAN'T
UNDER-
STAND IT.



HOLD
FOR THIRD
GEN!

BECAUSE, IDIOT.
IT'S NOT ABOUT
STANDING FOR
SOMETHING.

YOU NEED THE
PUBLIC TO LOVE
YOU. FAME GIVES
YOU POWER.

AND THEN YOU
USE THAT POWER
TO REMIND THEM
ALL THEY CAN'T
FUCK WITH YOU.



NOBODY
CAN FUCK
WITH YOU.



NOW, ARE YOU
GOING TO HAND
OVER THESE
SUPER SHITS...

OR IS THIRD
GEN GOING TO SPANK
THEIR WET LITTLE
ASSES AGAIN?

ON MY
MARK...

ARCADIA.
SUNRAYS CAN
DISSIPATE NEON'S
SPACE MIST.

SHANG

GAH!

BUSQUEDA.
MAGIC FAIRY
SWORD INTO
AIR RAIDER'S
CPU.

HIS LOGIC
CENTERS
CAN'T HANDLE
MAGIC.

MEME.
REVERSE
MOVE ON BIG
ISLAND.

HIS MYSTIC-HERO
POWERS WILL GET
TURNED UPSIDE
DOWN BY A SURGE
OF A BILLION GIGS
OF JPEGs.

LOL

KLK
KLK.

SOFTKORE
COVERS UP THE
FLAW IN HER ARMOR
WITH WIGS.

USE YOUR
FISTS TO HIT
HER HARD,
AND CRACK
HER UP.

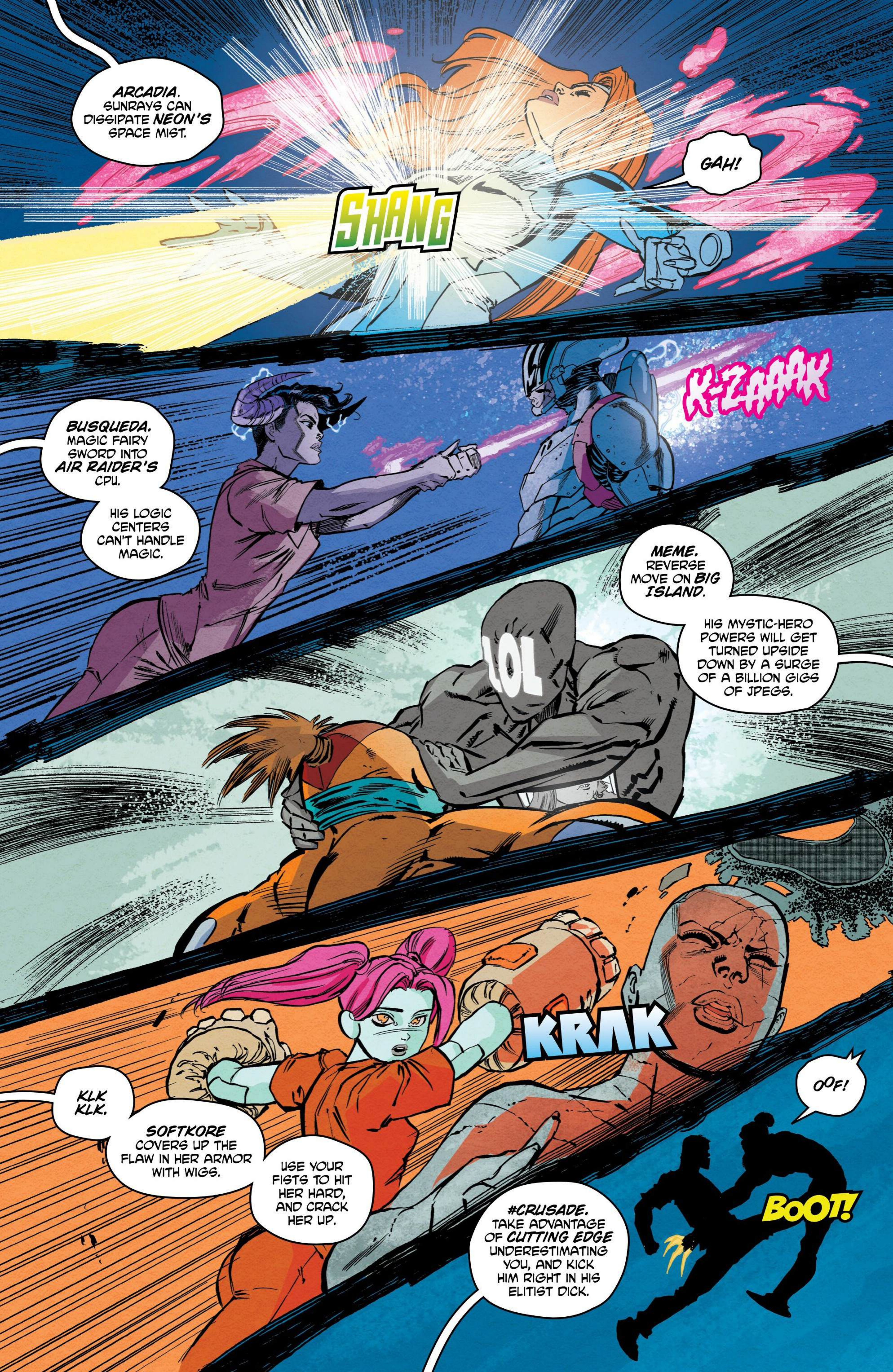
#CRUSADE.
TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF CUTTING EDGE
UNDERESTIMATING
YOU, AND KICK
HIM RIGHT IN HIS
ELITIST DICK.

OOF!

BOOT!

KZZAKK

KRAK

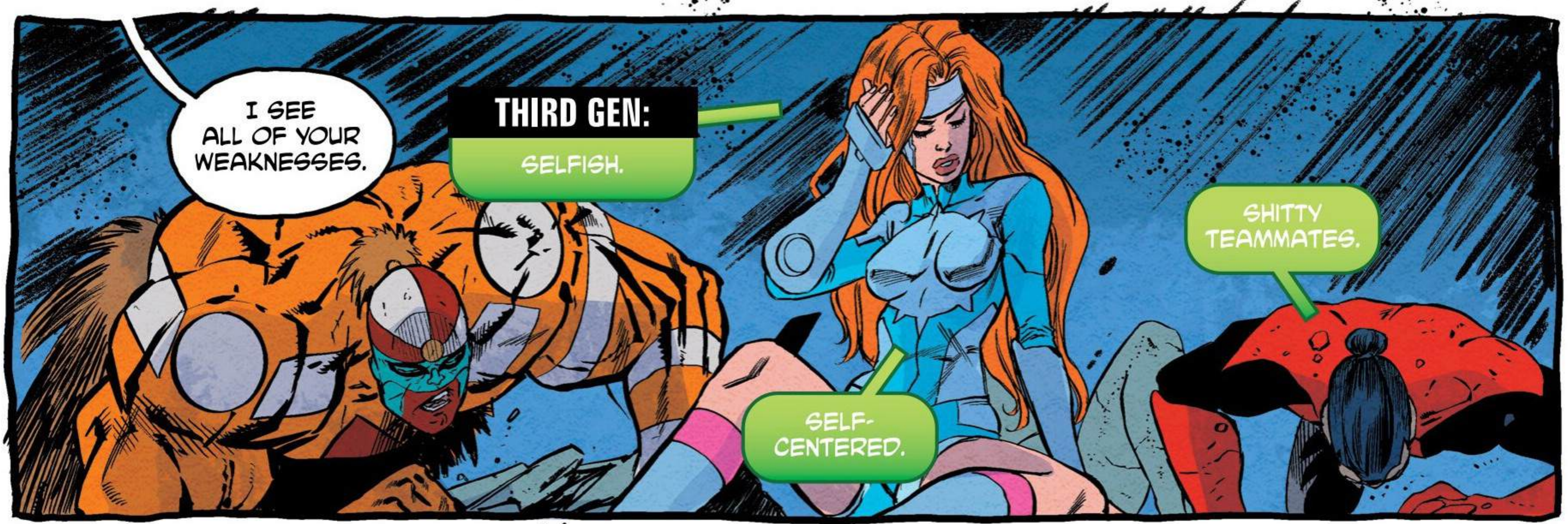




YOU BEAT
FOURTH GEN
LAST TIME.

BUT THEY
WERE ON
THEIR OWN.

NOW
THEY HAVE
HELP.



I SEE
ALL OF YOUR
WEAKNESSES.

THIRD GEN:
SELFISH.

SHITTY
TEAMMATES.

SELF-
CENTERED.



AND I SEE ALL
OF THESE KIDS'
POTENTIAL.

FOURTH GEN:
UNSELFISH. UNIFIED.

ARCADIA:
EARTH, WIND,
SUNSHINE POWER.

KLK KLK BANG BANG:
FUTURE JAPANESE
SUPERPUNCH GO.

MEME:
UNLIMITED
ACCESS TO
INTERNET DATA.

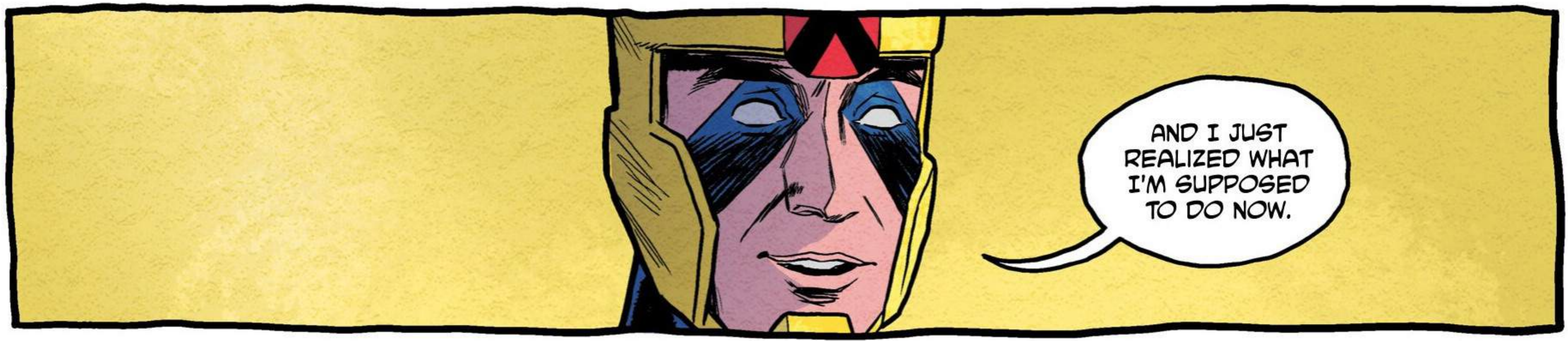
BUSQUEDA:
FAE CHAMPION WITH
MAGIC SWORD.
FAIRIES = SCARY.

#CRUSADE:
HATES RICH
DOUCHEBAGS OF ALL
POLITICAL STRIPES.



IF YOU KEEP
COMING AFTER THESE
KIDS, I WILL SHOW THEM
ALL KINDS OF NEW WAYS
TO BEAT AND EMBAR-
RASS YOU, OVER AND
OVER AGAIN.

IN
PUBLIC.



AND I JUST
REALIZED WHAT
I'M SUPPOSED
TO DO NOW.

EASTON JUNIOR HIGH.

FARMINGTON, WISCONSIN.

THE THING I
LEARNED ABOUT
DRAWING IS...

IT'S MOSTLY
ABOUT SEEING
THE POTENTIAL IN
SOMETHING.

EVERY TIME
YOU PUT DOWN
A LINE...

YOU'RE REALLY
LOOKING INTO THE
NEAR FUTURE, AND
ASKING "WHAT'S
NEXT?"

AND THE MORE
YOU SKETCH OUT,
THE MORE YOU'RE
ABLE TO SEE...

THE BETTER
YOUR NEXT
CHOICE IS.

WHEN YOU'VE
CHOSEN THE BEST
NEXT LINE OVER
AND OVER AGAIN,
SOONER OR
LATER...

YOU'VE
REACHED THE
POTENTIAL.

UM, MR.
XAVER?

WHERE DO
YOU GET YOUR
INSPIRATION
FROM?

WELCOME ARTISTS

WELL, I
MEAN...

PEPPER HERE
IS MY MUSE,
OBVIOUSLY.

RFF

Mr. Xavier

DRAWING 1

HA HA HA HA HA

I KID.
SORT OF. I GUESS...
MY INSPIRATION IS
EVERYTHING.

EVERYONE.
MY DAD. MY MOM.
MY OLD JOB. MY
NEW JOB.

MY
LIFE.

"BUT INSPIRATION--"

"WHAT YOU USE, IS PROBABLY
LESS IMPORTANT THAN WHY
YOU MAKE IT."

"I MAKE THINGS BECAUSE I
WANT TO GIVE PART OF MYSELF
TO EVERYONE ELSE."

"I'M TRYING TO SHOW
PEOPLE MY WORLD."

"I WANT TO INVITE THEM, EVEN IF
IT'S JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE..."



"...INTO MY UNIVERSE."

THE END





**THIRD GEN HEADQUARTERS,
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA.**



I MAY BE THE
NEW GUY ON THE
TEAM, BUT I PROMISE
YOU, I CAN BEAT
YOU ALL.

YOU'RE
OUTCLASSED
AND OUTGUNNED,
COUNTRY BOY.

I'M GONNA CUT
THAT GOOFY BOXING
HELMET RIGHT OFF
YOUR PRETTY FACE.

YOUR ASS
GONNA GET
SMASHED,
'JACK!

WOW.
A LOT OF
INNUENDO
FLYING AROUND
THERE, BOYS.

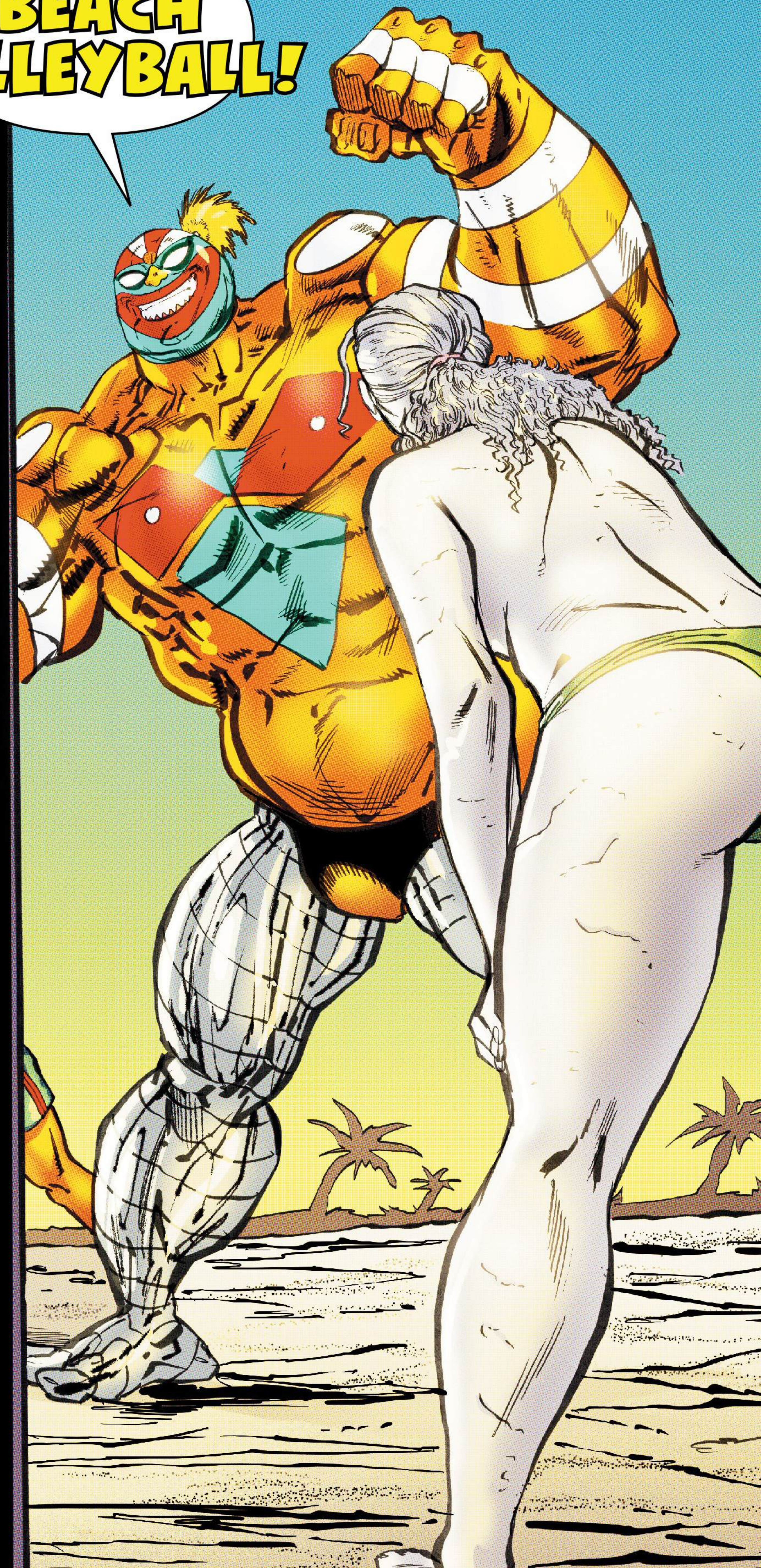
IT'S ALMOST
LIKE YOU'RE HAVING
FEELINGS FOR THE
NEW GUY THAT YOU
DON'T WANT TO
DEAL WITH.

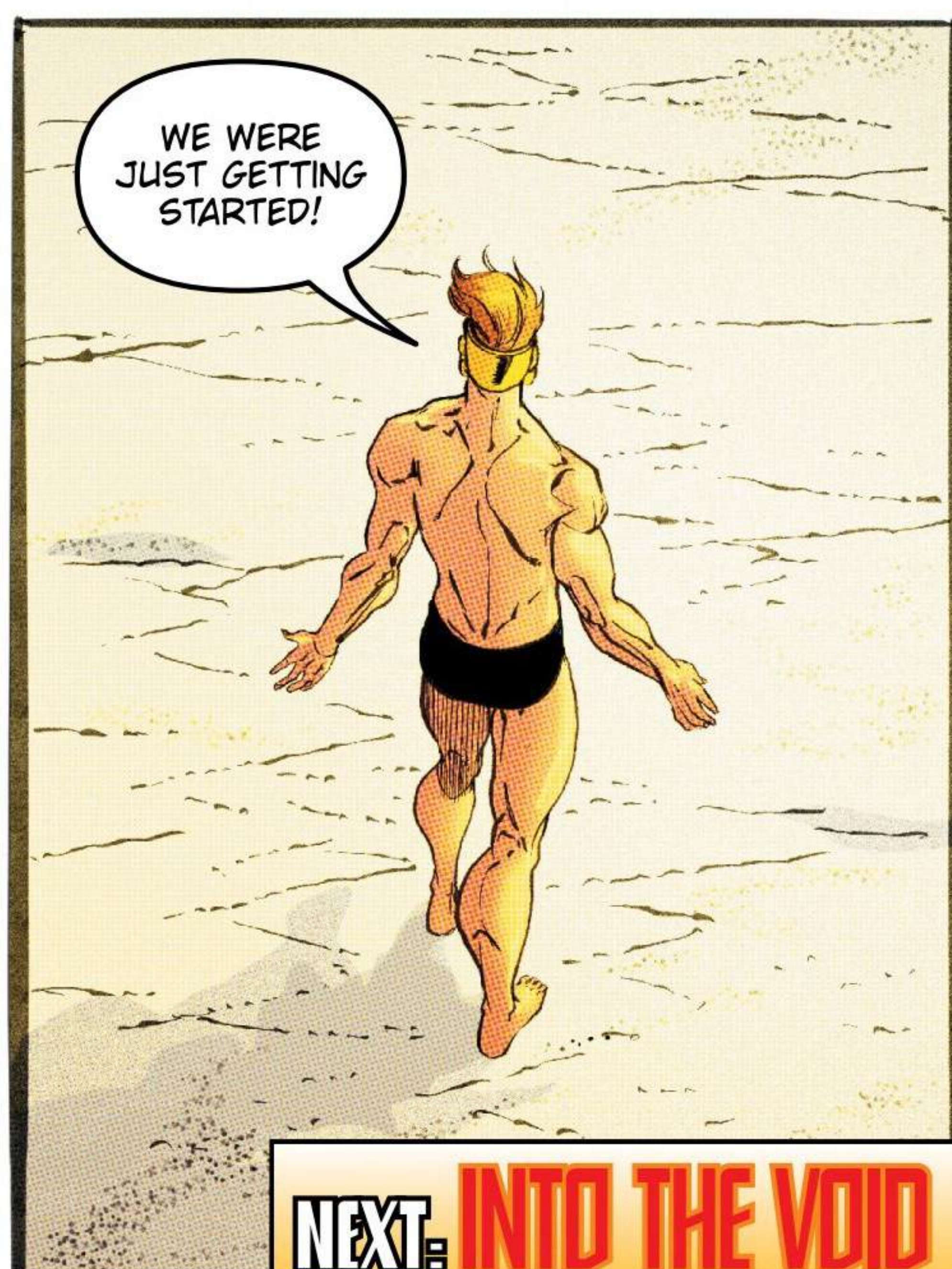
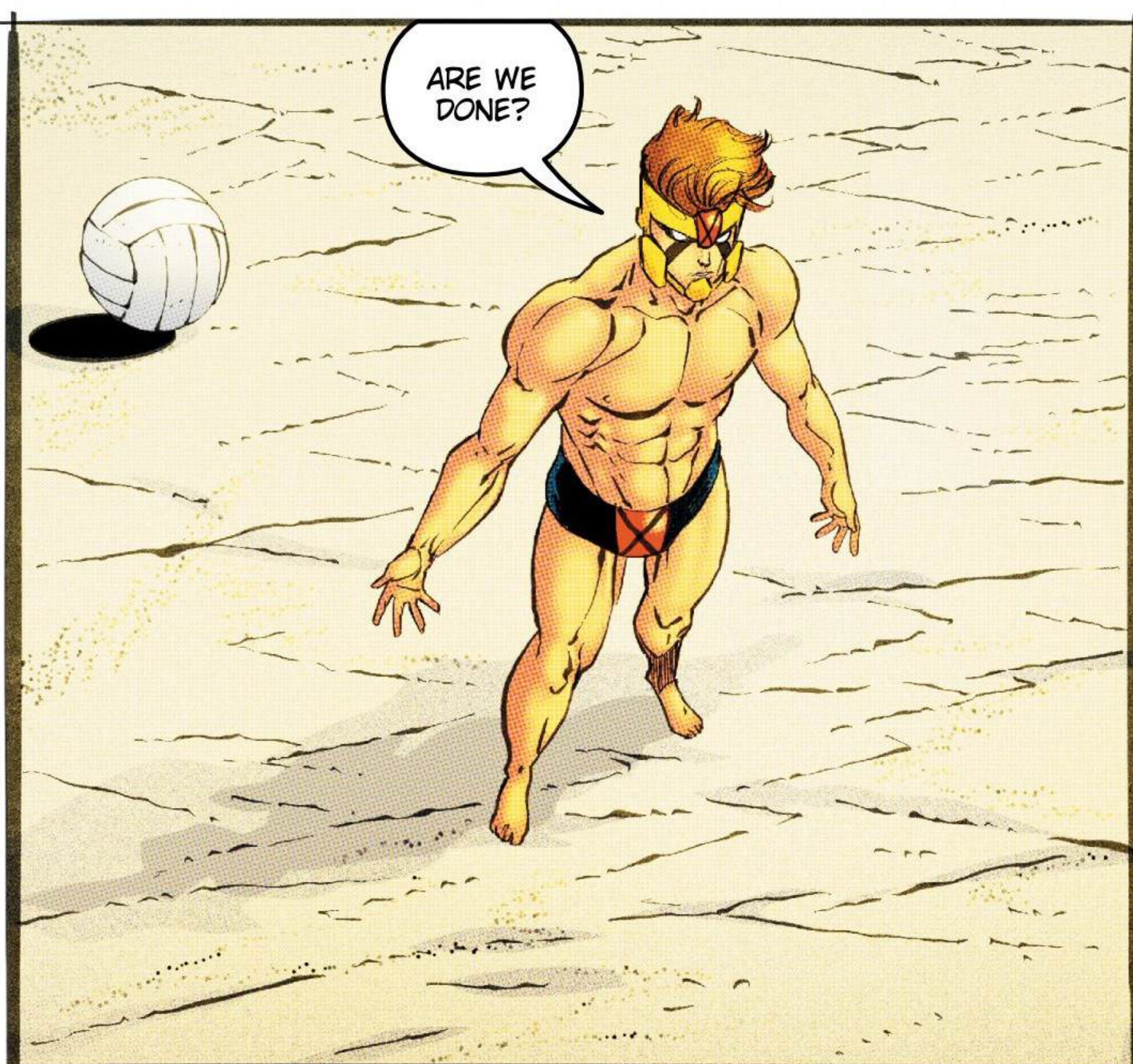
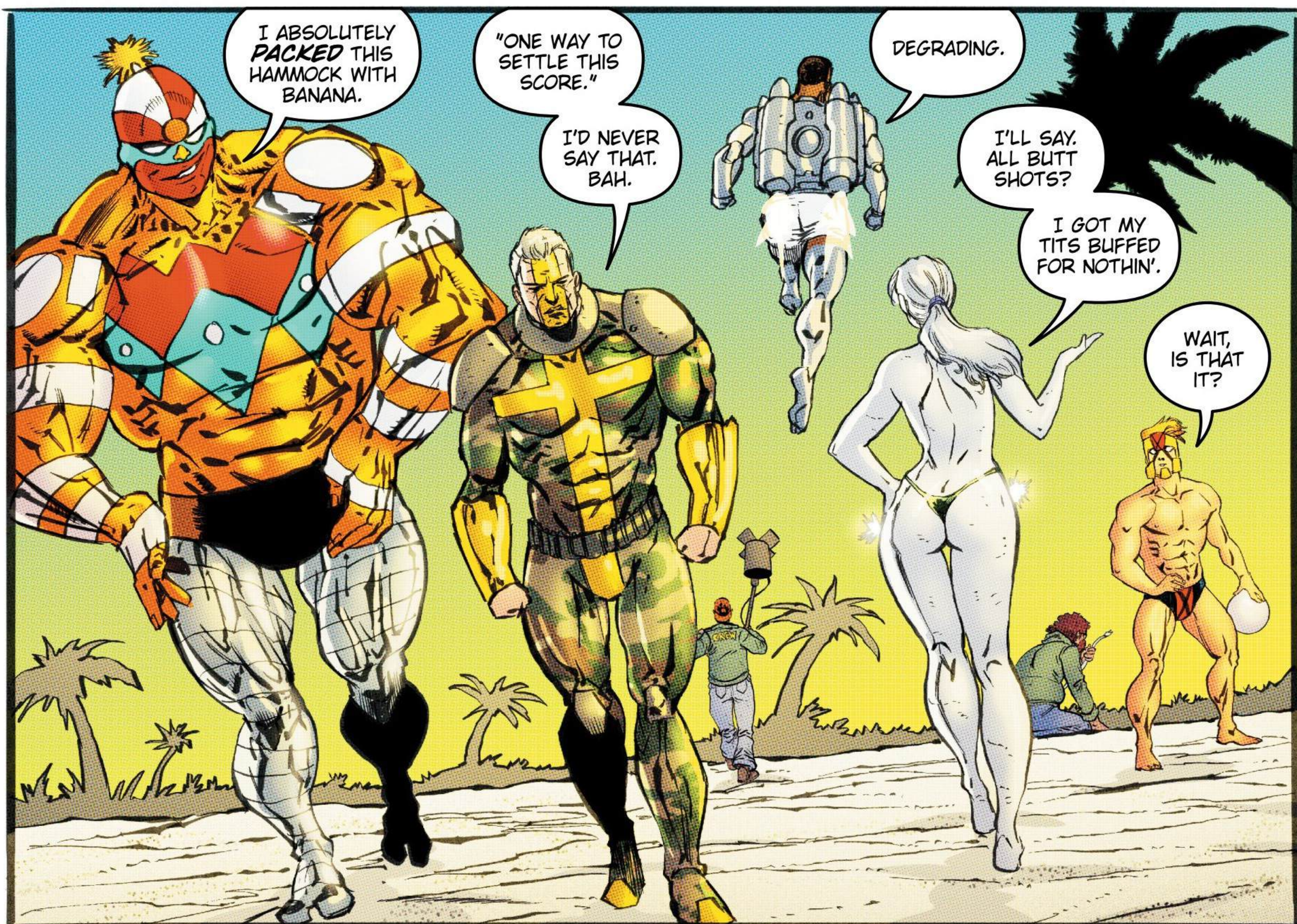
ENOUGH!
THOUGH WE WERE
ONCE ALLIES, WE'RE
NOW ON OPPOSITE
SIDES.

THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
SETTLE THIS
SCORE...



**BEACH
VOLLEYBALL!**





NEXT: INTO THE VOID

Cover Gallery



EMI
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2024



image

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FLEECES
SEELEY
SIMPSON
SOBREIRO

FLEECES AND SEELEY'S

LOANALMAN



Seeley
ATP
AFTER
M. TURNER



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12

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POCAHONTAS
12TH ISSUE!

Sketch
ALA
KEOWN!
-23

Local Man

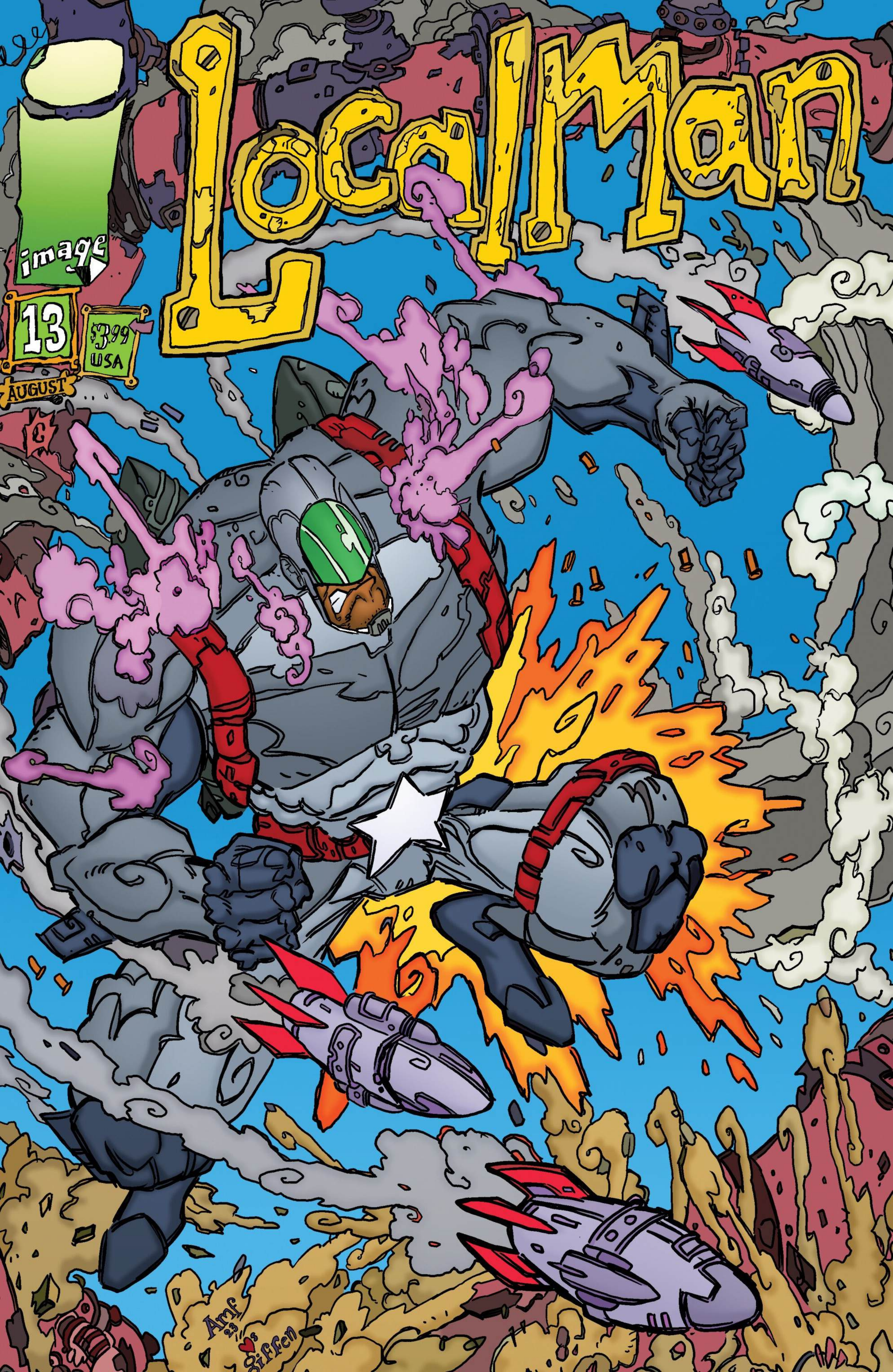


image
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Stacy 13
B



SHINJIRO
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images of
LOCAL MAN

with art by
Jimmy Kucaj
Alberto Silva
Brian Denham
Kurt Belcher
Gabe Foster
Selina J



ALBERTO24
AFTER LEE&W





FUCK OR FUCK



**Do not fear the
darker side**



Bad Girls



She's about to
come face to face
with her past....

.... And she's ready

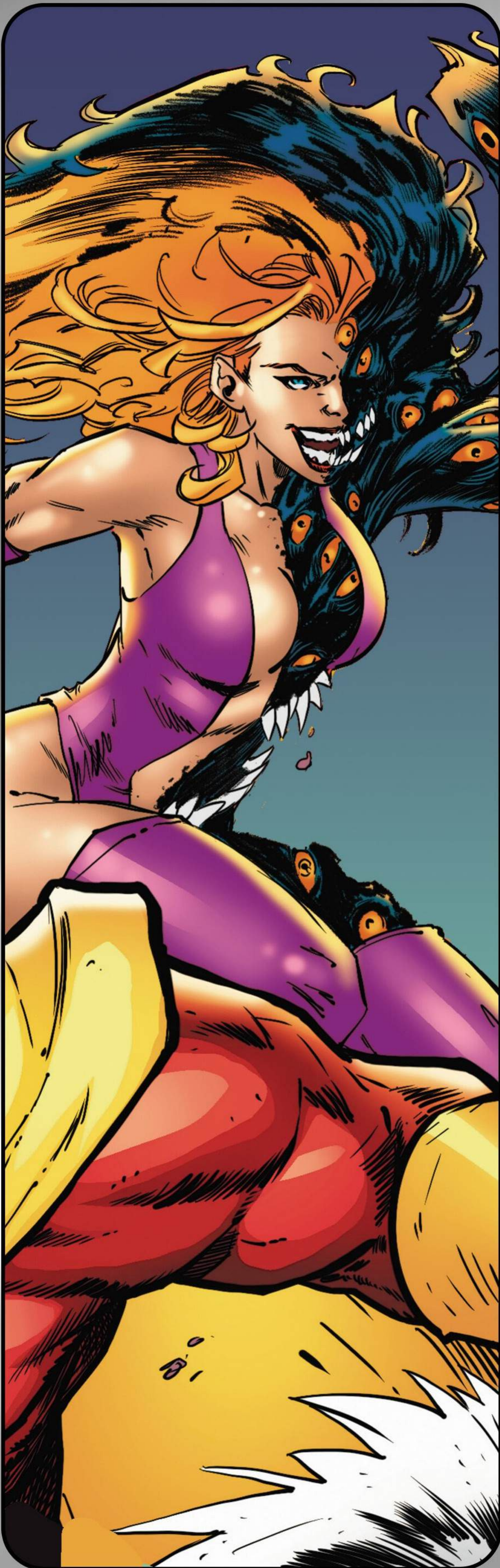
Bad Girls



An ominous light shines
upon a dark past

Bad Girls





ART BY BRETT BOOTH W/ BRIAN REBER

FRIGHTSIDE

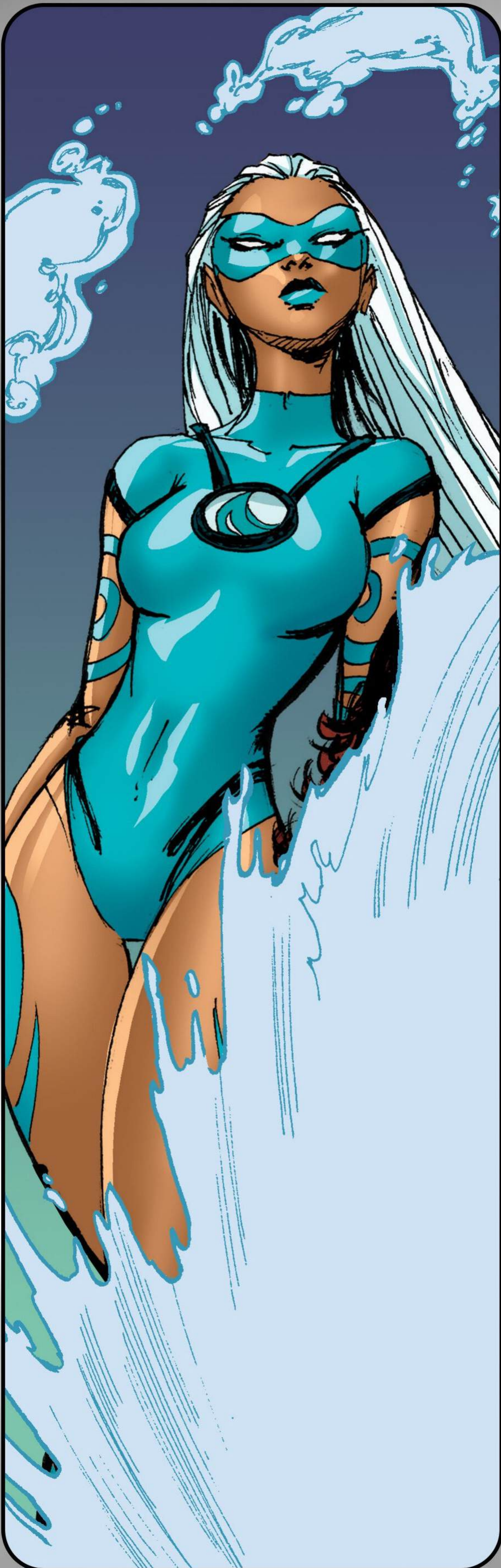
Real Name:
Stacy Wohl



Occupation: Author/Self Help Guru,
Former Ballerina
Identity: Public
Date of Birth: 12/08/70
Place of Birth: Las Vegas, Nevada
Legal Status: Citizen of United States
with criminal record
Group Affiliation: The Desolators
Base of Operations: Las Vegas, NV
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #1

Powers: Frightside can control and manipulate "fright matter," a dark, amorphous material generated by the interdimensional entity known as The Fright. Though she has typically used this material to create offensive and defensive constructs, the exact limits of this matter is largely unexplored. The Fright also grants its user enhanced strength, speed, resilience and vision, invisibility in low light conditions and a healing factor.

History: Stacy Wohl was a ballerina with the Nevada Ballet Theatre. By her mid 20s, it was clear she had hit a wall, and her career was effectively stagnant. Stacy became embittered and obsessed with her competition, namely a young dancer named Ariel Wick. One night while training together in the theater, Stacy accidentally unleashed a trapped entity called The Fright. After leaving Ariel Wick badly beaten, Stacy fought back against the full influence of the Fright, denying it Ariel's murder. She remained in a state of flux with The Fright, able to access its power, but never fully possessed. Seeing no future for herself in the arts, and on the run from the law, Stacy started the mercenary unit called The Desolators.



ART BY JOE BENITEZ W/ BRIAN REBER

SEASCAPE

Real Name:
Unknown



Occupation: Guardian of Streams
and Rivers

Identity: Secret

Date of Birth: Unknown. Presumably
thousands of years ago.

Place of Birth: Dornoch, UK

Group Affiliation: Fourth Gen

Base of Operations: Farmington, WI

First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #5

Powers: Generates/projects water.
Liquid based telekenisis. Shape-
shifting.

History: Little is known of the
woman known as Seascape, other
than that she was discovered by
Lovebunny on a patrol of rural
Scotland. Local legends tell of a wild
blue horse in the area going back
hundreds of years, and one local
pub claims to have her bridle,
though few can remember if they've
seen it. Local boys have long
claimed to have played with a
laughing girl in the streams near the
River Evelix, while the
disappearance of some trout
fishermen has been linked to a
wrathful spirit.

THE SIXTH EXTINCTION

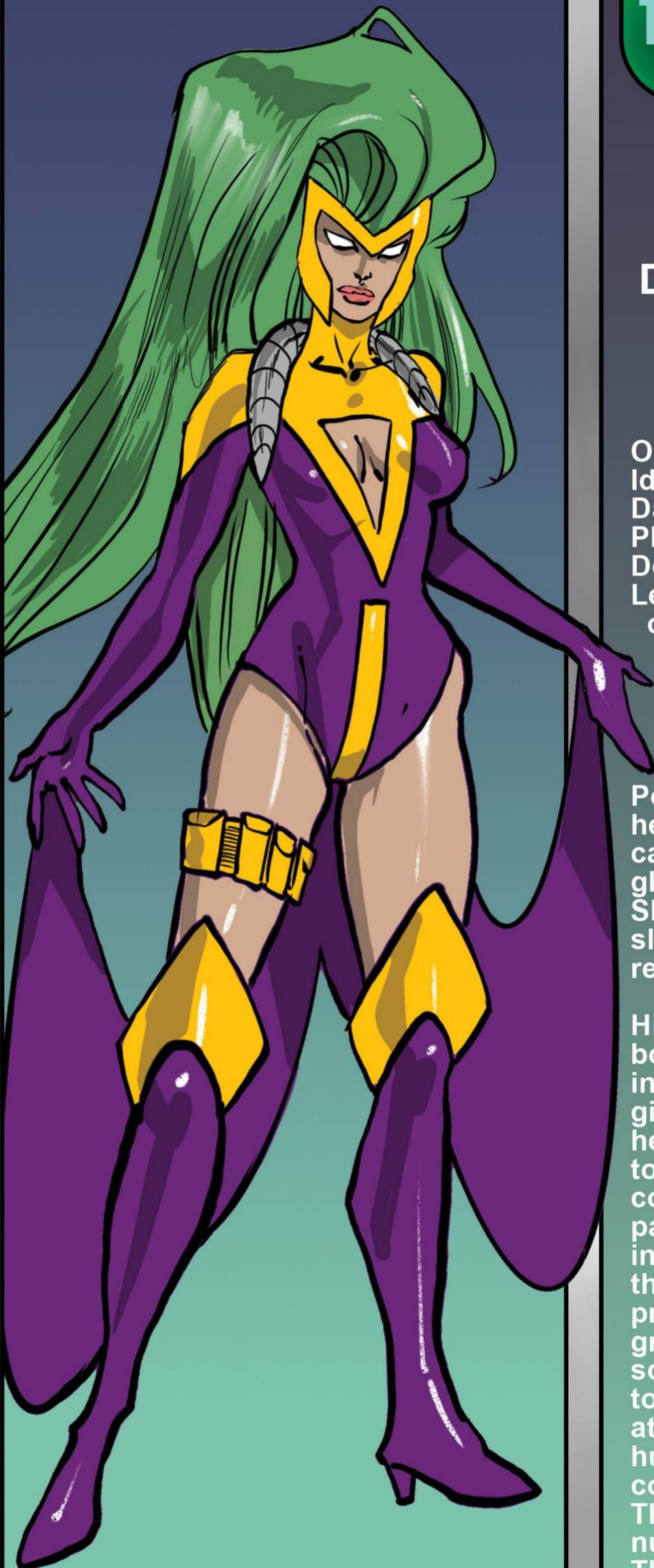
Real Name:
Dr. Monique
Galludet

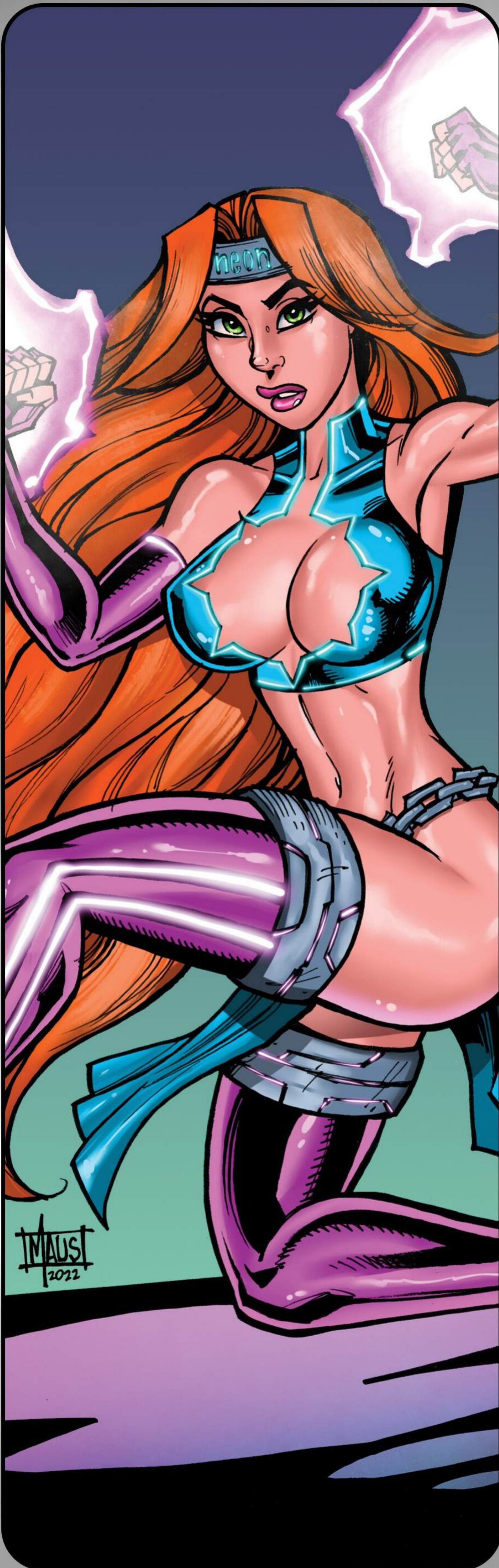


Occupation: Evil Scientist
Identity: Secret
Date of Birth: 4/12/56
Place of Birth: Saint-Augustin-de-Dessmaures, Quebec, Canada.
Legal Status: Citizen of Canada with criminal record
Base of Operations: Ellesmeres Island, Canada.
First Appearance: Local Man: Bad Girls

Powers: She has no superpowers of her own, but is a genius inventor, capable of creating devices with global doomsday level applications. She also appears to have been able to slow her own aging, possibly with the regenerative substances in her hair.

History: Dr. Monique Galludet was born with a genetic anomaly that infused her hair with chlorophyll giving it a green hue. According to her, this also connected her directly to the earth, meaning she could communicate with it, and sense its pain. This has never been independently verified. Nonetheless, this led her to study environmental preservation, and earn several graduate degrees in various sciences. In the early 80s, she began to construct various devices in an attempt to reduce the population of humanity on earth, and avert a coming environmental apocalypse. This put her in direct conflict with a number of superhero teams including The First Generation, and later Second Gen.





NEON

Real Name:
Erica Moss
(Assumed)



Occupation: Superhero
Identity: Secret
Date of Birth: 7/29/81
Place of Birth: Unincorporated, TX
Legal Status: Citizen of United States with no criminal record
Known Relatives: Camo Crusader (husband)
Group Affiliation: Third Gen
Base of Operations: Anaheim, CA
First Appearance: LOCAL MAN #1

Powers: Neon is infused with an uncategorized “fog” made up of gasses of unknown origin, known to have been captured by Second Gen after it was responsible for the death of several thousand miners on the outskirts of the Disputed Empire. Neon can use the pink mist to levitate, generate laser light, and other lower intensity forms of light, as well as influence minds and obscure herself from perception.

History: “Erica Moss” was born into a commune, with no need for a name, and no loyalty to the American corporate capitalist nation. When a rogue CIA agent named Joe Kurtz unleashed the gas on the commune, Erica was the only survivor, and by some unknown virtue was able to control and manipulate it. Becoming known as The Neon Demon, Moss began murdering religious leaders and government officials she deemed responsible. After having her revenge on Kurtz, Neon was recruited into the newly formed Third Gen.



LOCAL MAN

STRAY DOGS CO-CREATOR **TONY FLEECES** TEAMS WITH REVIVAL'S **TIM SEELEY** FOR A SERIES THAT COMBINES RURAL CRIME NOIR AND SUPERHERO ACTION!

LOCAL MAN HAS LOST FARMINGTON TO THE FACELESS HORDE. EVERY TOWNSPERSON IS NOW A DEVOUT, FANATICAL MEMBER OF THIS SPRAWLING TERRORIST CULT —INCLUDING HIS OWN GRIEVING MOTHER.

JACK XAVER IS ALONE AND OUTMATCHED. THANKFULLY, HE HAS THE ONE THING THAT MAKES EVERY **IMAGE SUPERHERO** SMILE... LOTS AND LOTS OF BIG ASS GUNS.

EISNER AWARD NOMINATED: BEST NEW SERIES

"LOCAL MAN BLENDS TWO OF MY FAVORITE THINGS — ULTRA-BRIGHT AND COLORFUL SUPERHERO ACTION WITH DARK, BRUTAL AND RAW RURAL NOIR. SEELEY AND FLEECES COMBINE TO TELL A STORY ABOUT THE UNDERBELLY OF THE COMICS WE ALL GREW UP ON, AND WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE LEFT BEHIND. EPIC AND DOWN TO EARTH ALL AT ONCE."

— **ALEX SEGURA** (SECRET IDENTITY, DICK TRACY)

"ONE OF THE BEST COMICS OF 2024 (SO FAR). [THIS] STORY OF A WASHED-UP SUPERHERO'S SECOND ACT CONTINUES TO SURPRISE, WHILE BEING BOTH REVERENTIAL AND HONEST ABOUT THE GOOD AND BAD OF THE '90S GLORY DAYS."

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CRIME & MYSTERY | SUPERHEROES
RATED **M** | MATURE (AGES 18+)

COLLECTS **LOCAL MAN** #10-13, 25 & BAD GIRLS



